

## Artificial Rose

Dave Dudley

The little waitress wore an artificial rose I met her in a truck stop long ago  
She brought my coffee with a smile and then sat down  
And we started talking bout my wanderin' round  
I recall the night I gave her that red rose just a little joke  
between us I suppose  
But she laughed and tucked it in her golden hair  
And from that day on she always wore it there  
Never blooms never grows artificial rose  
As time went out I got to know her well grew to love her but I  
knew I couldn't tell  
About the other woman farther down the line  
But she trusted me said I was not that kind  
Never blooms never grows artificial rose  
One night when I had traveled many miles  
I pulled in and thought I'd see her loving smile  
But she only left a package tied in red and inside a little tea  
r stained note that read  
She said I've found out now I return to you  
This rose that I've been wearing like a fool  
May your life be cold and lonely as can be like this artificial  
rose you gave to me  
Never blooms never grows artificial rose