

The Petrified Florist

Lambchop

A goofy Libra a drafty car
I do believe, I've stepped on my guitar
A borrowed bender a liver ends
Until you've seen it, it's really just pretend

A coward's trade a careful foray
Against the blade a patent
Answer can't wait
To get my hands on her

The closing of the door
The blistered buttered roar, oh
Callous even hand
In the village of the damned

A broken glass, the broken table
The spitting image if I was able
A frightened bird the written word
Our daily logic has become absurd

And when you see her smile
You live the fever for a little
While you'll never ever leave her
My crippled friend