

... How I feel affects other people!!!



Let The Flowers Grow

They don't even know how pretty their petals are
They know they need water and love to grow
Yet they don't know where to get it
Or what kind is good for them
You see they don't recognize the disguises
Water has.

Water is in beer... alcohol...
Water grows drugs and tobacco... cooks cocaine...
And, yes water is in love... (making)
Where the 'Grower' says it to the 'Growee'
But he's only faking.

He's faking like it's good... he's good
(and that he believes God is good)
When all he wants to do is wet his wood...
And we all know that wet wood won't let the flowers grow...
So would you mind?

Would you mind having a mind to not let a mind be a behind?
And as you think you have to touch that flower
Realize that its prick needs to be a verb...
And your self-control a reality.
For the reality is that your flash back is a lie,
And one that you can't recapture.

You see, the new roots you're trying to plant
Don't dig deep enough daddy-o
And your sprinkle will only spoil what you soil