

The Wilkinsons, The Only Rose

(Steve Wariner/Steve Wilkinson)

A little red-headed girl
Stood at the mirror
Studying her face
She didn't like her nose
And all of those freckles
She'd love to erase
Her inventory told the story
And from where she stood
There's so much she would change
Oh if she could

As she said to herself
I'd be anyone else
If it were up to me
Her mom walked in
And said with a grin
One day girl you'll see

There's a million stars
In the summer sky
And each one has its name
There's a million snowflakes
In the wintertime
But no two are quite the same
And there's something
You can't see right now
But one day girl you'll know
In a field that's full of daisy's
You're the only rose

You can talk about clothes
Talk about make-up
That's a matter of style
And I bet Mona Lisa's mother
Heard her daughter say
She didn't like her smile
What's inside you just can't hide
'Cause beauty runs so deep
And one day you'll knock
Some young man right off his feet