

Tanya Tucker

"Bed Of Rose's"

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She was called a scarlet woman by the people
Who would go to church but leave me in the street
With no parents of my own I never had a home
And a fifteen year old girl has got to eat

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

This bed of roses that I lay on where I was taught to
love a man
This bed of roses 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'd do

I learned all the things a man should know
From a woman not approved of I suppose
She died knowing someone really loved her
From life's bramble bush I picked a rose

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love a man
This bed of roses where I'm livin' is the only kind of life
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