

# 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