

Baker, A Quiet Girl

Rebecca Lynn grew up in Carolina
Half a mile from Tucker Cherry's farm
A quiet girl with green eyes full of fire
Her daddy's pride and all her mama's charm
Rebecca Lynn became my heart's desire
Long about the start of second grade
Mrs. Rosenbloom let me sit beside her
So we pass notes and after school we play Singin'
Ring around the rosie, pocket full of dreams and posies
Patty cake, A Baker's Man, Tag you're it, Kick the Can
And I think I hear my mama calling, gotta go
Man I loved her so
High school days, me and Becky learnin'
What it really means to be in love
Give and take, holdin' back for heaven's sake
And fightin' for a week, then makin' up
I said "Please, Becky, won't you marry me?"
Prom night in my car out by the curb

She was so surprised, first she laughed and then she cried
And somewhere in my heart I'm sure I heard
Ring around the rosie, pocket full of dreams and posies
Patty cake, A Baker's Man, Tag you're it, Kick the Can
Mama flashed the porch light for me, gotta go
Man I loved her so
When love is wrong, it dies, and that's the way it goes
But when it's right, Your love grows
Laura Jean was born in Tennessee
That's a common little miracle, I know
But for me and Becky Lynn, she's the dream that started when
We fell in love so many years ago Singin'
Ring around the rosie, pocket full of dreams and posies
Patty cake, A Baker's Man, Tag you're it, Kick the Can
And I think I hear you're mama callin', gotta go
Oh, man, I love you so