

Tom Jones, Field Of Yellow Daisies

We met in a field of yellow daisies
Wild and young and free
And she picked a bouquet for me
She loved me...she loved me not
The daisies didn't lie
They knew better than I...she'd go away..yeah
But they didn't say why
Have you ever been in a field of yellow daisies
Where the air is warm, pure and sweet
Just as if the world is at your feet
She loved me...she loved me not
The daisies didn't lie
They knew better than I
She'd go away.....yeah
But they didn't say why
I may fail like petals from a daisy
But for her love I'll always yearn
Each year when yellow daisies return
She loved me...she loved me not
The daisies didn't lie
They knew better than I
She'd go away.....yeahhhh
But they didn't say why
They didn't say why
They didn't say why
They didn't say why
They didn't say why
They didn't say why.....