

A SONG WRITTEN FOR BARBARA

The Rose I Never Expected

Birthday



1:26

4:12

In two thousand seven, at karaoke in LA,
You walked into my life and changed my days.
I turned down coffee, but you wouldn't let go,
You drove a hundred miles to let your feelings show.

I asked God for a sign that love was true,
A white rose, something I'd never choose.
Then you came in pajamas, roses in your hand,
From Lalay's garden, and I began to understand.

*Barbara, you're still the one I choose,
Through every storm, I'm grateful it's you.
I can't promise roses without the thorns,
But I'll hold your hand through every storm.*

March eighth, two thousand eight, we chose our life,
Built careers in LA, with dreams side by side.
We traveled the world, bought a place of our own,
With Seven and Bach, we made it a home.

We fought, misunderstood, nearly said goodbye,
But love gave us reasons to stay and try.
December third, twenty twenty-three,
changed everything,
Your aneurysm showed what losing you would mean.

*Barbara, you're still the one I choose,
Through every storm, I'm grateful it's you.
I can't promise roses without the thorns,
But I'll hold your hand through every storm.*

You laugh through the pain, though you
sometimes cry,
You keep growing stronger, with your head held high.
God gave you more time, and I'm grateful today,
May your courage give others the strength to stay.

*Barbara, you're still the one I choose,
After all we've survived, I'm grateful it's you.
On your fiftieth birthday, my love remains true,
Through every thorn, I'll keep choosing you.*

*Happy birthday, my Bam, my love, my friend,
I'd choose you again and again.*



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