

Dave Dudley, Artificial Rose

The little waitress wore an artificial rose I met her in a truckstop long ago
She brought my coffee with a smile and then sat down
And we started talking bout my wanderin' round
I recall the night I gave her that red rose just a little joke between us I suppose
But she laughed and tucked it in her golden hair
And from that day on she always wore it there
Never blooms never grows artificial rose
As time went out I got to know her well grew to love her but I knew I couldn't tell
About the other woman farther down the line
But she trusted me said I was not that kind
Never blooms never grows artificial rose
One night when I had traveled many miles
I pulled in and thought I'd see her loving smile
But she only left a package tied in red and inside a little tear stained note that read
She said I've found out now I return to you
This rose that I've been wearing like a fool
May your life be cold and lonely as can be like this artificial rose you gave to me
Never blooms never grows artificial rose