

Jones, George

"Our Bed Of Roses"

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The morning we moved in this house
You said let's make a bed of roses
So hand in hand we found that special place
And I broke the ground

I wiped that delta dirt from your face
As you knelt there to sow them
Oh, I'd give anything a mortal man
Could give if you could see them now

Through the kitchen windowpane
I can see the roses
The ones we planted that first spring are blooming
Like they did when you were here

Someone's always left behind
When the door of this life closes
So I sit alone and watch it rain
On our bed of roses

Some days I sit for hours at the time
Just stirring at those roses
They seem so young and full of life
But soon they'll face the winter chill

I don't know how long I can survive
But one thing that I know is
Come spring time the roses will return
But you never will

Through the kitchen windowpane
Lord, I can see the roses
The ones we planted that first spring are blooming
Like they did when you were here

Someone's always left behind
When the door of this life closes
So I sit alone and watch it rain
On our bed of roses
So I sit alone and watch it rain
On our bed of roses

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