

# 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 coor  
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