

Civil Wars, The "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

Ooh, ooh, ooh, whatever you do
Ooh, ooh, ooh, keep it with you

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

Ooh, ooh, ooh, whatever you do
Ooh, ooh, ooh keep it with you

You and I, oh we're just pressing flowers
They're dying, but they're ours

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

Ooh, ooh, ooh, whatever you do
Ooh, ooh, ooh keep it with you

Keep it with you
Keep it with you

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