IF ROSES GROW IN HEAVEN

If roses grow in heaven,  
Lord please pick a bunch for me,  
Place them in my Mother’s arms  
and tell her they’re from me.

Tell her I love her and miss her,  
and when she turns to smile,  
place a kiss upon her cheek  
and hold her for a while.

Because remembering her is easy,  
I do it every day,  
but there’s an ache within my heart  
that will never go away.