

Hothouse Flowers

The World/Inferno Friendship Society

Hothouse flowers grow lush and bright
In tiny little towns across this big night
Hothouse flowers all kissing for fun
Slipping into stores then out in a run, singing
Laments and rowdy songs, hymns about sin
High lives and reels, a tarantell violin
Other people's apartments and couches and clothes
Young again, lost again
Here we are, here we go
Hothouse flowers growing up so strange
Falling asleep with your boots on and waking aged
Hothouse flowers all missing their friends
Calling up late at night and hanging up on them,
screaming
Laments and rowdy songs, hymns about sin

High lives and reels, your tarantell violin
Other people's apartments and couches and clothes
Young again, lost again
Here we are, here we go
Hothouse flowers crushed flat to the glass
You get hit pretty hard moving so damn fast
Hothouse flowers struggling past first bloom
You grow pretty damn twitchy never leaving your room
I think those lights down there are the lights from
little towns
Hothouse flowers grow lush and bright
In tiny little towns across this big night
Hothouse flowers all kissing for luck
Stepping out all dressed, returning all f**ked up
Hothouse flowers grow lush and bright
In tiny little towns across this big night
Hothouse flowers happens all the time
Tiny little towns living great big lives