

Soundgarden, Flower

Along her vain parade
Along her veins

All of seventeen
Eyes a purple green
Treated like a queen
She was on borrowed self-esteem

She would do her dance
A painful masquerade
Spinning you into her web
Along her vain parade

In her uniform
Studded brass and steel
Kissing napkin lipstick stains
And smearing sincerity

Along her vain parade
Along her veins

Time crept up on her
She's early gray
Her reflection looks concerned
And flowers hit her grave