

Bryan White, Rebecca Lynn

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