

The Kingston Trio, Saro Jane

Louis Gottlieb

Rock-a-bout, rock-a-bout, rock-a-bout.

Chorus:

Come on and rock-about my Saro Jane. (Repeat)

Oh, there's nothing to do but to sit down and sing and rock-about my Saro Jane.

I've got a wife and five little children. Believe I'll take a trip on the big Macmillan. Oh, Saro Jane.
A guy like me don't have no home. I make my livin' on my shoulder bone. Oh, Sara Jane. Oh, Saro

(Chorus)

Woke up this mornin' feeling mighty mean, thinkin' 'bout my good gal in New Orleans. Oh, Saro Jane
Fireman, keep those boilers hot. I want to reach town by six o'clock. Oh, Saro Jane. Oh, Saro Jane

(Chorus)

Back's getting' tired and shoulder's gettin' sore. Each sack is bigger than the one before. Oh, Saro
A rock in my stomach and a watchin' my head. Gettin' superstitious 'bout my pork and bread. Oh, S

(Chorus)