

Painted, Tainted Rose

Al Martino

She was a wild and lovely rose
Oh, how I loved her, heaven knows
But though my heart was true, it would never do
Party life was what she choseLast night I saw my lovely rose
All painted up in fancy clothes
Her eyes had lost their spark, the years had left their mark
She's just a painted, tainted roseBut though my heart was true, it would never do
Party life was what she choseHer eyes had lost their spark, the years had left their mark
She's just a

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