Somebody Remembers the Rose

[Whiskeytown](#)

Somebody remembers the rose
While the other forgets how it grows
Would all the dangers, would all the dangers of love
Lost to a strangerSomebody remembers the dress
How it was hand-sewn, beautifully pressed
Would all the dangers, would all the dangers of love
Lost to a strangerHoney, I'm out of service for a while
Damaged heart's been manufactured
And every day this one never works anywaySomebody remembers the rose
While the other forgets how it grows
Would all the dangers, would all the dangers of love
Lost to a stranger