

# My Heart's Bouquet

George Jones

I was just a gay young fellow  
When I found my pretty flower  
Growing in a field of love one day  
When she told me that she loved me  
And I knew that I must tell her  
So I picked her for my heart's bouquet.

We have faced the years together  
Sharing all our joy and sorrow  
She has been my pride along the way  
Through it all she has to bide me  
Never one time has she fell me  
Since I picked her for my heart's bouquet.

She's my heart's bouquet,  
My heart's bouquet  
I picked her from a field of love one day  
I loved her then and I love her still  
Cross my heart I always will  
She's my darling, she's my heart's bouquet.

When old age has crept the pose  
And the years show in our faces  
When her golden hair has turned to grey  
She'll still be my precious darling  
And I'll love her more than all else  
Just the same she'll be my heart's bouquet.

She's my heart's bouquet  
My heart's bouquet  
I picked her from a field of love one day  
I loved her then and I love her still  
Cross my heart I always will  
She's my darling, she's my heart's bouquet...