

# 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