

Winter's Night

Doc Watson

A-rovin' on a winter's night
And a-drinkin' good old wine
Thinkin' about that pretty little girl
That broke this heart of mine
She is just like a bud of rose
That blooms in the month of June
Or like some musical instrument
That's just been lately tuned

Perhaps it's a trip to some foreign land
A trip to France or Spain
But if I should go ten thousand miles
I'm a-comin' home again

And it's who's a-gonna shoe your poor little feet

Who's a-gonna glove your little hands?
Who's a-gonna kiss your sweet little lips
Honey, who's a-gonna be your man?

I love you till the sea runs dry
And the rocks all melt in the sun
I love you till the day I die
Though you will never be my own

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