

Patti Page, Poor Man's Roses

I must make up my mind today;
What to have, what to hold:
A poor man's roses,
Or a rich man's gold
One's as wealthy as a king in a palace,
Though he's callous and cold.
He may learn to give his heart for love,
Instead of buying it with gold.
Then the poor man's roses,
And the thrill when we kiss
Will be memories of paradise
That I'll never miss.
And yet the hand that brings a rose tonight
Is the hand I will hold.
For the rose of love means more to me
Than any rich man's gold.
Then the poor man's roses
And the thrill when we kiss (when we kiss)
Will be memories of paradise
That I'll never miss.
And yet the hand that brings a rose tonight
Is the hand I will hold.
For the rose of love means more to me
Than any rich man's go-o-o-o-old
Than any rich man's gold.
[ALTERNATE ENDING]
Then the poor man's roses
And the thrill when we kiss
Will be memories of paradise
That I'll never miss.
And yet the hand that brings a rose tonight
Is the hand I will hold
For the rose of love means more to me
Than any rich man's gold.
Yes, the rose of love means more to me
Than any rich man's gold