

# Marie Osmond, Paper Roses -- Marie Osmond

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