

Buck Owens, Sweet Rosie Jones

I met her out in Oklahoma
Down where the old Red River flows
I vowed my love to her forever
She was my sweet, sweet Rosie Jones.

We walked alone down by the river
Just as the sun was sinking low
And in her eyes I saw big trouble
Like the muddy waters down below.

Her lips were soft and sweet as honey
Her hair was bright as yellow as gold
Her cheeks were red as summer roses
She was my sweet, sweet Rosie Jones.

And then one day a tall dark stranger
With hair as black as winter coal
Rode into town as night was falling
And there he met my Rosie Jones.

I woke next morning just after sunup
To find a note from my Rosie's hand
And it read I'd rather die than ever hurt you
But I'm in love with that tall dark man.

So now I walk alone down by the river
Where my sweet Rosie used to stroll
And soon I'm gonna join those deep dark waters
For I can't live without Rosie Jones.

Her lips were soft and sweet as honey
Her hair was bright as yellow as gold
Her cheeks were red as summer roses
She was my sweet, sweet Rosie Jones...