

Roxette, Why Don't You Bring Me Flowers

Tell me why don't you bring me flowers?
Tell me why don't you notice me?
Another stranger on a train, a tip rock in the rain,
In the rain, in the cold, cold rain

I will throw the past on the fire
I will sing you to sleep when you're tired
When the summer is turning small
I'll buy you a sweater for the fall
Really soft, like the Moonlight

But the now we part into reveal
The truth when we gathered living soul
Teach me how to breathe

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