

Fabares Shelley, Roses Are Red

Roses are red, my love ... doo doo da doooo ...
A long, long time ago, on graduation day.
You handed me your book ... I signed this way:
"Roses are red, my love.
Violets are blue.
Sugar is sweet, my love.
But not as sweet as you."
We dated through high school.
And when the big day came,
I wrote into your book,
next to my name:
"Roses are red, my love.
Violets are blue.
Sugar is sweet, my love.
But not as sweet as you."
Then I went far away and you found someone new.
I read your letter dear, and I wrote back to you:
"Roses are red, my love.
Violets are blue.
Sugar is sweet, my love.
But luck may god bless you."
Is that your little girl?
She looks a lot like you.
Someday some boy will write
in her book, too.
"Roses are red, my love.
Violets are blue.
Sugar is sweet, my love.
But not as sweet as you."