

Ray Price

"Different Kind of Flower"

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(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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