

Roses on the 4th of July

Nanci Griffith

He still sends her roses on the 4th of July
They're always white roses and she never asks why
She still doesn't know where he goes Thursday nights
But his wedding band rests on their bedside that night

He was a soldier in the Vietnam War
He lost half his right leg whilst daydreaming of her
She lit a candle each holy hour he was gone
'You Were On My Mind' was their favorite song

Love is a mystery from birth till we die
It's cross words of a morning by evening entwined
It's all that we dream of, sometimes it's not right
Love is white roses, and you never ask why

He's the hands of a draftsman, he's built a good life
She works for a season during IRS time
Two children they've had though their boy has now died
When they wake of each morning, he's still on their minds

Their friends would all tell you, they're like day and night
Their daughter's an actress, she's strong and she's bright
He meets with his pals from the war Thursday nights
She still treasures those roses every 4th of July

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Love is white roses every 4th of July