

Charlie Rich

"A Field of Yellow Daisies"

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(Margaret A. Rich)

We met in a field of yellow daisies wild and young and
free

And he picked a bouquet for me
She loves me she loves me not for daisies didn't lie
They knew better than I she'd go away
But they didn't say why.

Have you ever been in a field of yellow daisies
Where the air is warm and pure and sweet
Just as the loved one at your feet.

She loves me she loves me not
For daisies didn't lie
They knew better than I she'd go away
But they didn't say why.

I may fade like petals from the daisies
But for her love I'll always yearn
Each year when yellow daisies return.

She loves me she loves me not
For daisies didn't lie
They knew better than I she'd go away
But they didn't say why.

They didn't say why
They didn't say why
They didn't say why
We met in a field of yellow daisies...

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