

# Gardener For Her Roses

Nat Stuckey

I was sleeping on the rolled up copy of the early morning Maryl  
and news  
I didn't have a dime for coffee or to call me up someone to tal  
k me to  
And then I read a wanted ad that said I need the gardener right  
away  
So I rushed down the five or nine the little pink house was mig  
hty fine  
I ran all the way  
I remember knocking twice and waiting for the moment till she c  
ame  
And then I saw a rose in her the kind of rose that you can thro  
w in summer rain  
She smiled that little smile she has and asked me if I could st  
art right away  
And that was ten short years ago  
Neither of us could have known that I'd come to stay  
Now I'm the gardener for her roses I love and care for her tend  
er roses  
Now I'm the gardener for her roses that bloom today out where o  
ur children play

I can still remember when a park bench was the only home I had  
And it's much better being here she can call me dear and childr  
en call me dad  
She smiles that little smile because I just repair the scream d  
oor that was bad  
And all around I see white roses looking back at me oh how I co  
uld be sad  
Yes I'm the gardener for her roses I fix the scream door now it  
closes  
And opens quite like right red roses that bloom today out where  
our children play