

🌸 *If Hope Is A Flower*

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She sits in the dark - her mind on a friend
A kind, gentle lover - Lord, she's dreamin' again
And her mind tries to warn her with memories of failure
But her heart sits there laughin' - then floats in the wind

She's 42 now, but she feels so much older
She's raised up three children, no help from a man
And sometimes there were lovers, one after another
But the bread on her table always came from her hand

I'm older now, and I should be much wiser
But sometimes the heart has to take its own time
To learn what life taught me through heartache and sorrow
How the heart finds its reasons, and makes its own rhyme

When she was young - she lived in a dream
Full of cowboys and princes and elegant schemes
To be wed to a doctor or a government man
A home for the children - a helping hand

But the doctor she met was a drunk on the skids
And the government worker tried to beat up the kids
So she gave up the dream, and she looked deep inside
And she found her own courage - she found her own pride
CHORUS

And her memories gather as she thinks of her life
And the soft lines of livin' shadow her eyes
But if hope is a flower, then heartaches the dew
And a heart that is strong can encircle the two
CHORUS