

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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