

Bed Of Rose's

The Statler Brothers

She was called a scarlet woman by the people
Who would go to church but left me in the streets
With no parents of my own, I never had a home
But an eighteen year old boy 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
A woman of the streets this lady Rose

This bed of roses that I lay on
Where I was taught to be a man
This bed of roses 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 could do

And I learned all the things that a man should know
From a woman not approved of, I suppose
She died knowing that I really loved her
From life's bramble bush I picked a rose

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