

# Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, Flowers Of Love

Those pretty wild flowers I love them so well  
The flowers know secrets that I&#039;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&#039; 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&#039;ll see her in Heaven someday  
And pick pretty flowers as we go on our way

The memories of you dear I&#039;ll never erase  
There&#039;ll never be another that can take your place  
I&#039;ll still keep our secret with the flowers of love  
And we&#039;ll pick them together in Heaven above