

## Watson Gene

### "Pick The Wildwood Flower"

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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

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