

God Keeps the Wild Flowers Blooming

George Jones

I've been working all day long on some old forgotten grave
The place where mom and papa rest, beneath the cold, cold clay
Though the tear may fill my eyes, there's a smile upon my face
I see God remembered mom and dad, he put flowers on thier grave
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And there's wild flowers bloomin' on mom and papas grave
There's no pain now ever brought here any more
For the family they've all gone, I've been in prison for to lon
g
But God keeps the wild flowers blooming on mom and papa grave.

You know I still remember just as though it was only yesterday
All the hell that my mom and dad went through to live
on from day to day
But the love that they both gave us, aw, it was surely heaven
And all the heartache that I know I've caused them, God
knows I'll always be grateful.

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