

Nanci Griffith, Roses On The 4th Of July

(Nanci Griffith)

He still sends her roses on the 4th of July
They're always white roses and she never asks why
She still doesn't know where he goes Thursday nights
But his wedding band rests, on the bedside that night

He was a soldier in the Vietnam war
He lost half his right leg whilst daydreaming of her
She lit a candle each holy hour he was gone
"You Were On My Mind" was their favorite song

Chorus
Love is a mystery
From birth 'till we die
It's cross words of a morning
By evening entwined
It's all that we dream of, sometimes it's not right
Love is white roses and you never ask why

He's the hands of a draftsman, he's built a good life
She works for a season during IRS time
Two children they've had though their boy has now died
When they wake of each morning, he's still on their minds

Their friends would all tell you they're like day and night
Their daughter's an actress, she is strong and she's bright
He meets with his pals from the war Thursday nights
She still treasures those roses every 4th of July

Chorus

Love is white roses every 4th of July