

# Michael Stanley, Rosewood Bitters

Too long on the road, my friend  
Too long between rides  
Too long between homes again  
Too long without someone by my side

And Lord, there's something 'bout a sad song  
that helps to ease the pain...  
Here I am, Lord, just singing up a storm  
and I'm all alone again...

Too much going down today  
just can't take it in  
Too much running 'round today  
can't tell you where I've been

Seems that just like singing in the only thing to do  
only thing to help me pass the time  
Songs are just like ladies--can't forget them when you're through  
and they're always on your mind...

(CHORUS:)  
And the rosewood bitters  
Help me meet the sunshine in the morning  
And the rosewood bitters  
Help me through the night  
When I feel blue

Too few stop to pass the time  
Guess that's how it goes  
So sure that there's much more than this  
when really no one knows

And easing into midnight  
as the bitters pass around  
crying in my beer  
Singing someone else's troubles  
help to ease your own  
Goodnight, Irene, my dear...

(CHORUS)