

Caedmon's Call "The Roses"

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High above the valley of Quito
An old man and his bride grow roses
Red and yellow, white and golden,
To him they are precious as children
Their daughter, she moved to America
One more break in the Tower of Babel
She has a son that they've never seen at all
They're praying that they raised her well
CHORUS
On the mountain high
They will live and die
As time just slips away
And the children grow
In the God they know
As time just slips away
A man, his bride, his children, and his roses
Planted in faith
And watered in tears
Honey, that's all they have
And they're happier here
Than any of my friends back home
They met Jesus and they really know Him
CHORUS
Now I'm back at home
All alone
And I'm trying to find my thoughts
Of that old man so inspiring
And the TV's always on
And the phone, it won't stop ringing
These bills, they keep on screaming
I'm paying for the things
We never really need
Wonder what he's doing right now?
Maybe walking through his simple field
Thinking about how
God has blessed him so
A man, his bride, his children, and his roses
CHORUS (2x)

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