

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