

Croce Jim

"A Rose And A Baby Ruth"

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Written by - John D. Loudermilk

Doo, doo, doo, doo

Doo, doo, doo, doo

We had a quarrel

A teenage quarrel

Now I'm as blue as I know how to be

I can't call you on the phone

I can't even see you at your home

So I'm sending you this present

Just to prove that I'm telling the truth

Dear, I believe you won't laugh when you receive

This rose and a Baby Ruth

(Doo, doo, doo, doo)

(Doo, doo, doo, doo)

(Doo, doo, doo, doo, ahh)

I could have sent you an orchid of some kind

But that's all I had in my jeans at the time

But when we grow up

Some day I'll show up

Just to prove I was telling the truth

I'll kiss you, too, then I'll hand to you

This rose and a Baby Ruth

(Doo, doo, doo, doo)

(Doo, doo, doo, doo)

(Doo, doo, doo, doo, ooh)

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