

Rambling Rose

Dean Martin

Rambling rose, rambling rose
Why you ramble no one knows
Wild and wind-blown, that's how you've grown
Who can cling to a rambling rose? Wild and wind-blown, that's how you've grown
Who can cling to a rambling rose? Ramble on, ramble on
When your rambling days are gone
Who will love you with a love true
When your rambling days are through? Rambling rose, rambling rose
Why I want you heaven knows
Though I love you with a love true
Who can cling to a rambling rose? A rambling rose
A rambling rose

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