

# Nat Stuckey, Weren't The Roses Beautiful In May

I came here when the flowers were a blooming and the sun shined every day  
And we chased butterflies among the flowers just to let 'em get away  
And we watched springtime turn to summertime and summer turn to fall  
We turned to each other through it all  
Now I'm waitin' for a train to come along  
Hidin' from a winter wind that chills me to the bone  
Beggin' of how things used to be before our love passed away  
Weren't the roses beautiful in May and weren't the roses beautiful in May  
( banjo )  
I often try to capture to remember all the colors summer wore  
And how the girl beside me made me see the things I've never seen before  
For as long as I have mem'ries I'll have mem'ries of the girl  
Cause it was kind of my song of the world  
Now I'm waitin' for a train to come along  
Thinkin' about the flowers again and sorry that they're gone  
But long ago the paddles fell and the wind blew them away  
Weren't the roses beautiful in May and weren't the roses beautiful in May