

Gene Watson, Paper Rosie

The sun goes down in Calvin county
Neon lights from an old beer sign
Shown through the window out on the sidewalk
As I walked in to pass the time;
I looked around, sat down at a table
Ordered beef on rye and a glass of wine
And through the door came a little old lady
She was selling paper roses and they only cost a dime.

Paper Rosie, Paper Rosie
She sold you Paper Roses, But they only cost a dime.

Silver hair that's lost its' Gold
Trembling hand as she passed the rose
Red Crepe paper, made nature's bouquet
Help a little old lady buy a rose today;
I took the rose from her trembling hand
With eyes of age, she smiled and walked away
Like a breath of spring I could smell the rose
It came alive and I heard her say.

Buy my Roses, pretty roses
They're only made of paper
But they only cost a dime.

I went to look for her outside
A spray of roses lay by her side
The sky lit up and the choir sang
A thousand voices as the church bells rang.

They sang Rosie (Rosie), paper Rosie (Rosie)
She sold you Paper Roses
But they only cost a dime.

Paper Rosie (Rosie), Paper Rosie (Rosie)
She sold you paper roses
But they only cost a dime.