Kris Delmhorst, Garden Rose

I have lived as a garden rose,
It is the only life I've known.
I've felt the touch of tending hands,
I get my rain from a watering can.

Now from the time I was a seed,
I have had everything I need.
And I grew strong and I grew tall,
Until the day I saw past the garden wall.

Now tell me something little wildflower,
Can't you make some room for me?
'Cause I will climb out of this garden,
And put my feet down in the weeds.

I always thought that my life was enough,
Till I saw your face so brilliant and so rough.
You were shining right back up at the whole sky,
Handing out smiles, to travelers passing by.

Now tell me something little wildflower,
Can't you make some room for me?
'Cause I will climb out of this garden,
And put my feet down in the weeds.

And if an acorn becomes an oak tree,
Caterpillar makes a butterfly.
Oh, then tell me one good reason,
A rose should not become a weed, by and by.

'Cause don't the sunshine lay the brightest,
On the shoulders of the wild?
And don't the breeze lay the sweetest,
On the face of its own child?

And tell me something, little wildflower,
Have you made some room for me?
'Cause I will leave this wall forever,
A little wildflower I will be.
Hey, a little wildflower I will be.
Two little wildflowers we will be.