

## Gene Watson "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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