Painted, Tainted Rose

Words and Music by
PETER DeANGELIS
JEAN SAWYER

Moderato

Piano

Refrain

C

D7

She was a wild and lovely rose.

Oh, how I loved her, heaven knows;

But though my heart was true,

It would never do,

Par-ty life was what she

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chose. Last night I saw my lovely rose.

All painted up in fancy clothes. Her eyes have

lost their spark. The years have left their mark, She's just a painted,

1. C Tainted rose. She was a rose.

2. C