Big Sky, Mt

Said The Whale

My grandfather picks wild flowers at the top of the hill
Upon the mountain side
And he knows the names by the color, shape, their size
Above the ridge and through the valleys
Picking flowers by the river sideMy grandfather picks shooting stars,
Prairies smoke where lily of the valley grows
Porcelain queen and beauty bathing in the glow
Above the ridge and through the valleys
To find true love everlasting in delight
Grows true love, the true love is thereHe said
For true love you do the best that you can
She will always be there when you wake up
GrowAbove the ridge and through the valleys
Picking flowers by the river sideMy grandfather was a fisherman,
And no fish ever stood a chance
When he was standing on the river bed
With a fistful of cut on the
My grandfather was a good man, for a good life came fast
Making flowers for his true love, for queen Anne on the river bank
My grandfather taught me there
If you show true love that you cant take care of her
When you wake up, she will always be there by your sideMy grandfather picks wild flowers at the top of the hill
Upon the mountain side
And he write the names in the back of his
Wildflowers feel guide
Above the ridge and through the valleys
To find true love everlasting in delight
Above the ridge and through the valleys
Picking flowers by the river side
Above the ridge and through the valleys
To find true love everlasting in delight
For true love, for true love he said
For true love you do everything you can
And she will always be there when you wake upMy grandfather taught me
That picking flowers is worthwhile
When youre doing that for your true love
When you see her smile
Its like big sky, shooting star and where we are
Where we grow, the roots are never ending life

Big sky, shooting stars and where we are
Where we grow, the roots are never ending life
Big sky, shooting stars and where we are
Where we grow, the roots are never ending life
High up in the mountain

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/