Rose In Paradise

Chris Young

She was a flower for the takin'
Her beauty cut just like a knife
And he was a banker from Macon
He swore he'd love her all a his life
He bought her a mansion on the mountain
With a formal garden and a lot of land
But paradise became her prison
That Georgia banker was a jealous man
Every time he'd talk about her
You could see the fire in his eyes
He'd say, "I would walk through hell on Sunday
To keep my rose in paradise"
He hired a man to tend the garden
And keep an eye on her while he was gone
Some say they ran away together
Some say the gardener left alone
Now the banker is an old man
And the mansion's crumbling down
He sits all day and stares at the garden
Not a trace of her was ever found
Every time he'd talk about her
You could see the fire in his eyes
He'd say, "I would walk through hell on Sunday
To keep my rose in paradise"
Now there's a rose out in the garden
It's beauty cuts just like a knife
They say that it even grows in the winter time
And blooms in the dead of the night

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