

Bobby Darin, Roses Of Picardy

Roses are shining in thicker fields
in the hush of the silvery dew
the roses are flowering in Picardy
but there's never a rose like you
and the roses will die with the summertime
and our rose may be so far apart
but there's one rose that dies not in Picardy
that's the rose that I keep in my heart
And the roses are gonna die with the summertime
and our rose may be so far apart
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy
that's the rose that I keep locked up in my heart