

# Bed Of Rose's

**Tanya Tucker**

She was called a scarlet woman by the people  
Who would go to church but leave me in the street  
With no parents of my own I never had a home  
And a fifteen year old girl has got to eat  
She found me outside one Sunday morning  
Begging money from a man I didn't know  
She took me in and wiped away my childhood  
That woman of the street this lady Rose  
This bed of roses that I lay on where I was taught to love a man  
This bed of roses where I'm livin' is the only kind of life I'll understand

She was a handsome woman just thirty-five  
Who was spoken to in town by very few  
She managed a late evening business  
Like most of the town wished they'd do  
I learned all the things a man should know  
From a woman not approved of I suppose  
She died knowing someone really loved her  
From life's bramble bush I picked a rose  
This bed of roses that I lay on where I was taught to love a man  
This bed of roses where I'm livin' is the only kind of life I'll understand

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