

# Wilting Rose

## Doug Supernaw

Writers: Doug Supernaw, Lonnie Atkinson  
Cold tile floors, a single bed

The TV is her only company

Out the door she sticks her head

Thought she heard her family  
But it's not Christmas or Mother's Day

And all her old friends have passed away

She's living in a garden

Where only heartache grows

"cause what was a blooming flower

Is now a wilting rose  
Days go by, she's hanging on

Staring at the grand kids on the wall

She stars to cry 'cause Sunday's gone

I guess they just forgot to call  
And all that keeps her from giving up

The hope she'll look outside and walking up

Is a child that must meet Grandma before the day she goes

'cause what was a blooming flower

Is now a wilting rose  
She's living in a garden where everybody knows

That we'll soon be laying flowers upon our wilting rose

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