

A Rose from a Bride's Bouquet

George Jones

I went to a wedding one bright summer day
The bride was a beauty and the people were gay
Alone in a corner I stood till the end
For the girl was my sweetheart and the boy my best friend.

When the service was over there beside the church door
I picked up a rose that fell on the floor
Alone and neglected as I was that day
Was my sweet little rose from the bride's bouquet.

It was only a rose from the bride's bouquet
Once filled with loves perfume now faded and grey
Like the love that she gave me it faded away
This sweet little rose from the bride's bouquet.

Each petal reminds me of a moment of bliss
A sweet little love word and a lingering kiss
I waited in teardrops then hide it away
My sweet little rose from the bride's bouquet...