

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

And a dozen white roses

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