

Tom T. Hall, Second Handed Flowers

I was working in Miami for a day or two
I decided I'd look up a girl that I once knew
I bought some flowers and went to see a girl I used to know
The lady at her door said she had married long ago
Times will change and towns will change; there I was alone
And suddenly I wondered, "Would Susie be at home?"
So with the flowers in my hand, I walked toward her gate
Someone touched me on the arm and said, "You'll have to wait."
Then I noticed there were people standing in a line
And some of them were holding pretty flowers just like mine
They explained that Susie had been in an awful crash
Doctors said that she had just a little while to last
When I walked into her room, I felt a sense of shame
But I heard Susie whisper, "I'm awfully glad you came."
She had been the girl that I had always gone to see
When someone that I cared for had been untrue to me
I handed her the flowers and she gently kissed my hand
She said, "Don't be embarrassed; you know I understand."
I said, "Goodbye" and as I bent to kiss her fevered brow
I heard her whisper, "Thank you for the second handed flowers."