

George Jones, My Heart

MY HEART'S BOUQUET

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I was just a very young fellow when I found my pretty flower
Growing in a field of love one day
When she told me that she love me then I knew that I must have her
And I picked her as my heart's bouquet
She's my heart's bouquet my heart's bouquet
I picked her from the field of love one day
Well I loved her then and I love her still cross my heart I always will
She's my darling she's my heart's bouquet
We have faced the years together sharing all our joy and sorrow
She has been my pride along the way
Through it all she has advantage never one time has she failed it
Since I picked her as my heart's bouquet
She's my heart's bouquet...
When old ages crept upon us and the years show in our faces
And her golden hair has turned to grey
She'll still be my precious darling and I love her more than ever
Just the same she'll be my heart's bouquet
She's my heart's bouquet...