

Johnny Mathis "Yellow Roses On Her Gown"

Visit "[Yellow Roses On Her Gown](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I was born in San Francisco when the bay was full of
cruisers
Where the west wind smells of fishing boats for fifty
miles around
My father wore a crew cut, he was lean and he was
handsome
And my mother wore a sash of yellow roses on her
gown

They would walk me down from Green Street
Pass cathedrals on the hill sides
And the carillons could fill the hearts of any one in town
I remember how they looked then, when their eyes
were always living
When my father loved a girl with yellow roses on her
gown

Then we moved to Placid County where the weather
was a joker
And I watched my parents laughter turn from amber
into ice
But my father never stumbled, he would tell me things
would change soon
He would bear and bear the insults of a pair of loaded
dice

And my mother stood beside him though her heart was
on the hill side
Of a city where a soldier and his lover better die
And at night amid the whisper of the pines and
[Incomprehensible]
She would cry into the sash of yellow roses on her
gown

Now my father's living eastward by the Sacramento
river
And he swears to me he's happy with his practice and
some land
In the springtime and the summer when the fog is off
the valley
I visit him on weekends, his grass is overgrown

Sometimes after dinner, I will gaze away the evening
In the attic at a sash of yellow roses on her gown

Visit [Johnny Mathis](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.