

Joe Walsh, Rosewood Bitters

So many roads to walk
I guess that's how it goes
So many words to talk
No one really knows
The ways to say the meaning
Or the meaning of the names

Here I am, Lord
Walking down the road
And I'm on my own again
With the rosewood bitters

Too much going on today
Hard to draw the line
Can't see going on this way
Justifies the time
With pleasures of the moment
No, it don't seem right
Here I am, Lord
One more for the road
Good night, Irene, good night.

And the rosewood bitters
Wake me with a smile in the morning
Oh and the rosewood bitters
Help me with the times I feel blue

And the rosewood bitters
Wake me with a smile in the morning
Oh and the rosewood bitters
Help me with the times I feel blue