

Thea Gilmore, Rosie

Well, the cars are leaving town
The winters 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

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