

# Dead Flowers, I Don't See Anyone At All

Out by my corner winter has fallen  
under the gin you'll find me forever faking  
all types of clashes mixed up romances  
spacing around the guilt  
of whatever happened  
I don't see anyone at all  
the rest is feeling fine  
It means so much to feel this small  
except for the most time  
I sway where I want to fall when I got to  
I pick myself up to let you know that I  
need none of your loving, giving or caring  
perhaps I believe they're nothing to do with me  
I don't see anyone  
I fall down drunk each time I try at all  
Back at the corner the rain is falling again  
somedays seem to last as long as ten  
take me, to the station, and put me in  
I don;t want to pass through here again  
Maybe a gutter maybe a lover  
maybe a life of cheap wine and Bukowski  
bars and blisters, cocky sisters  
I don't even know what they mean to me