

Artificial Flowers

He bought me a polyester rose
And promised that it would last forever
And while somewhere else
My garden grows
I know someday that it will wither

You gave me a daisy
And said that you love me
I don't need somebody to tell me I'm pretty
So I tear the petals off
While I listen to soft rock
Plastic peonies
That I will always keep
As I swear I'm satisfied
While I'm killing butterflies
And with all my artificial flowers

Bouquets bloom inside your eyes
I picked them all and said goodbye
Goodbye

You gave me a daisy
And said that you love me
I know that you're lying
so why are you trying
I kept them in a vase
Then they started to decay
Plastic peonies
That I will always keep
As I swear I'm satisfied
Killing butterflies
and with all my artificial flowers
All my artificial flowers
All my artificial flowers

Cigarettes Into Stars

She was waiting by the window
Staring off into the sky
He was sitting on the freeway bridge
Watching the cars go by
They were waiting until midnight
To meet in the pale moonlight

She says baby blow your smoke into the sky
And as the world fades
I'll be by your side
We're turning cigarettes into stars
Cigarettes into stars
Sending fire to paradise
And the universe is ours

She was locked up in her tower
Waiting for her life to start
Admiring teenage runaways
Trying not to fall apart
Snapping of her window latch
She swears never to look back

He says baby blow your smoke into the sky
And capture in your eyes
The galaxies of you and I
From all my cigarettes into stars
Cigarettes into stars
Setting fire to paradise
And the universe is ours

As the sun begins to rise
I'm burning out
Lost track of time
And we both
Have to say goodbye
And wait until tonight
To fill the sky again with light

Cigarettes into stars
We're turning your cigarettes into stars
In flames is paradise tonight
And the universe is ours

Suburban Horror

The walls are melting away pink
And everywhere magenta tint
Oh no here comes the revelation
Nation hates your creations
Time to let them go
I think I like this too much now
I feel like I'm god
How should I get back home

Suburban horror
Suburban whore

Purple fertilizer springs
A thousand sets of crystal wings
Oh yeah I will be back soon safely
Haven't been myself lately
Don't know if I should go
I think I like this too much now
Kinda feel like god
How should I get back home

Suburban horror
Suburban whore

Child is a copy
Of the creator
Results will show us
Sooner or later

I like this too much now
I feel like I'm god
I don't wanna go home
Wow my thoughts are really racing
And my soul is breaking
Into the unknown

Suburban horror
Suburban whore

October Skies

It never ends well for the muse
But I get one song in colors blue
Filling my senses with feeling used
As I awaited the fate of you

I watch as the leaves turn brown
Days like a merry go round
October skies haunted your eyes

I sent you letters doused in perfume
I hope they filled up your motel room
With all the memories becoming too grey
I hope you look back at them some day

I watch as the leaves turn brown
Days like a merry go round
October skies haunted your eyes
I watch as summer drifts away
Waiting for your heart to decay
October skies haunted your eyes

I never had a soul to sell
And if I did it'd have a quick farewell
Stereotype it may seem
I would give it for you if you came back to me

I watch as the leaves turn brown
Days like a merry go round
October skies haunted your eyes
I watch as summer drifts away
Waiting for your heart to decay
October skies fade to goodbyes