

Roy Orbison, Flowers

When I was a boy i ran among the flowers
Looking left and right at the bright array
I played through the spring, whiled away the hours
Lingered with the flowers every day

Flowers, pretty flowers, Flowers, life's bouquet
Flowers, pretty flowers, Flowers, along the way

Flowers, pretty flowers, Flowers, life's bouquet
Flowers, pretty flowers, Flowers, along the way

When the summer ends and the storms of life are over
When the winter comes and the petals fall away
They may write it on my stone, "He was just a roller
But he stopped to pick some flowers along the way"

Flowers, pretty flowers, Flowers, life's bouquet
Flowers, picked some flowers, Along the way