Paper Roses

Connie Smith

(Paper roses paper roses)
I realize the way your eyes deceived me with tender looks that I mistook for love
So take away the flowers that you gave me and send the kind that you remind me of
Paper roses paper roses oh how real those roses seem to be
But they're only imitation like your imitation love for meI thought that you would be a perfect lover
You seemed so full of sweetness at the start
But like a big red rose that's made of paper there isn't any sweetness in your heart
Paper roses paper roses...

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