A long, long time ago On graduation day You handed me your book I signed this way: "Roses are red, my love. Violets are blue. Sugar is sweet, my love. But not as sweet as you." We dated through high school. And when the big day came, I wrote into your book, next to my name: "Roses are red, my love. Violets are blue. Sugar is sweet, my love. But not as sweet as you." Then I went far away And you found someone new I read your letter dear And I wrote back to you: "Roses are red, my love. Violets are blue. Sugar is sweet, my love. But luck may god bless you. "Is that your little girl? She looks a lot like you. Someday some boy will write in her book, too. "Roses are red, my love. Violets are blue....