

# A Dozen White Roses

[Alecia Nugent](#)

I heard his time was short so I went to see my old friend  
When I walked through the door  
He said, sure good to see you again  
Sit down here by me, the Doc says, my future ain't bright  
But even if I don't beat it, there's a part of my past that won't die  
He points to a picture and smiles from his easy  
chair  
As he relives the moment, says, girl, that was heaven right there  
You can see his heart's broken as a lonesome tear drop to the floor  
And along with the silence that filled, came a knock at the door  
A bouquet wrapped up in ribbons and bows  
Too little, too late, I suppose  
But he clings to the last ray of hope  
And a dozen white roses  
They were meant for each other, that was clear right from the start  
What a shame too much pride and a jealous heart kept them apart  
No card and some flowers it's quite enough to make amends  
For fifty years living a life of what should have been  
A bouquet wrapped up in ribbons and bows  
Too little, too late, I suppose  
But he clings to the last ray of hope  
And a dozen white roses  
A bouquet wrapped up in ribbons and bows  
Too little, too late, I suppose  
But he clings to the last ray of hope  
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