

A Poor Man's Roses (Or a Rich Man's Gold)

Reba McEntire

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 calice 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 that I will hold
For the rose of love means more to me
More than any rich man's gold