

Hank Snow, You're As Welcome As The Flowers

Last night I dreamed a sweet sweet dream
I thought I saw my home sweet home
And oh how grand it all did seem I made a vow no more to roam
By that dear old village church I strolled
While the bell in the steeple sadly told
I saw my daddy old and grey I heard my dear old mother say

You're as welcome as the flowers in May
And we love you in the same old way
We've been waiting for you day by day
You're as welcome as the flowers in May
[guitar]
We've been waiting for you day by day
You're as welcome as the flowers in May