

Rosie

Chorus:

*Oh, Rosie you're a darlin'; you're a lady thru and thru;
If I ever take to wearin' hats I'll take mine off to you;
Your hair is spun with silver as your stories are of gold,
And I still can see you standin' there just hitchin' by the road.*

I was drivin' out the North Fork one warm and sunny day,
When I spied a woman by the road as I went on my way;
"Self," I said to myself, "I'll ease her weary lot;
If hitchhikers have a union she's the oldest one they got."

So, I pulled the car to the side of the road and I rolled the window down,
And she says to me "Good morning, son, I need a ride to town;"
"Well, it must be an emergency, so we'll be on our way;"
She said, "Just take your time, son, I do this every day."

"You see my husband died some years ago, and I never learned to drive,
And I don't feel much like dyin'; hell, I'm only eighty-five;
Don't like to bother neighbors to get myself around,
So, I come out here and hitch a ride when I need to go to town." (CHO)

"Now, son," she said, "you should understand that I always pay my way
With a song or a story or a joke to pass the day;
Have you heard about the salesman?" Well, I said, "I thought I might."
So we sang "Roddy McCorley" as we came up to the light.

And she sang some songs from Ireland, she told stories that she knew,
And jokes she heard when she was young, so old that they were new.
It was a joy and delight, gave glory to the day,
And I said I'd always look for her when I'm ever out this way. (CHO)

Now my story has a moral, but I hope it has no end
It seems what you put into life's what you get out again.
So, if you're from the city, the village or the farm,
Just raise a glass and give three cheers for "Good ol' Rosie Barns." (CHO 2X)