

# Rosie

Joan Armatrading

He has little red feet  
His stockin's in his shoes  
Lipstick and rouge on his face  
He has his hair piled high  
Has a red umbrella  
And carries his head in the sky

And I said "Awe Rosie, don't you do that to the boys  
Don't you come on so willin'  
Don't you come on so strong  
It can be so chillin'  
When you act so willin'  
And your warmth sets like the sun"

He has a little baby brother  
A big fat mama  
His sister asks for dimes on the street  
He doesn't feel it's a cover  
In fact he knows  
For sure he can please

I said he's out there right now  
Running with the devil  
Struttin' down the alley ways  
With the nervous young hopeful  
At his heel and know  
His satisfaction won't drive him away

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He's not looking for a friend  
He's not looking for a lover  
There in the crowded bar  
He has rings on his fingers  
He's there to tease  
You know he only wants to take things too far

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