



Flowers are Red



The little boy went first day of school
He got some crayons and started to draw
He put colors all over the paper
For colors was what he saw
And the teacher said...What you doin', young man
I'm painting flowers he said
She said...It's not the time for art young man
And anyway flowers are green and red
There's a time for everything young man
And a way it should be done
You've got to show concern for everyone else
For you're not the only one
And she said...
Flowers are red young man
And green leaves are green
There's no need to see flowers any other way
Than the way they always have been seen.

But the little boy said...
There are so many colors in the rainbow
So many colors in the morning sun
So many colors in a flower and I see every one
Well the teacher said...You're sassy
There's ways that things should be and you'll paint flowers the way they are
So repeat after me....

And she said...
flowers are red young man
And green leaves are green
There's no need to see flowers any other way
Than the way they always have been seen.

But the little boy said...
There are so many colors in the rainbow
So many colors in the morning sun
So many colors in a flower and I see every one
The teacher put him in a corner she said....It's for your own good
And you won't come out until you get it right
And all responding like you should
Well finally he got lonely
Frightened thoughts filled his head
And he went up to the teacher
And this is what she said...and he said
Flowers are red, green leaves are green
There's no need to see flowers any other way
Than the way they always have been seen
Time went by like it always does
And they moved to another town
And the little boy went to another school
And this is what he found
The teacher smiling
She said...Painting should be fun
And there are so many colors in a flower
So let's use every one
But that little boy painted flowers
In neat rows of green and red
And when the teacher asked him why
This is what he said....and he said
Flowers are red, green leaves are green
There's no need to see flowers any other way
Than the way they always have been seen.

(From "Living Room Suite" album, Harry Chapin, 1978)