

Elvis Presley

"Petunia The Gardener's Daughter"

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(words & music by sid tepper - roy bennett)I've gotta gal, oh what a palThe apple of my eyeWith something rare, a peach of a pearBut her dad won't let us meet and I could dieI love petunia the gardener's daughterOooh how that gal can kissHer eyes are blue as bluebellsEach cheek a rose to seeHow I dance when she plants her two lips on meI'm as daffy as a daffodill long to kiss her all the timeTonight I'll steal into her gardenAnd make petunia's two lips mine(I've got a beau, I love him soThe apple of my eyeWith something rare, a peach of a pearBut my dad won't let us meet and I could die)And we could dieI love petunia the gardener's daughterOooh how that gal can kiss(my eyes are blue as bluebellsEach cheek a rose to see)How I dance when she plants her two lips on me(he's as daffy as a daffodilHe loves to kiss me all the time)Tonight I'll steal into her gardenAnd make petunia's two lips mineShe makes other girls look just like weeds(I'm gonna be his clinging vine)Tonight I'll steal into her gardenAnd make petunia's two lips(my ever loving two lips)Make petunia's two lips mine

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