

Godley & Creme "Rosie"

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Rosie, I wish that you were here
I miss you so much
Rosie, my dear
Rosie, I miss the hell that we raised
And the trails that we blazed
I miss the other half of me
My Rosie
Rosie, we played our song to death
Now the piano's out of tune
And the singer's out of breath
Rosie, do you love me still
Rosie, my little daffodil
I was a lanky private
Who thought he knew it all
Swept off his feet by a right Bobby Dazzler
The RAF and the WREN
Like old mother hens
Strutting through our lives going.....
Quack, quack, quack
Private who?
Quack, quack, quack
He's no good for you
Those were the years
When beer was beer
And you knew where you stood

The laughing stock of the neighborhood
Down at the local Palais
Me and the lads were having a knees up
I turns round to Harry
What's that noise rattling the tea cups
Better get your head down
Sounds like another V.1.
Everyone was screaming and shouting
And making the most appalling noise
So not unnaturally
I popped out to see exactly what had happened
Somebody said that the bomb
Had missed the Palais by inches
But had totally destroyed the next street
The next street
We live in the next street

Rosie, Rosie
Rosie, I wish you were here
I miss you so much
Rosie, my dear
Rosie, do you love me still
Rosie, my broken daffodil

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