

Pat Benatar, Papa's Roses

I picked a rose this morning
And it was so fresh, it looked like it was crying
I thought how sad to be so beautiful
Only to wither and die
Like Papa's Roses soft and pale
Like petals thrown in the dirt
Only silence is spoken here
All that grows here is hurt
And Papa's Roses
Papa wasn't really a hardened man
He could be tender at times
I remember, it was like it holiday
When he was gentle and kind
He gave those roses his heart and soul
I wish he'd saved some for me
It would've been such a simple thing,
For me to be, like Papa's Roses
Like Papa's Roses soft and pale
Like petals thrown in the dirt
Only silence is spoken here
All that grows here is hurt
And Papa's Roses
Voices that whisper soft and low
Forever buried inside
Haunted by images dark and cold
Forever burned in your mind
But I dreamed I could fly away
Like an angel I'd fly
To the places where I could forget
Forget that I was like Papa's Roses
Like Papa's Roses soft and pale
Like petals thrown in the dirt
Only silence is spoken here
All that grows here is hurt
And Papa's Roses