

Pressing Flowers

The Civil Wars

Meet me in the garden where the weeds grow tall

Down by the gate

I got a secret that I might tell

It'll give me away

Ooo whatever you do

Ooo keep it with you

Meet me on the back porch where ivy climbs

We'll sit on the swing

Soak up the color of the midday sun

While the ocean sings

Ooo whatever you do

Ooo keep it with you

You and I o we're just pressing flowers

They are dying

But they're ours

Meet in a poem of an iron bed

Wipe the dust away

Meet me in the tintypes from long ago

Trace the lines of my face

Ooo whatever you do

Ooo keep it with you

Ooo whatever you do

Ooo keep it with you

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