

# Bombed

Mark Lanegan

Love there are flowers hanging in the vine  
So high you cannot see  
Now my mind must go on holiday, torn from it's hook, a broken v  
alentine  
I see the smoke from a revolver, will I get hit, I hardly care  
When I'm bombed I stretch like bubblegum  
And look too long straight at the morning sun  
Love there are flowers along the avenue, all things perfectly i  
n place  
I build a shrine  
I set a monument  
Because you're fire  
Because you're a fire escape