

Dead Flowers

Miranda Lambert

I feel like the flowers in this vase
He just brought them home one day,
"Ain't that beautiful" he said
They've been here in the kitchen
And the water's turning grey
They're sitting in the vase
But now they're dead
Dead flowers I feel like this long string of lights
They lit up our whole house on Christmas day
But now it's January and the
Bulbs have all burned out
But still they hang
Like dead flowers
He ain't feeling anything
My love, my hurt, or the sting of this rain
And I'm living in a hurricane
All he can say is,
"man, ain't it such a nice day"
Yeah I feel like the tires on this car
You said they won't go far
But we're still rolling
I look in the rear view and
I see dead flowers in the yard
And that string of lights,
And it ain't glowing
Like dead flowers
Like dead flowers
He ain't feeling anything
My love, my hurt, or the sting of this rain
I'm driving through a hurricane
All he can say is,
"man, ain't it such a nice day"
Hey I guess it'll just go to waste
Like dead flowers
Like dead flowers

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