

Bed Of Roses

The Statler Brothers

She was called a scarlet woman by the people
Who would go to church but left me in the street
With no parents of my own, I never had a home
And an eighteen year old boy has got to eat
She found me outside one Sunday morning
Taking money from a man I didn't know
She took me in and wiped away my childhood
A woman of the streets this Lady Rose
This bed of roses that I lay on
Where I was taught to be a man
This bed of roses where I'm living
Is the only kind of love I understand
She was a handsome woman just thirty-four
Who was spoken to in town by very few
She managed a late evening business
Like most of the town wished they could do

Songwriters

GILLETTE/BENSON Published by

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