

## 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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