

# Reba McEntire, Roses

(Melba Montgomery/Leslie Satcher)

A soft summer evening, another time, another place  
He brought her red roses on their very first date  
She got carried away by the things that he said  
Time would erase them but she would never forget

And the roses heard it all  
The rose in her hair, the rose in her hand  
The roses in the paper on the wall  
There's a story to tell if the roses could talk

Somewhere close to midnight, another time, another place  
She lays in the darkness with tears on her face  
While he talks in his sleep confessing his love  
He calls out a name that she's never heard of

And the roses heard it all  
The rose in her hair, the rose in her hand  
The roses in the paper on the wall  
There's a story to tell if the roses could talk

She never told him  
She never let him see her cry  
Only the roses know  
What she kept down inside

The years took their toll and the angels took her away  
Now there's family and friends at a cold winter's grave  
He kneels down and whispers. "You're the only love that I've known"  
As he lays a rose on a cold marble atone  
But the roses heard it all  
The rose from her garden, the rose in her Bible  
The roses in the paper on the wall  
There's a story to tell if roses could talk  
What a story to tell if roses could talk