Conway Deborah, White Roses

Deborah Conway and Dorland Bray
You weren't the first to send me red roses
And you weren't the first to give me away
I'm not the only one to have my fingers burnt
But that was a one-way conversation and you got the final word
Forget-me-nots forgotten
White roses
Regrets and promises collide
I'm still flying the flag for you
Blue heart red eyes and white roses
It's true
Lovers swap red roses but white ones from you
Spell the end of everything fine
Yellow roses are for jealously but you
Don't send me them
You send the ones that say we're through
You weren't to know that something was making me blue
Keeping all the sunshine away
You said forever and I took you at your word
White roses make a lie of everything I've heard