

## John Denver

# "Wild Flowers In A Mason Jar"

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January back in '55 we rode a Greyhound bus  
Through the Georgia midnight  
Grandpa was sleeping and the winter sky was clear

We hit a bump and his head jerked back a little  
And he mumbled something  
He woke up smiling but his eyes were bright with tears,  
he said

I dreamed I was back on the farm  
Twenty years have passed, boy  
But the memory still warms me  
Wild flowers in a mason jar

He told me those old stories  
'Bout that one room cabin in Kentucky  
The smell of rain and the feel of the warm earth in his  
hands

He slowly turned and stared outside  
His face was mirrored in the window  
And his reflection flew across the moonlit land

And he dreamed he was back on the farm  
He tilts his head and listens to the early sounds of  
morning  
Wild flowers in a mason jar

An old man and an eight year old boy  
Rolling down that midnight highway  
Warm Kentucky memories from a winter Georgia night

I started drifting off and grandpa tucked his coat  
around me  
I think I tried to smile as I slowly closed my eyes  
And I dreamed I was with him on the farm  
Grandpa, I can hear the evening wind out in the corn  
Wild flowers in a mason jar and the bus rolling through  
the night

