

Waits Tom

"Rosie"

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Well I'm sitting on a windowsill, blowing my horn
Nobody's up except the moon and me,
And a lazy old tomcat on a midnight spree
All that you left me was a melody.
Rosie, why do you evade? Rosie, how can I persuade?
Rosie...

And the moon's all up, full and big, apricot tips in an
indigo sky,
And I've been loving you, Rosie, since the day I was
born
And I'll love you, Rosie 'til the day I die.
Rosie, why do you evade? Rosie, how can I persuade?
Rosie...

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