

The Roses

Caedmon's Call

High above the Valley of Quito
An old man and his bride grow roses
Red and yellow, white and golden
And to him they are precious as children

Their daughter, she moved to America
One more brick in the tower of Babel
She has a son they've never seen at all
And they're praying they raised her well

On the mountain high
They will live and die
As time just slips away
And the children grow
In the God they know
As time just slips away

A man, his bride, his children, and his roses
Planted in faith and watered in tears
Honey, that's all they have, and they're happier here
Than any of my friends back home
They've met Jesus and they really know Him

On the mountain high
They will live and die
As time just slips away
And the children grow
In the God they know
As time just slips away

Now I'm back at home, all alone, and trying to find my thoughts
About that old man, so inspiring, but the TV's always on
And the phone, it won't stop ringing, and these bills, they keep on s
creaming
To pay for all the things that we have never really needed
And I wonder what he's doing right now
Maybe walking through his simple field and thinking about how
God has blessed him so
A man, his bride, his children, and his roses

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