

## John Spillane

### "The wild flowers"

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'Twas the wild flowers I preferred  
Who owed nothing to nobody  
Who blossomed in the ditches  
And made their own way in the world

'Twas the wild flowers I admired  
Who never done nothing to you  
But driven from the garden  
They sang their own songs in the spring

You can have your lily  
You can have your rose  
That were taken and broken  
And bred by people  
They were grafted and lamed  
Twisted and tamed

But the wild flowers I enjoyed  
They had nothing to do with you  
They flowered by the roadside  
And they wore their own colours in the sun

That were there before you  
Will be there after you  
That will out, that will out  
Like your own true nature  
You can try, you can try  
That you never will defeat

The wild flowers I admired  
They had nothing to do with you  
But banished from the garden  
They made their own way in the world  
They wore their own colours in the sun  
And they sang their own songs in the spring

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