

Reba McEntire, Roses

(Melba Montgomery/Leslie Satcher)

A soft summer evening, another time, another place
He brought her red roses on their very first date
She got carried away by the things that he said
Time would erase them but she would never forget

And the roses heard it all
The rose in her hair, the rose in her hand
The roses in the paper on the wall
There's a story to tell if the roses could talk

Somewhere close to midnight, another time, another place
She lays in the darkness with tears on her face
While he talks in his sleep confessing his love
He calls out a name that she's never heard of

And the roses heard it all
The rose in her hair, the rose in her hand
The roses in the paper on the wall
There's a story to tell if the roses could talk

She never told him
She never let him see her cry
Only the roses know
What she kept down inside

The years took their toll and the angels took her away
Now there's family and friends at a cold winter's grave
He kneels down and whispers. "You're the only love that I've known"
As he lays a rose on a cold marble atone
But the roses heard it all
The rose from her garden, the rose in her Bible
The roses in the paper on the wall
There's a story to tell if roses could talk
What a story to tell if roses could talk