

## 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