

Norma Jean, Where The Roses Never Fade

I am going to a city where the streets with gold are laid
Where the tree of life is blooming and the roses never fade
Here they bloom but for a season soon their beauty is decayed
I am going to a city where the roses never fade
[piano]
Loved one's gone to be with Jesus In their robes of white array
They are waiting for my coming where the roses never fade
Here they bloom...