

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-â€¦â€¦â€¦.

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-â€¦â€¦â€¦.

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