

Red-headed Wildflower

Little River Band

RED-HEADED WILDFLOWER
WRITERS BEEB BIRTLES, ED NIMMERCOL

It's a shame, such a shame, a red-headed wildflower in the wrong garden. The man on the street didn't wanna be mean, her love was just the wrong kind, she helped him to the top, but the lovin' had to stop, he was years away when she died. It's a shame, such a shame, no one was able to ease the pain, a red-headed wildflower in the wrong garden, red-headed wildflower, (the red-headed wildflower). The man in the band extended a hand, he led a shadowy life, she made it easy at the top but the lovin' had to stop, he was years away when she died. It's a shame, such a shame, no one was able to ease the pain, it's a shame, it's such a shame, no one was able to stop the rain ... On the day she died there were some who cried, so young, such a shame, no one to blame, no, no ... Solo The man on the screen loved his own kind, when her love was blind, and the singer had a wife, trouble a strife, both were years away when she died. It's a shame, such a shame, no one was able to ease the pain, a red-headed wildflower in the wrong garden, (a red-headed wildflower, growing in the wrong garden, yeah)

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