

# Painted Tainted Rose

Al Martino

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

But though my heart was true, it would never do  
Party life was what she chose

Her eyes had lost their spark, the years had left their mark  
She's just a

She's just a