

## Dead Flowers

The Walls

everybody's glued to the papers  
the killer got what he deserved  
the judge sighed, his sister cried  
when the man in the dock found out he got life  
(the jury finds you guilty)  
alone, alone with the truth and knowing that the truth be known  
(the days will slowly pass)  
what goes around is gonna come around

that summer I remember  
a saturday in a wet july  
through a sea of bent umbrellas  
duck down low better watch your eye  
(those eyes are always on you)  
and then I felt a hand at my back  
somebody trying to take my stash  
(they're always on the make)  
a pickpocket, a pickpocket with his hand on my wallet

is nothing sacred in this goddamn town  
they'll steal anything if it's not tied down  
what goes around is gonna come around  
there's nothing left in this dirty old town  
that makes me wanna try and stick around  
what goes around is gonna come around

I saw a dead man floating past  
with eyes of cloudy broken glass  
and all the things that caused him pain  
like always forgetting his kid's birthday are gone, gone,  
(I always meant to call you)  
all that really matters is what is left to pawn  
(how much for this guitar?)

did nobody tell you ....did you miss it somehow?  
it's not astounding and it's not profound  
what goes around is gonna come around

there's nothing left in this dirty old town  
that makes me wanna try and stick around  
what goes around is gonna come around