

# Petunia, the Gardener's Daughter

Elvis Presley

I've gotta gal; oh, what a pal  
The apple of my eye  
We're something rare, a peach of a pair  
But her dad won't let us meet and I could die

I love Petunia the gardener's daughter  
Oh, how that gal can kiss  
Her eyes are blue as bluebells  
Each cheek a rose to see  
How I dance when she plants her two lips on me

I'm as daffy as a daffodil  
I long to kiss her all the time  
Tonight I'll steal into her garden  
And make Petunia's two lips mine

(I've got a beau; I love him so  
The apple of my eye  
We're something rare, a peach of a pair  
But my dad won't let us meet and I could die)

And we could die

I love Petunia the gardener's daughter  
Oh, how that gal can kiss  
(My eyes are blue as bluebells  
Each cheek a rose to see)  
How I dance when she plants her two lips on me

(He's as daffy as a daffodil  
He loves to kiss me all the time)  
Tonight I'll steal into her garden  
And make Petunia's two lips mine

She makes other girls look just like weeds  
(I wanna be his clinging vine)  
Tonight I'll steal into her garden  
And make Petunia's two lips  
(My ever loving two lips)  
Make Petunia's two lips mine