

D A
Well I was rollin' around Boston town wasn't hardly anybody I know.
D
Got to singin' low for the first three rows puttin' on a lousy show
A
Well then I met her - I had to let her - buy my lunch I got the flowery plate.
G A D
I'm telling you why good brother don't laugh think I got me one suitable mate

G D
I'll send her roses - send her roses everyday
A
If I don't go down another dirt road I don't think it's gonna hurt my day
G D
I'll send her roses - send her roses by the dozen
A
I've been having me a whirl with a pretty girl
G A D
And she told me she liked my lovin'

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