

George Morgan, Yesterday's Roses

Roses pressed in a Bible bring me sweet mem'ries of you
Roses withered and faded as same as a love I once knew

Yesterday's roses covered with teardrops

Yesterday's teardrops sparkle like dew

I'll always treasure yesterday's roses

Telling a story that never came true

[steel]

Sometimes when I'm alone dear my poor heart is breaking inside

True love we might have known dear but just like the roses it died

Yesterday's roses covered with teardrops...