

Flowers Grow Out Of My Grave

Dead Man's Bones

I was floating above my bed,
Like a body in a river, in car.
And the only sound in my head
was a dying cricket in a jar.
And I saw little beams of light
come into the bedroom,
from underneath the door.
And they crawled under my sheets,
and they came out of every single pore.

When I think about you, (oh oh oh!)
When I think about you, (oh oh!)
When I think about you,
flowers grow out of my grave, grave grave!
Grave, grave, grave!
Flowers grow out of my grave!
(x2)