

Saro Jane

The Kingston Trio

Rock-a-bout, rock-a-bout, rock-a-bout.

Come on and rock-about my Saro Jane.

Rock-about my Saro Jane.

Oh, there's nothing to do but to sit down

And sing and rock-about my Saro Jane.

I've got a wife and five little children.

Believe I'll take a trip on the big Macmillan.

Oh, Saro Jane.

A guy like me don't have no home.

I make my livin' on my shoulder bone.

Oh, Saro Jane. Oh, Saro Jane. Oh, Saro Jane.

Come on and rock-about my Saro Jane.

Rock-about my Saro Jane.

Oh, there's nothing to do but to sit down

And sing and rock-about my Saro Jane.

Woke up this mornin' feeling mighty mean,

Thinkin' 'bout my good gal in New Orleans.

Oh, Saro Jane.

Fireman, keep those boilers hot.

I wanna be in town by six o'clock.

Oh, Saro Jane. Oh, Saro Jane. Oh, Saro Jane.

Come on and rock-about my Saro Jane.

Rock-about my Saro Jane.

Oh, there's nothing to do but to sit down

And sing and rock-about my Saro Jane.

Back's getting' tired and shoulder's gettin' sore.

Each sack is bigger than the one before.

Oh, Saro Jane.

A rock in my stomach and a watchin' my head.

Gettin' superstitious 'bout my pork and bread.

Oh, Saro Jane. Oh, Saro Jane. Oh, Saro Jane.

Come on and rock-about my Saro Jane.

Rock-about my Saro Jane.

Oh, there's nothing to do but to sit down

And sing and rock-about my Saro Jane.

Oh, there's nothing to do but to sit down

And sing and rock-about my Saro Jane.