

A Different Kind Of Flower

Ray Price

She came down from Boston to be closer to her mother and try to taste a little of country life. She was her mother's only daughter from a good school where they taught her how to walk and talk and fold a napkin right. I was born in a town where they wore boots and Levis born for drivin' cows and plantin' corn and anything that sparkled caught my eye. She was a different kind of flower, nothin' like my country clover, but I figured I could touch her if I tried. I only meant to touch her just one time and let her go, but touchin' her was lovin' her and how was I to know that she'd be the kind of flower calloused hands would never hold. While I was reachin' for her body, she was reachin' for my soul. She went back to Boston, my soul is all it cost me, just to touch her, now I wish I'd never tried. She was a different kind of flower and after havin' known her I just can't keep country clover on my mind.