

John Hiatt

"Rose"

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Rose puts on her stockings and she lights a cigarette
Holds her tired face up to the mirror
She sees a younger woman there, she thought she
would forget
And it hurts her now that no one comes to see her

She used to go to parties and a-dancing with her beau
Beneath the southern moon they found their places
But now she's tired all the time and she got no where to
go
And the memories keep showing up in faces

So she finds her dressing table
And she puts on all of her clothes
And she cries when she's realized
She's just an old Rose

Rose walks to the kitchen then she fills her coffee cup
And thinks of how the mornings used to greet her
But now it's just another day and harder to get up
And it breaks her heart to think that no one needs her

And she wants to start all over
But she ain't got far to go
So she cries when she's realized
She's just an old Rose

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