Loretta Lynn, Paper Roses

(Janice Torre - Fred Spielman)

Paper roses paper roses
[steel]
I realize the way your eyes deceived me with tender looks that I mistook for love
So take away the flowers that you gave me and send the kind that you remind me of
Paper roses paper roses oh how real those roses seem to be
But they're only imitation like your imitation love for me
[steel]
I thought that you would be a perfect lover
You seemed so full of sweetness at the start
But like the big red rose that's made of paper
Ah there isn't any sweetness in your heart
Paper roses paper roses...
Like your imitation love for me