

Black Rose

Mark Chesnutt

Way down in Virginia
Amongst the tall grown sugarcane
Lived a simple man and a Dominecker hen
And a rose of a different name

Well, the first time I felt lightening
I was standing in drizzling rain
With a trembling hand and a bottle of Gin
And a rose of a different name

Well, the devil made me do it the first time
The second time I done it on my own
Lord put a handle on a simple headed man
Help me leave that black rose alone

When the devil made that woman
Lord, he threw the pattern away
Yeah, she were built for speed with the tools you need
To make a new fool everyday

Way down deep and dirty
On the darkest side of shame
I caught a cane cuttin' man doin' it again
With a rose of a different name

Well, the devil made me do it the first time
The second time I done it on my own
Lord, put a handle on a simple headed man
Help me leave that black rose alone

Well, the devil made me do it the first time
The second time I done it on my own
Lord, put a handle on a simple headed man
Help me leave that black rose alone