

# Flowers Of Romance

John Lydon

Now in the summer  
I could be happy or in distress  
Depending on the  
company  
On the veranda  
Talk of the future or reminisce  
Behind the  
dialouge  
We're in a mess  
Whatever I intended  
I sent you flowers  
You  
wanted chocolates instead  
The flowers of romance  
The flowers of  
romance

I've got binoculars  
On top of boxhill  
I could be  
Nero  
Fly the eagle  
Start all over again  
I can't depend on these  
so-called friends  
It's a pity you need to bend  
I'll take the  
furniture  
Start all over again.