

Flowers of Romance

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Now in the summer
I could be happy or in distress
Depending on the company
On the veranda
Talk of the future or reminisce
Behind the dialogue
We're in a mess
Whatever I intended
I sent you flowers
You wanted chocolates instead
The flowers of romance
The flowers of romance
I've got binoculars
On top of boxhill
I could be Nero
Fly the eagle and start all over again
I can't depend on these so called friends
It's a pity you need to defend
I'll take the furniture and start all over again