

Pick The Wildwood Flower

Gene Watson

Them Texas fields were hot and
That tractor never was my kinda livin'
And when I hit sixteen I had the size
And I hit the road to freedom
And I'm glad I wasn't there to see my mama
'Cause she must have cried for hours
I still hear her sayin', Gary
Get your guitar and pick the wildwood flower

Now Dallas it was big and hard to find a job
And so I didn't
It was easier to hitch a ride to Houston
And it was more like livin'
Now, I've been down every road
And I've stood on every porch where they were givin'
And if they had an hour or a dime
I would pick the wildwood flower

It's hard to turn around and look back
Down the roads that I have travelled
'Cause like a never ending ball of twine
My dreams have come unravelled
And now as evening lays it's shawl
Across the shoulders of my life I have found
I couldn't tie my life together
With guitar strings and a poet's heart felt line

And I'm so glad I wasn't there to see my mama
'Cause she must have cried for hours
I still hear her sayin', Gary
Get your guitar and pick the wildwood flower