

Bougainvillea, I Think

Sam Outlaw

Well I'm trying to remember the flower that she'd wear
She picked them from the wall out in the garden that we shared
Where we'd sit and talk for hours with a beer and cigarettes
She was my neighbor and I was her friend She was born in Argentina, lived a while in Mexico
Raised a family in Los Feliz with some actor I didn't know
And I would listen to her stories 'til the beer sent me to bed
She was my neighbor and I was her friend But as I think about it now, it occurs to me
After all this time I can't recall her name
But if I try, I might recall the name of the flower on that wall
Shades of purple, red and pink
Bougainvillea, I think
Well I moved away some years ago
So now I guess she's gone
But her stories somehow haunt me and they help me right my songs
Just a kind and sweet old lady
With her flowers on her her
She was my neighbor and she was my friend
So as I think about it now it seems strange to me
That after all that time I can't picture her face
But I can picture in my mind, the shape and the colour of that vine
Shades of purple, red and pink
Bougainvillea, I think
Shades of purple, red and pink
Bougainvillea, I think

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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