

Bed Of Rose's

Tanya Tucker

She was called a scarlet woman by the people
Who would go to church but leave me in the street
With no parents of my own I never had a home
And a fifteen year old girl has got to eat
She found me outside one Sunday morning begging money from a man I didn't know
She took me in and wiped away my childhood that woman of the street this lady Rose
This bed of Rose's that I lay on where I was taught to love a man
This bed of Rose's where I'm livin' is the only kind of life I'll understand

She was a handsome woman just thirty-five who was spoken to in town by very few
She managed a late evening business like most of the town wished they'd do
I learned all the things a man should know from a woman not approved of I suppose
She died knowing someone really loved her from life's bramble bush I picked a rose
This bed of Rose's...
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