

Doc Watson, A-Rovin' On A Winter's Night

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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That broke this heart of mine.