

Paper Roses (Re-Recorded In Stereo)

Marie Osmond

I realise the way your eyes deceive 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 ofPaper roses, paper roses,
 Oh how real those roses seem to me
 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 heartPaper roses, paper roses,
 Oh how real those roses seem to me
 But they're only imitation
 Like your imitation love for me

Songwriters

BOHLEN, DIETERPublished by

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