Purple Roses

John Williamson

There's a rose bush in the garden
Been there since I was born
That celebrates its age without fear
I touch the velvet petals
And smell the breath of angels
And pick the purple roses every year
Now you think you're passed your prime my sweet woman
Your use-by date is faded and grey
But sad and sorry thoughts like that my darlin'
Is throwin' purple roses away
You're tired of pretending that you're younger
When gravity is real and here to stay
So you wear your clothes more easily for comfort
You used to be too skinny anyway
Now you're looking in the mirror
A picture of your Mother
But you don't see the woman that I see
Denying grace and pride the good Lord gave you
Is throwin' purple roses away Yeah, sad and sorry thoughts like that my darlin'
Is throwin' purple roses away
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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