

# Flower Lady

Phil Ochs

Millionaires and paupers walk the hungry street  
Rich and poor companions of the restless beat  
Strangers in a foreign land, strike a match with a trembling hand  
Learn too much to ever understand

But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

Lover's quarrel, snarl away their happiness  
Kisses crumble in a web of loneliness  
It's written by the poison pen, voices break before they bend  
The door is slammed, it's over once again

But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

Poets agonize they cannot find the words  
And the stone stares at the sculptor asks "Are you absurd?"  
The painter paints his brushes back, through the canvas runs a crack  
Portrait of the pain never answers back

But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

Soldiers disillusioned to come home from the war  
Sarcastic students tell them not to fight no more  
And they argue through the night, black is black and white is white  
Walk away both knowing they are alright

But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

Smoke dreams of escaping souls are drifting by  
Dull the pain of living as they slowly die  
Smiles change into a sneer washed away by whiskey tears  
In the quicksand of their mind they disappear

Still nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

Feeble, aged a-people almost to their knees  
Complain about the present using memories  
Never found their pot of gold, wrinkled hands pound weary holes  
Each line screams out you're old, you're old, you're old

But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

And the flower lady hobbles home without a sale  
Tattered shreds of petals leave a fading trail  
Not a pause to hold the rose, even she no longer knows  
The lamp goes out the evening now is closed

And nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady