

Roses From The Wrong Man

Christine Lavin

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"Roses From the Wrong Man"

She opened the door, surprised to see a deliveryman
Holding a beautiful vase of roses in his hands.

"For me?" she said; he nodded his head.

She took the flowers in and read the note.

Roses from the wrong man;

Poetry written in the wrong hand.

She waits for one; she hears from another

Who tells her how much he loves her

With roses from the wrong man.

She places the vase in the middle of the living room.

The air is scented with the delicate sweet perfume.

She takes a deep breath, closes her eyes,

Shakes her head slowly and sighs.

Roses from the wrong man;

Poetry written in the wrong hand.

She waits for one; she hears from another

Who tells her how much he loves her

With roses from the wrong man.

How long can she hold out for someone who might never come around?

And how many times will this other man try when she keeps turning him down?

She's not getting any younger, but she don't want to settle for less.

Oh, how can such a pretty bunch of flowers trigger such deep unhappiness?

Ever since she was 11 or 12 it was her dream

To receive the kind of flowers carried by the homecoming queen.

And sometimes dreams can come true

In ways you don't expect them to.

Sometimes dreams can come true

In ways you don't want them to.

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