

# Amie Comeaux, A Single Crimson Rose

A little boy not much more than a baby  
Found a rose and picked it like a child would do  
Proudly he went running to his mommy  
And with a grin he said, "Look what me find for you"

A teenage boy packed groceries at the market  
A rebel kid sometimes a little wild  
But every year on Mother's Day and birthdays  
He'd bring her a rose just like that little child

A single crimson rose  
In time became a symbol of  
Endless love shared between  
A mother and her son  
A single crimson rose  
Was a special way to say  
I'll always love you come what may  
A single crimson rose

At eighteen, he enlisted in the army  
To fight a war he felt needed to be won  
Sometimes he'd write on Mother's Days and birthdays  
He never failed to send a rose to mom

That soldier now is coming home a hero  
With his medals to the mother that he loves  
With tear-filled eyes, she tells him how she's missed him  
And on his casket lays a single crimson rose

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