

# FLOWERS ON THE WALL

Words & Music by Lewis C. DeWitt.

♩ = 96

*ad lib.*

F#7



*a tempo*

B



G#m



1. I keep hear - ing your con - cerns - a - bout - my hap - pi - ness, - and  
(Verses 2 & 3 see block lyric)

C#7



F#7



all the thought - you've giv - en me - is con - science, I guess - if


B



G#m




I were walk - ing in your shoes, - I would - n't wor - ry none, - while

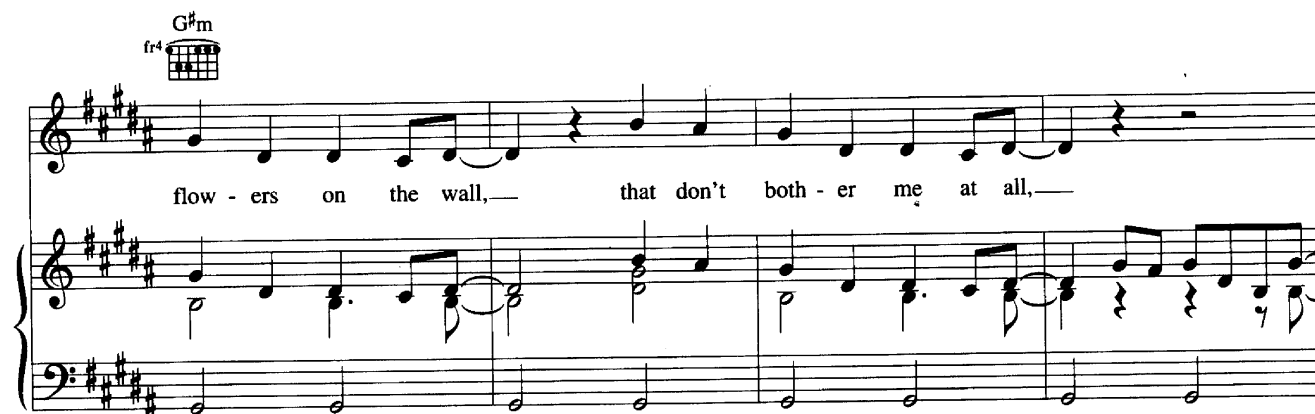
C#7  F#7 

you and your friends— are wor - ry-ing 'bout me, I'm hav-in' lots of fun— count-ing




G#m 

flow - ers on the wall,— that don't both - er me at all,—

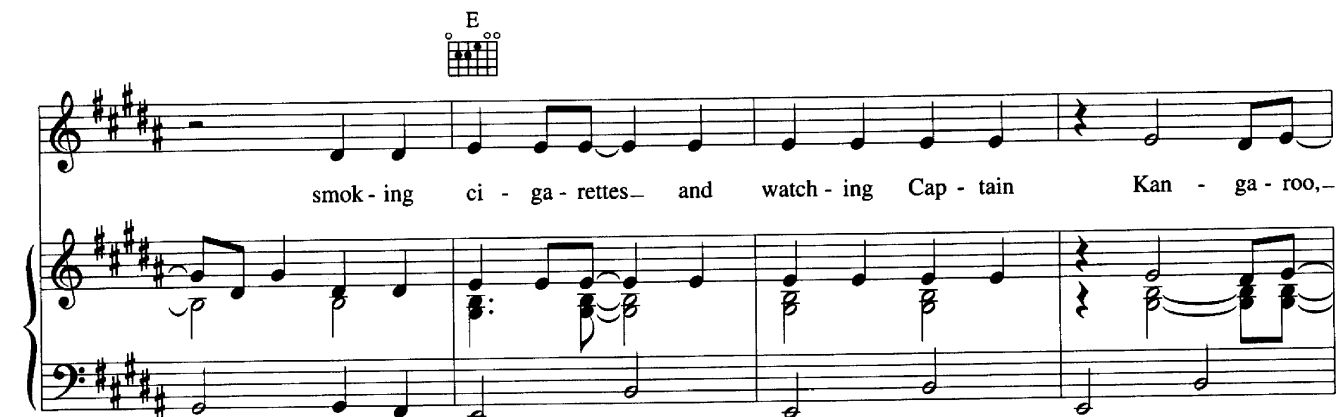


play - ing so - li - taire— till dawn with a deck— of fif - ty one,



E 

smok - ing ci - ga - rettes— and watch - ing Cap - tain Kan - ga - roo,—



1, 2.

F#7

— now don't— tell— me I've noth- ing to do. 2. Last  
3. It's

3.

F#7

do. Don't tell me, I've noth- ing to do.

F#7

B

*Verse 2:*

Last night I dressed in tails pretending I was on the town  
 Long as I can dream it's hard to slow the swinger down.  
 So please don't give a thought to me, I'm really doing fine  
 You can always find me here I'm having quite a time.

*Verse 3:*

It's good to see you out of school I know I look a fright  
 Anyway, my eyes are not accustomed to this light.  
 And my shoes are not accustomed to this hard concrete  
 So I must go back to my room and make my day complete.