

# Painted, Tainted Rose (Remastered 91)

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 chose Last 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 rose But though my heart was true, it would never do  
Party life was what she chose Her eyes had lost their spark, the years had left their mark  
She's just a

Songwriters

P. DE ANGELIS, J. SAWYER Published by  
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