

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, Flowers Of Love

Those pretty wild flowers I love them so well
The flowers know secrets that I'll never tell
I go out to pick a bouquet of all
And bring them all in before the leaves start to fall

When the leaves start to fall and the flowers have died
If only little darling I could be by your side
Tho' it breaks my heart to hear your name
Soon the wild flowers will bloom again in the spring

I wish I could see her and talk of our love
And of all the pretty flowers sent here from above
Oh maybe I'll see her in Heaven someday
And pick pretty flowers as we go on our way

The memories of you dear I'll never erase
There'll never be another that can take your place
I'll still keep our secret with the flowers of love
And we'll pick them together in Heaven above