

# Roy Orbison, Flowers

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 every day

Flowers, pretty flowers, Flowers, life's bouquet  
Flowers, pretty flowers, Flowers, along the way

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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, &quot;He was just a roller  
But he stopped to pick some flowers along the way&quot;

Flowers, pretty flowers, Flowers, life's bouquet  
Flowers, picked some flowers, Along the way