

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)