

## John Williams

### "Purple Roses"

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There's a rose bush in the garden  
Been there since I was born  
That celebrates its age without fear  
I touch the velvet petals  
And smell the breath of angels  
And pick the purple roses every year  
Now you think you're passed your prime my sweet  
woman  
Your use-by date is faded and grey  
But sad and sorry thoughts like that my darlin'  
Is throwin' purple roses away

You're tired of pretending that you're younger  
When gravity is real and here to stay  
So you wear your clothes more easily for comfort  
You used to be too skinny anyway

Now you're looking in the mirror  
A picture of your Mother  
But you don't see the woman that I see  
Denying grace and pride the good Lord gave you  
Is throwin' purple roses away

Yeah, sad and sorry thoughts like that my darlin'  
Is throwin' purple roses away

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