

# 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

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