

Loretta Lynn, Paper Roses

(Janice Torre - Fred Spielman)

Paper roses paper roses

[steel]

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

[steel]

I thought that you would be a perfect lover

You seemed so full of sweetness at the start

But like the big red rose that's made of paper

Ah there isn't any sweetness in your heart

Paper roses paper roses...

Like your imitation love for me