

# 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