

Painted Tainted Rose

[Al Martino](#)

She was a wild and lovely rose
Oh, how I loved her, heaven knows
But though my heart was true, it would never do
Party life was what she chose Last night I saw my lovely rose
All painted up in fancy clothes
Her eyes had lost their spark, the years had left their mark
She's just a painted, tainted rose But though my heart was true, it would never do
Party life was what she chose Her eyes had lost their spark, the years had left their mark
She's just a

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