

## Garden Of Love

Gillian Welch

If God made little roses  
Of heartbroken blue  
I'd wear one at my collar  
To remind me of you

If God made little flowers  
In the color of tears  
They'd grow up 'round my doorway  
And bloom through the years

Pretty roses, like the blue of the bud  
Pretty flowers, my garden of love

You left my heart's tender garden  
With the blues falling down  
For when your love had faded  
The briars twisted 'round

Pretty roses, like the blue of the bud  
Pretty flowers, my garden of love

Now I see you in dreams, dear  
Your memory stayed  
I'll gather them together  
In a lover's bouquet

Pretty roses, like the blue of the bud  
Pretty flowers, my garden of love

Pretty roses, like the blue of the bud  
Pretty flowers, my garden of love