

A Poor Man's Roses

Patti Page

I must make up my mind today;
What to have, what to hold:
A poor man's roses,
Or a rich man's gold

One's as wealthy as a king in a palace,
Though he's callous and cold.
He may learn to give his heart for love,
Instead of buying it with gold.

Then the poor man's roses,
And the thrill when we kiss
Will be memories of paradise
That I'll never miss.

And yet the hand that brings a rose tonight
Is the hand I will hold.
For the rose of love means more to me
Than any rich man's gold.

Then the poor man's roses
And the thrill when we kiss (when we kiss)
Will be memories of paradise
That I'll never miss.

And yet the hand that brings a rose tonight
Is the hand I will hold.
For the rose of love means more to me
Than any rich man's go-o-o-o-old
Than any rich man's gold.

ALTERNATE ENDING FROM PATTI'S RE-RECORDING:

Then the poor man's roses

And the thrill when we kiss

Will be memories of paradise

That I'll never miss.

And yet the hand that brings a rose tonight

Is the hand I will hold

For the rose of love means more to me

Than any rich man's gold.

Yes, the rose of love means more to me

Than any rich man's gold