

# John Hiatt, Rose

Rose puts on her stockings and she lights a cigarette.  
Holds her tired face up to the mirror.  
She sees a younger woman there she thought she would forget,  
And it hurts her now that no one comes to see her.

She used to go to parties and a-dancing with her beau.  
Beneath the southern moon they found their places.  
But now she's tired all the time and she got no where to go,  
And the memories keep showing up in faces.

So she finds her dressing table and she puts on all of her clothes,  
And she cries when she's realized she's just an old Rose.

Rose walks to the kitchen then she fills her coffee cup.  
And thinks of how the mornings used to greet her.  
But now it's just another day and harder to get up,  
And it breaks her heart to think that no one needs her.

And she wants to start all over but she ain't got far to go,  
So she cries when she's realized she's just an old Rose.

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And it hurts her now that no one comes to see her.