

George Jones "My Heart's Bouquet"

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I was just a gay young fellow
When I found my pretty flower
Growing in a field of love one day
When she told me that she loved me
And I knew that I must tell her
So I picked her for my heart's bouquet.

We have faced the years together
Sharing all our joy and sorrow
She has been my pride along the way
Through it all she has to bide me
Never one time has she fell me
Since I picked her for my heart's bouquet.

She's my heart's bouquet,
My heart's bouquet
I picked her from a field of love one day
I loved her then and I love her still
Cross my heart I always will
She's my darling, she's my heart's bouquet.

When old age has crept the pose
And the years show in our faces
When her golden hair has turned to grey
She'll still be my precious darling
And I'll love her more than all else
Just the same she'll be my heart's bouquet.

She's my heart's bouquet
My heart's bouquet
I picked her from a field of love one day
I loved her then and I love her still
Cross my heart I always will
She's my darling, she's my heart's bouquet...

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