

Nat Stuckey, Gardener For Her Roses

I was sleeping on the rolled up copy of the early morning Maryland news
I didn't have a dime for coffee or to call me up someone to talk me to
And then I read a wanted ad that said I need the gardener right away
So I rushed down the five or nine the little pink house was mighty fine
I ran all the way
I remember knocking twice and waiting for the moment till she came
And then I saw a rose in her the kind of rose that you can throw in summer rain
She smiled that little smile she has and asked me if I could start right away
And that was ten short years ago
Neither of us could have known that I'd come to stay
Now I'm the gardener for her roses I love and care for her tender roses
Now I'm the gardener for her roses that bloom today out where our children play
(choir)
I can still remember when a park bench was the only home I had
And it's much better being here she can call me dear and children call me dad
She smiles that little smile because I just repair the screen door that was bad
And all around I see white roses looking back at me oh how I could be sad
Yes I'm the gardener for her roses I fix the screen door now it closes
And opens quite like right red roses that bloom today out where our children play