

Rebel Rose

Kristy Lee Cook

She was born in a cotton town
Daddy brought her up to settle down
To make him proud through high school
Very young with a bunch of kids
Like her ma and her grandma did
After all, that's what you do
So, she packed her bags when she turned 18
Took the greyhound bus to follow her dreams

You can plant your seeds out in a row
There's no guarantee, reap what you sow
Somewhere hidden, have to see you
Way out in the cotton field
The solitary wild flower grows
Rebel Rose

Rosie knew that she had to see
Where the sky and the highway meet
Her little world wasn't big enough
Folks said this is gonna pass
Dreams come but they never last
Give her time, she'd adjust
Back in the rack at the bridal store
Is a wedding dress she never wore

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Someday her daddy's gonna see
What a baby girl's truly meant to be

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