

Claude King, Four Roses

She's up there in the cheap hotel I'm down here in the bar
I just slipped out and left her there before things went too far
I'd like to love her but I know what that would do to me
So take a dozen roses up to her and pour Four for me
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I'd like to love her and I'll do accept for decent sea
Take a dozen roses up to her maybe she will understand
That I'm tied to another woman and she belongs to another man

I met her at a party I lied and she believed
She was so young and innocent so easy to decieve
She went along with wine and song love laid the happy tunes
Now she's up there waiting in that lonely dim lit room
Take a dozen roses up to her...