

## Papa's Roses

Pat Benatar

I picked a rose this morning  
And it was so fresh, it looked like it was crying  
I thought how sad to be so beautiful  
Only to wither and die  
Like papa's roses soft and pale  
Like petals thrown in the dirt  
Only silence is spoken here  
All that grows here is hurt  
And papa's roses  
Papa wasn't really a hardened man  
He could be tender at times  
I remember, it was like it holiday  
When he was gentle and kind  
He gave those roses his heart and soul  
I wish he'd saved some for me  
It would've been such a simple thing,  
For me to be, like papa's roses

Like papa's roses soft and pale  
Like petals thrown in the dirt  
Only silence is spoken here  
All that grows here is hurt  
And papa's roses

Voices that whisper soft and low  
Forever buried inside  
Haunted by images dark and cold  
Forever burned in your mind  
But I dreamed I could fly away  
Like an angel I'd fly  
To the places where I could forget  
Forget that I was like papa's roses

Like papa's roses soft and pale  
Like petals thrown in the dirt  
Only silence is spoken here  
All that grows here is hurt  
And papa's roses