

# 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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