

Every morning I ask my flower-friend,
"Today, do you feel like blooming?"
And every day she tells me
"Sorry, but not today,"
So we sit and chat
And I enjoy her company
And I wonder when she'll bloom.

Today I saw my flower-friend,
My bud, had a bud of her own,
So I said to her "You know,
I value your thoughts,
And our chats,
And your friendship;
Yet among other things,
You're a flower,
And I hope you will bloom,"
And she said
"Maybe soon,
I'm trying my best,
But not today."

I know that she's working,
And I don't want to pry,
'Coz I can see that she's trying,
And it's hard not to cry,
To know my friend is a flower,
Who, after long years,
Might bloom