Send Her Roses

Don Williams

WRITER PAT McLAUGHLIN
They got a road out in Alaska now,
I hear that you can go there.
Tell me about Montana,
with the cool blue mountain air.
I know your honeys got the money,
I can understand your wanderlust.
Brother, and boy, for me these days,
its refrigerator or bust.
I ain't got no words for going,
I got no longing for your open road.
Don't get found rollin' into town tugging on a heavy load.
You've gotta give me the nights with the city lights, and the people buzzin' everywhere.
One hand upon the parking meter, the other on her easy chair.
I'll send her roses, send her roses everyday.

If I don't go down another dirt road, I don't think it's gonna hurt my day.
I'll send her roses, send her roses once in awhile.
I'm a long, long way from outta here, but you know I'm gonna go in style.
Well, I was rollin' around Boston town, wasn't hardly anybody I know.
Got to singin' low for the first three rows, puttin' on a lousy show.
Well then I met her, I had to let her buy my lunch, I got the flowery plate.
I'm telling you why, good brother don't laugh, think I got me one suitable mate.
I'll send her roses, send her roses every day.
If I don't go down another dirt road, I don't think it's gonna hurt my day.
I'll send her roses, send her roses by the dozen.
I've been having me a whirl with a pretty girl,
and she told me she liked my lovin'.
(repeat last bridge)

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