## **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