

GLENROSE
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A rosebud grows in all its beauty and simplicity
And she, she always knows when her angels come and go
She proposed that I paint her a rose
But I don't know what has become of this gift

And there were tears from the sky
When she turned into a rose,
Only her sweet fragrance still remains
I wish that she could bloom one more time for me
Now I'm painting the rain,
Sweet Glenrose, I'm painting the rain

No picture could show the elegance of this flower
And how we, we loved her so – more than anyone could know
Chorus

Wish I could hold your hand once more, tell me stories of the past
Wish I could see that smile once more, tell me how I grew so fast
And oh how I miss you so.....
Chorus