

# Flowers

## New Radicals

It's nine to seven, why aren't things wild?  
You've said that you was a flower child.  
I can respect your soul searchin,  
but now is no time for questioning.

I'm sure you've been misled before  
how ones you trust they'd slammed the door,  
but I'm everything I've claim to be.  
You just need vodka and honesty.

Do you know who I am?  
Do you know who I am?

My love is real,  
as real as the flowers you smoke to get high.  
My love is real,  
as real as our God who has spoken on how we can fly.  
My love is real,  
as real as the flowers, flowers, flowers, flowers.

You're 22, why aren't you free?  
You're mom and daddy's victory.  
A soul that's lived a thousand lives.  
Don't hide behind a child's eyes.

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I love you, you hate me  
I took math class that ain't fair exchange!  
I call you, you hang up  
Don't have to be a bitch and get your number changed!  
I'm sorry, forgive me  
I never meant call you those names  
But I'm lonely, so lonely please!!

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