

Doug Supernaw, Wilting Rose

Writers: Doug Supernaw, Lonnie Atkinson

Cold tile floors, a single bed
The TV is her only company
Out he door she sticks her head
Thought she heard her family

But it's not Christmas or Mother's Day
And all her old friends have passed away
She's living in a garden
Where only heartache grows
'cause what was a blooming flower
Is now a wilting rose

Days go by, she's hanging on
Staring at the grand kids on the wall
She stars to cry 'cause Sunday's gone
I guess they just forgot to call

And all that keeps her from giving up
The hope she'll look outside and walking up
Is a child that must meet Grandma before the day she goes
'cause what was a blooming flower
Is now a wilting rose

She's living in a garden where everybody knows
That we'll soon be laying flowers upon our wilting rose