

## Roger Miller

# "WON'TCHA COME BE MY FRIEND"

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I live in the midst of a strawberry field  
I pick the strawberries and hand some to you  
And if the fruit doesn't suit you I'll hand you some  
flowers  
A strawberry field is a rose garden too

And I love it, every day of my life  
I love my children and I'm true to my wife  
And I love you, won'tcha come be my friend  
You may never get another chance to be insane again

Na-na-na~f~f~f, ~f~f~f, ~f~f~f, ~f~f~f.

I'm rich so I'm able to do as I choose  
So I cut paper dolls out of yesterday's news  
I shop at the market, I dine at the grand  
My uncle plays drums in a twenty piece band

And I love it, every day of my life  
I love my children and I'm true to my wife  
And I love you, won'tcha come be my friend  
You may never get another chance to be insane again

Na-na-na~f~f~f, ~f~f~f, ~f~f~f, ~f~f~f.

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