

# Flowers

Roy Orbison

When I was a boy  
I ran among the flowers  
Looking left and right  
At the bright array  
I played through the spring  
Whiled away the hours  
Lingered with the flowers ev'ry day

Flowers, pretty flowers, flowers  
Life's a bouquet  
Flowers, pretty flowers, flowers  
Along the way

When I became a man  
I felt the summer showers  
When I learned to love  
I also learned to cry  
When I came to know  
The beauty of the flowers  
I wondered why the flowers had to die

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Along the way

When the summer ends  
And the storms of life are over  
When the winter comes  
And the petals fall away  
They may write it on my stone  
That he was just a rover  
But he stopped to pick some flowers along the way

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