

Cactusflower

john gold

you phone around, but everyone's staying home
another night alone can make your head go spin
but the needles on the phonograph must be cursing:
"you gotta let it be" in the brown of your wall you can hear another way
to make the west coast ladies do the eastside shake,
as long as the one across town just can't wait
turns on her stereowe can find something finer
than some coins in a wishing well
all in good time, when wrong is right
and i'm another one, that's what i mean
she said her soul is torn and her thinking not straight,
her patched up heart becoming worn and frayed
i got my needle and thread going all the right ways
put on your party dress all this time, it flies by mine
let's spend our whole life in a waiting room
only to find your palm was right
there was no line for apologies
i am rain on
the dusted desert summertime
we will, we will
not have to wait for long

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>