

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