

Rosie

Thea Gilmore

Well, the cars are leaving town The winter's moving in A tree has been torn down By an ill wind, an ill wind Oh, Rosie can you tell my age? From where I sit I'm younger than I look But old enough to know the half of it

Rosie, Rosie, what you gonna do about it? Rosie, Rosie, what you gonna do about it? You could still fly south Before they find you out Rosie

Well, you've got needles in your eyes From all those glances that you stole Any secret that's worth keeping Will always burn a hole Oh, I saw you over coffee Four sugars and some cream You were smiling quietly Holding your face over the steam

Rosie, Rosie, what you gonna do about it? Rosie, Rosie, what you gonna do about it? You could still fly south Before they find you out Rosie

And anyone who calls your bluff will learn That you don't need a match to get your fingers burned

Well, it's a wild December night And you have packed your bags and gone And you haven't told a soul Which plane that you got on And you left behind your letters Your hairbrush and your red shoes You left behind your name and A little boy who looks like you

Rosie, Rosie, what you gonna do about it? Rosie, Rosie, what you gonna do about it? You could still fly south Before they find you out Rosie Rosie Rosie