

# Steve Forbert, Rose Marie

What's the wine like? What's the beer?  
What a deluxe, uptown, gala quagmire,  
I thought you'd be here.  
What's the wine like? What's the beer?  
It's a damp night up the lane,  
Don't those lights on the lawn look left out  
In the soft, summer rain?  
It's a damp night up the lane.

Rose Marie, can you help me find clear skies?  
Rose Marie, could I still shine in your eyes?

I'm a song bird, I'm a tune,  
I've been blue since  
They paved Pittman Pond,  
But I'll soar again soon,  
I'm a songbird, I'm a tune.

Rose Marie, can you help me find clear skies?  
Rose Marie, could I still shine in your eyes?

Eyes are like a window to the soul, they say,  
And they still say love is blind;  
Anyway, I found you here,  
Way up in this atmosphere,  
Hangin' with the chandeliers  
And so refined, -fined, girl.

Could I hold you? Could I still?  
Yeah, your bare shoulders shine sweet and soft,  
But you might take a chill,  
Could I hold you? Could I still?

Can I see you? Can I soon?  
Could we meet in that joint on the point  
And look out for the moon?  
Can I see you? Can I soon?

Rose Marie, can you help me find clear skies?  
Rose Marie, could I still shine in your eyes?

I dream of you, girl, with your dark, brown eyes.