

# The Wilkinsons, The Only Rose

(Steve Wariner/Steve Wilkinson)

A little red-headed girl  
Stood at the mirror  
Studying her face  
She didn't like her nose  
And all of those freckles  
She'd love to erase  
Her inventory told the story  
And from where she stood  
There's so much she would change  
Oh if she could

As she said to herself  
I'd be anyone else  
If it were up to me  
Her mom walked in  
And said with a grin  
One day girl you'll see

There's a million stars  
In the summer sky  
And each one has its name  
There's a million snowflakes  
In the wintertime  
But no two are quite the same  
And there's something  
You can't see right now  
But one day girl you'll know  
In a field that's full of daisy's  
You're the only rose

You can talk about clothes  
Talk about make-up  
That's a matter of style  
And I bet Mona Lisa's mother  
Heard her daughter say  
She didn't like her smile  
What's inside you just can't hide  
'Cause beauty runs so deep  
And one day you'll knock  
Some young man right off his feet