

# 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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