

The Rarest Flowers

Moe Bandy

I met her one day up in the mountains
There by a cool rippling stream
she glowed like the sun
in a dress made of gingham
she was a city boy's dream
I painted her pictures of bright neon rainbows
streets paved with silver and gold
she loved the mountains
but she loved me better. "cause she needed someone to hold
The rarest flowers grow up in the mountains up where it's close
to the sky
but if you pick them, take them to the city
Their bloom will wither and die
I did not notice how fast she was fading
how much she was dying alone
until she told me with one tearful whisper
it's time you're taking me home
The rarest flowers grow up in the mountains
up where it's close to the sky
but if you pick them, take them to the city
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