

Sellers of Flowers

Regina Spektor

The sellers of flowers buy up old roses
They pull off dead petals, like old heads of lettuce
And sell 'em as new ones, for cheaper and fairer
But they die by the morning, so who is the winner

Not the roses, not the buyers, not the sellers, maybe winter

'Cause winters coming, soon after summer
It runs faster, faster, chasing off autumn
We go from a warm sun to only a white sun
We go from a large sun to only a small one

When I was a small girl, I walked through the market
Holding my dad's hand, mitten-gloved hand
That night there were roses, lit up in glass boxes
The heat lamps would keep them from freezing in winter

We never bought them but somebody must have
Maybe they made it or maybe they froze up
Before any person had put them in water
And hoped that they'd still be alive by the morning

Who's the winner
Not the roses, not the buyers, not the sellers,
Not the tellers, of the stories,
Not the fathers, not their children,
Not those walking on a dark night,
Through a memory they're forgetting,
Who's the winner, who's the winner
Maybe winter, maybe winter

Somebody steps on a light through a tunnel
They're holding a piece of their mind in the rubble
Hold on, I won't let go, I want to know

But no one lives long enough to see the outcome
To know any answers, to know what the point is
To know if the winter ever came closer
Than on that night when I walked with my father

A small piece of ice, lodged in my mind
Lodged in my thoughts, lodged in my eyes
Cold all around, cold all around
Warm from inside, warm from inside

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Who's the winner, who's the winner

Maybe winter, maybe winter
Who's the winner, who's the winner
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Who's the winner, who's the winner