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Watson Gene "Mama Sold Roses"

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Mama sold roses in the year '49

They were made out of paper and sold for a dime

She carved out a living by walking the streets

Crying, who'll buy my roses with a voice soft and sweet

If love was a measure of diamonds or gold

No one could afford the roses she sold

She'd shape the crape' paper and softly she'd say

Your mama is tired it's been a long day

You'll find her on the corner at her flower stand

Painted on an old sign, roses by hand

They're only made of paper would you be so kind

Buy one for the lady they only cost a dime

Twenty-nine years have gone by since mom passed away

If you're looking for roses they're there on display

They're not made of paper and they don't cost a dime

Each rose in the window has a two dollar sign

You'll find her on the corner at her flower stand

Painted on an old sign, roses by hand

They're only made of paper would you be so kind

Buy one for the lady they only cost a dime

Buy one for the lady they only cost a dime

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