

Pressing Flowers

The Civil Wars

Meet me in the garden where the weeds grow tall
Down by the gate
I got a secret that I might tell
It'll give me away

Ooh
Whatever you do
Ooh
Keep it with you

Meet me on the back porch where ivy climbs
Where they sat on the swing
Soak up the color of the midday sun
While the ocean sings

Ooh
Whatever you do
Ooh
Keep it with you

You and I
Well we're just pressing flowers
They're dying
But they're ours

Meet me in a poem of an iron bed
Wipe the dust away
Meet me in the tintypes from long ago
Trace the lines of my face

Ooh
Whatever you do
Ooh
Keep it with you

Keep it with you