

Ray Price

"A Different Kind Of Flower"

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A DIFFERENT KIND OF FLOWER
WRITER GARY SEFTON

She came down from Boston to be closer to her mother
and try to taste a little of country life. She was her
mother's only daughter from a good school where
They taught her how to walk and talk and fold a napkin
right. I was boots and
Levis born for drivin' cows and plantin' corn and
anything that sparkled caught my eye. She was a
different kind of flower, nothin' like my country clover,
but I figured I could touch her if I tried. I only meant to
touch her just one time and let her go, but touchin' her
was lovin' her and how was I to know that she'd be the
kind of flower calloused hands would never hold.
While I was reachin' for her body, she was reachin' for
my soul. She went back to Boston, my soul is all it cost
me, just to touch her, now I wish I'd never
tried. She was a different kind of flower and after
havin' known her I just can't keep country clover on my
mind.

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