

Rose in Paradise

Waylon Jennings

She was a flower for the takin',
Her beauty cut just like a knife...
He was a banker from Macon,
Swore he'd love her all his life...

Bought her a mansion on a mountain
With a formal garden and a lot a land...

But paradise became her prison,
That Georgia banker was a jealous man!

Every time he'd talk about her,
You could see the fire in his eyes...
He'd say,
"I would walk through Hell on Sunday,
To keep my Rose in Paradise..."

He hired a man to tend the garden,
Keep an eye on her while he was gone..
Some say they ran away together...
Some say that gardner left alone...

Now the banker is an old man...
That mansion's cum-ble-ing down...
He sits all day and stares at the garden...
Not a trace of her was ever found...

Every time he talks about her,
You can see the fire in his eyes...
He'd say, "I would walk through Hell on Sunday,
To keep my Rose in Paradise..."

Now there's a rose out in the garden...
Its beauty cuts just like a knife...
They say that it even grows in the winter time...
And blooms in the dead of the night...