

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 fowers
I wondered why the fowers had to die

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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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