

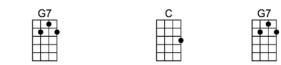
She was a wild and lovely rose



Oh, how I loved her, heaven knows



But though my heart was true, it would never do



Party life was what she chose



Last night I saw my lovely rose



All painted up in fancy clothes



Her eyes had lost their spark, the years had left their mark



She's just a painted, tainted rose

ANY TIME w.m. Herbert Happy Lawson

