

# 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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