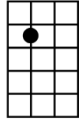
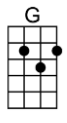
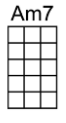
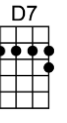


SING D



PAPER ROSES - Fred Spielman/Janice Torre

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

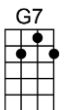
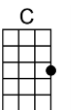
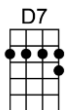
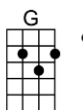
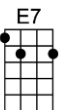

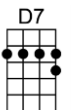
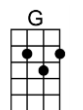
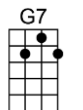
Intro: |  |  |  | (X2)

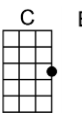
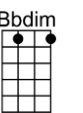
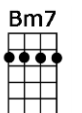
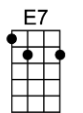
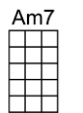
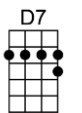
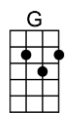
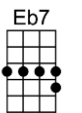
I realize the way your eyes de-ceived me, with tender looks that I mistook for love

So take away the flowers that you gave me, and send the kind that you remind me of

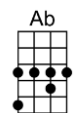
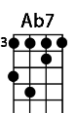
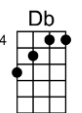
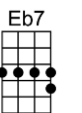
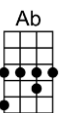
Paper Roses, Paper Roses, oh, how real those roses seem to be

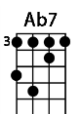
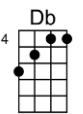
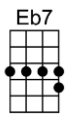
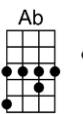
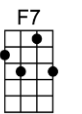
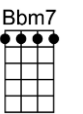
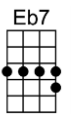
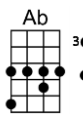
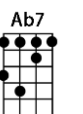
But they're only imi-tation, like your imitation love for me

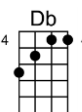
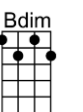
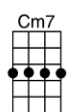
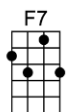
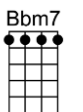
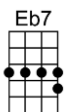
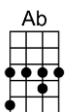
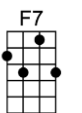
I thought that you would be a perfect lover, you seemed so full of sweetness at the start

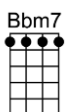
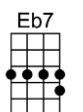
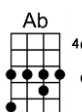
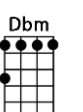
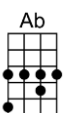
But like a big red rose that's made of paper, there isn't any sweetness in your heart

Paper Roses, Paper Roses, oh, how real those roses seem to be

But they're only imi-tation, like your imitation love for me

Like your imitation love for me

PAPER ROSES - Fred Spielman/Janice Torre

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: | G | Am7 D7 | (X2)

G D7
I realize the way your eyes de-ceived me,

G Am7 D7
With tender looks that I mistook for love

G G7 C
So take away the flowers that you gave me,

D7 G
And send the kind that you remind me of

G7 C D7 G E7 Am7 D7 G G7
Paper Roses, Paper Roses, oh, how real those roses seem to be

C Bbdim Bm7 E7 Am7 D7 G Eb7
But they're only imi-tation, like your imitation love for me

Ab Eb7
I thought that you would be a perfect lover,

Ab Bbm7 Eb7
You seemed so full of sweetness at the start

Ab Ab7 Db
But like a big red rose that's made of paper,

Eb7 Ab
There isn't any sweetness in your heart

Ab7 Db Eb7 Ab F7 Bbm7 Eb7 Ab Ab7
Paper Roses, Paper Roses, oh, how real those roses seem to be

Db Bdim Cm7 F7 Bbm7 Eb7 Ab F7
But they're only imi-tation, like your imitation love for me

Bbm7 Eb7 Ab Dbm Ab
Like your imitation love for me