

One Red Rose

John Prine

The rain came down
On the tin roof
Hardly
A sound was left
From the birthday party
The kitchen light
Fell asleep
On the bedroom floor
Me and her were talking softer
Than all the time
Before I lost her
Picture sat on top
Of the chest of drawers

One red rose
In the Bible
Pressed between
The Holy alphabet
Probably wouldn't believe you
If you told me
But what I never knew
I never will forget

Rainy nights
Get dark real early
Her dress was soft
And her hair was curly
We danced around the table
To the old banjo
Rainy nights
Were made for lovers
We lay there still
Beneath the covers
And I ain't never felt
Like that before

One red rose
In the Bible
Pressed between
The Holy alphabet
Probably wouldn't believe you
If you told me
But what I never knew
I never will forget