

Stan Ridgway, My Rose Marie (A Soldier's Tale)

Well, now, I'm out here under guard tonight
I wear the ball and chain
Joined up to fight the Yankee cavalry
Oh, we got here cold and hungry
Then they marched us through the rain
And I was thinkin' 'bout you then, my Rose Marie
Oh, the cannonballs, the bayonets
The bloody battle cry
Oh, there's nothin' but these days of misery
And when those Yankees got me on the wire
I could hear the bullets fly
And I was thinkin' of you then, my Rose Marie
Seems like a thousand summers past
Oh, since we rode that circus wheel
And kissed there at the top
For all to see
But now outside there is a firing squad
And now they're servin' me up my last meal
And I was thinking of you then
Oh, my Rose Marie
Two guards walked me to that prison wall,
The preacher reads a prayer
But your face is all of heaven that I see
And as they tie that blindfold on
I see the sky and taste the air

And I'm thinkin' of you then, my Rose Marie
Oh now I can hear the rifle triggers cockin' back
And the order shouted out
Oh, but I feel there's somethin' wrong here, now
Please, Lord, let it be
Oh, all around us bombs exploding, shells are dropping here
From the army to the south
And then a corporal cut the ropes there on my wrists
And I was free
I was thinkin' about you then, my Rose Marie
I marched back with all the others
That had proudly wore the gray
Finally made it back here home to Tennessee
But all they said was that you'd married
And you had moved away
And I was thinkin' of you then, my Rose Marie
Now years have passed, I'm still alone
No new one to desire
Still starin' into flames of memory
I see circus wheels, and summers,
And a face there in the fire
And I'm thinkin' of you now, my Rose Marie
My Rose Marie