

Flowers In the Concrete

Tom Cochrane

Tilting at windmills on a downtown street
O the big grey landscape has lost its sheep
She wears a tight smile as she's walking the beat
Looking for a little fame
This ain't no oliver twist - no mister brownlow here
She gathers enough spare change to get
Something to eat
She takes emeralds and ecstasy on a journey that's
Miles and miles away from danger

She just wants to be happy now

She's living on the street
Flowers in the concrete
What a beautiful beat
Flowers in the concrete

Walking on lines of poetry
She's a shakespearean tragedy
Between the beatniks the bums and the bohemians
There's always somebody on the run
Trying to get away from that danger
She's just trying to get away from
The stranger

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She dances on the pavement
Likes she's the only one
Who's a stranger

In a cloudburst she starts to cry
You have to do the weirdest things just to
stay alive
I'm going down to meet my fate at the
Jesus saves sign
Maybe get lucky- maybe find my smile yeah

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