

The Civil Wars "Pressing Flowers"

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Meet me in the garden where the weeds grow tall
Down by the gate
I got a secret that I might tell
It'll give me away

Ooo whatever you do
Ooo keep it with you

Meet me on the back porch where ivy climbs
We'll sit on the swing
Soak up the color of the midday sun
While the ocean sings

Ooo whatever you do
Ooo keep it with you

You and I o we're just pressing flowers
They are dying
But they're ours

Meet in a poem of an iron bed
Wipe the dust away
Meet me in the tintypes from long ago
Trace the lines of my face

Ooo whatever you do
Ooo keep it with you

Ooo whatever you do
Ooo keep it with you

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