

# 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.