

## **Daniel O'Donnell**

### **"Bed Of Roses"**

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She was called a scarlet woman by the people  
Who would go to church but left me in the street  
With no parents of my own, I never had a home  
And an eighteen year old boy has got to eat.

She found me outside, Sunday morning  
Begging money from a man I didn't know  
She took me in and wiped away my childhood  
A lady of the streets this woman Rose.

Chorus:

This bed of Rose's that I lay on  
Where I was taught to be a man  
This bed of Rose's where I'm livin'  
Is the only kind of life I'll understand.

She was a handsome woman, just thirty-five  
Who was spoken to in town by very few  
She managed a late evening business  
Like most of the town wished they could do.

And I learned all the things that a man should know  
From a woman not approved of I suppose  
But she died knowing that I really loved her  
From life's bramble bush, I picked a rose.

Chorus:

This bed of Rose's that I lay on  
Where I was taught to be a man  
This bed of Rose's where I'm livin'  
Is the only kind of life I'll understand.

Chorus:

This bed of Rose's that I lay on  
Where I was taught to be a man  
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Is the only kind of life I'll understand.

Is the only kind of life I'll understand...

