

## Flower Grown Wild

Bryan Adams

She was the girl in the very front row  
Always waitin' after the show  
She was the queen of the hollywood hills  
Knew the stars, the bars, the pimps and pills  
Somebody's climbin' on a greyhound tonight  
Too much lipstick and her dress real tight  
Looks like a woman but she ain't quite  
No, not quite

She's somebody's baby  
She's somebody's mother's child  
She may look like a lady  
But she's just a flower grown wild

They never knew you by your childhood name  
But they were drawn to you like moths to a flame  
Nobody saw the tears in your silk n' lace  
Or the scarred little kid behind your face  
Just remember when you hold her tight  
What you're holding in your arms tonight  
She's no angel, but that's alright  
Ya that's alright

She's somebody's baby  
She's somebody's mother's child  
She may look like a lady  
But she's just a flower grown wild

Just another little pretty thing  
Another angel with a broken wing  
Who fell to earth 'neath the hollywood hills  
Amid the stars and the bars, the pimps and pills

Just like the girl on the movie screen  
She played it up until the very last scene  
The picture faded and the day was done  
Went home to nothin but a loaded gun

Somebody's climbing on a greyhound tonight  
A little angel flyin' out of sight  
Looks like a woman but she ain't quite  
No, not quite