

Gene Watson, Mama Sold Roses

Mama sold roses in the year '49
They were made out of paper and sold for a dime
She carved out a living by walking the streets
Crying, who'll buy my roses with a voice soft and sweet

If love was a measure of diamonds or gold
No one could afford the roses she sold
She'd shape the crape' paper and softly she'd say
Your mama is tired it's been a long day

You'll find her on the corner at her flower stand
Painted on an old sign, roses by hand
They're only made of paper would you be so kind
Buy one for the lady they only cost a dime

Twenty-nine years have gone by since mom passed away
If you're looking for roses they're there on display
They're not made of paper and they don't cost a dime
Each rose in the window has a two dollar sign

You'll find her on the corner at her flower stand
Painted on an old sign, roses by hand
They're only made of paper would you be so kind
Buy one for the lady they only cost a dime
Buy one for the lady they only cost a dime