

Flowers and Thorns

Claudia Scott

In a house somewhere in England
Lived once a beautiful maiden
She made a vow but was forsaken
In silk slippers and in lace

They met when hearts were young and true
And made love in the morning dew
In a silver locket she kept him near
And of the future she had no fear

You can not have the flower without the thorn
The scent is oh, so sweet, but when it's gone
Roses leave falling petals
Leaves of passion left to shrivel
You can't have the flower without the thorn

The ivy climbed the red brick walls
And built a cage where no man calls
Her heart grew slowly colder
As the icing on the wedding cake got older

Misfortune etched her name in stone
Condemned to live her life alone
She wore jewels that told of bitter years
Rubies for passion pale pearls for tears

You can not have the flower without the thorn...

Winter covered her heart
Like frost in the night
She lived in darkness
Kept out the light