

# John Prine, One Red Rose

The rain came down  
On the tin roof  
Hardly  
A sound was left  
From the birthday party  
The kitchen light  
Fell asleep  
On the bedroom floor  
Me and her were talking softer  
Than all the time  
Before I lost her  
Picture sat on top  
Of the chest of drawers

Chorus:  
One red rose  
In the Bible  
Pressed between  
The Holy alphabet  
Probably wouldn't believe you  
If you told me  
But what I never knew  
I never will forget

Rainy nights  
Get dark real early  
Her dress was soft  
And her hair was curly  
We danced around the table  
To the old banjo  
Rainy nights  
Were made for lovers  
We lay there still  
Beneath the covers  
And I ain't never felt  
Like that before

Chorus: