

She was born in a cotton town  
Daddy brought her up to settle down  
To make him proud through high school  
Very young with a bunch of kids  
Like her ma and her grandma did  
After all, that's what you do  
So, she packed her bags when she turned 18  
Took the greyhound bus to follow her dreams

You can plant your seeds out in a row  
There's no guarantee, reap what you sow  
Somewhere hidden, have to see you  
Way out in the cotton field  
The solitary wild flower grows  
Rebel Rose

Rosie knew that she had to see  
Where the sky and the highway meet  
Her little world wasn't big enough  
Folks said this is gonna pass  
Dreams come but they never last  
Give her time, she'd adjust  
Back in the rack at the bridal store  
Is a wedding dress she never wore

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Someday her daddy's gonna see  
What a baby girl's truly meant to be

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