

# Connie Smith, Paper Roses

(Paper roses paper roses)

I realize the way your eyes deceived me with tender looks that I mistook for love  
So take away the flowers that you gave me and send the kind that you remind me of  
Paper roses paper roses oh how real those roses seem to be  
But they're only imitation like your imitation love for me

I thought that you would be a perfect lover  
You seemed so full of sweetness at the start  
But like a big red rose that's made of paper there isn't any sweetness in your heart  
Paper roses paper roses...