

I don't care that flowers grow for you,  
And me, and me  
You don't know what love is till you see,  
Her standing there  
A web of skin and nails and hair  
A web of skin and nails and hair  
And bones and bones,  
And thorns  
Rushing in, out her hair  
You think you are alive, but you are dead  
You keep, on driving in your car asleep  
I'm driving in your car  
I don't know why flowers grow in winter time  
The sky turns gray the sun don't shine  
And people rush to be on time  
For warmth they wrap themselves in woolen cloaks  
And hats and scarves  
Like larva in their incubators  
And drive and drive  
[noises]  
And drive and drive and drive  
Until they get away