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 dieHe 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 doorA 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 rosesThey 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 beenA 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 rosesA 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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