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Doc Walker "A-Rovin' On A Winter's Night"

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A-rovin' on a winter's night
And a-drinkin' good old wine,
Thinkin' about that pretty little girl,
That broke this heart of mine.
She is just like a bud of rose,
That blooms in the month of June.
Or like some musical instrument,
That's just been lately tuned.

Perhaps it's a trip to some foreign land, A trip to France or Spain, But if I should go ten thousand miles, I'm a-comin' home again.

And it's who's a-gonna shoe your poor little feet, Who's a-gonna glove your little hands? Who's a-gonna kiss your sweet little lips, Honey, who's a-gonna be your man?

I love you till the sea runs dry, And the rocks all melt in the sun. I love you till the day I die, Though you will never be my own.

A-rovin' on a winter's night And a-drinkin' good old wine, Thinkin' about that pretty little girl, That broke this heart of mine.

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