

Pick the Wildwood Flower

Gene Watson

Them Texas fields were hot
And that tractor never was my kind of living
And when I hit sixteen
I had my size and I hit the road to freedom
And I'm glad I wasn't there
To see my momma cause she must've cried for hours
I still hear her saying Gary
Get your guitar and pick The Wildwood Flower

Now Dallas it was big
And hard to find a job and so I didn't
It was easier to hitch a ride to Houston
And it was more like living
Now I've been down every road
And I've stood on every porch where they were giving
And if they had an hour or a dime
I would pick The Wildwood Flower

It's hard to turn around
And look back down the roads that I have travelled
Cause like a neverending ball of twine
My dreams have come unravelled
And now as evening lays its shawl
Across the shoulders of my life I have defined
I couldn't tie my life together
With the guitar strings and a poet's heart full of pride

And I'm so glad I wasn't there
To see my momma cause she must've cried for hours
I still hear her saying Gary
Get your guitar and pick The Wildwood Flower

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