

Rosie

Rod Stewart

No more machines, Coke canteens, no more standing in line
Monday morning blues, rush hour queues, gonna leave it all behind

No more tools, union rules, no more eight hour days
Wake up calls, red brick walls, weddings in the pouring rain

Oh, Rosie, meet me by the factory wall
I'll take you all the places that you've never been
And won't come back no more

Imitation plants, back streets girls
I love the colours in your hair
No more envy on the bicycle shed
I'm getting married on the state welfare

Oh, Rosie, meet me by the factory wall
I'll take you all the places that you've never been
And won't come back no more
No more, no!
Ooh!

I may not work for another week
I may not work at all
I think I'll crash in the winner's path
So you can stick this lousy job
Right up your!

Oh, Rosie, meet me by the factory wall
I'll take you all the places that you've never been
And won't come back
No!
One more time!
Oh, Rosie, meet me by the factory wall
I'll take you all the places that you've never been
And won't come back no more
Ooh!