

Marie Osmond, Paper Roses

I realized 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 you imitation love for me

I thought that you would be a perfect lover

You seemed so full of sweetness at the start

But like a big red rose that's made of paper

There isn't any sweetness in your heart

Paper Roses

Paper Roses

Oh how real those roses seem to be

But they're only imitation like you imitation love for me