

Paper Roses

Marie Osmond

I realize the way your eyes deceived me
With tender looks that I mistook for love;
So take away the flowers that you gave me
And send the kind that you remind me of. Paper Roses
paper Roses
Oh how real those roses seem to be!
But they're only imitation
Like your imitation love for me. I thought that you would be a perfect lover
You seemed so full of sweetness at the start;
But like a big red rose that's made of paper There isn't any sweetness in your heart.
Paper Roses
paper Roses
Oh how real those roses seem to be!
But they're only imitation
Like your imitation love for me.

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