

Scott Walker, Bluebell

Bluebell, pretty bluebell.....

Don't be blue, my pretty bluebell
don't you fret, although you know that we must part.
Don't be blue, my pretty bluebell
you will always be the flower of my heart.
Of my heart...
Of my heart....

And all the way to Albuquerque I'll be feeling mighty perky
knowing that I've got a gal so true.
And if you save up all your kisses
I will change your name to missus
on the day that I come back to you.

Oh wait for me, me pretty bluebell
wait for me, although you know that we must part.
Wedding bells, my pretty bluebell
will be ringing for the flower of my heart.
Of my heart.
Of my heart.