

European Flowers Don't Grow In The USA

By: John Durrill

I Left My Home In Texas, Riding European Bound
Here's A Story Of A Cowboy And The French Girl's Love He Found

The First Time I Saw Paris, I Saw It In Her Eyes
I Remember How I Loved Her, Underneath Those French Blue Skies
She Said: "I'll Never Leave You" I Said: "Please Come Home With Me"
And Then I Heard Her Say: "I'll Have To Wait And See"

We Took A Boat From Some German Town, And Floated Down The Rhine
We Spend Our Nights In Small Hotels, And Drank Each-other's Wine
We Walked The Hills Of Spain, Saw London In The Rain
That Was The Last Time I Saw Her Again

She Said: "European Flowers Don't Grow In The USA
I Love You More Than Anything But It's You Who Have To Stay
If You Love Me, Understand Me, Its The Only Way
'Cause European Flowers Don't Grow In The USA"

I Went Home So All Alone, With HeLr Always On My Mind
I Couldn't Eat Nor Sleep, Knowing I'd Left Her Behind
I Never Heard A Word From Her, So I Wrote And Asked Her Why:
"Does Paris Look The Same As It Used To In Your Eyes"

I Finally Got Your Picture, Who's The Baby Close To You
He Looks Just Like A Texas Boy Who Fell In In Love With You
I'll Be Flying Back To You Soon On A One Way Ticket Ride
Don't Be Ashamed To Use My Name, There's Nothing For You To Hide

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