

Browne Jackson

"Rosie"

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****Rosie**** (Jackson Browne)

She was standing at the load-in when the trucks rolled
up
She was sniffing all around like a half-grown female
pup
She wasn't hard to talk to, looked like she had nowhere
to go
So I gave her a pass so she could get in to see the
show.

I sat her down right next to me and I got her a beer
While I mixed that sound on the stage so the band
could hear
The more I watched her watch me play, the less I
thought of to say
And when they walked offstage the drummer swept
that girl away.

Chorus:

Rosie, you're all right, you wear my ring
When you hold me tight, Rosie, that's my thing
When you turn out the light I got to hand it to me
Looks like it's me and you again tonight, Rosie.
Well, I guess I might have known from the start she'd
come for a star
But I told my imagination not to run too far
Of all the times that I've been burned, by now you'd
think I'd learn
That it's who you look like, not who you are.

Chorus

**** The Load-Out / Stay ****

Now the seats are all empty, let the roadies take the
stage
Pack it up and tear it down
They're the first to come and the last to leave
Workin' for that minimum wage
They'll set it up in another town.
Tonight the people were so fine, they waited there in
line
And then they got up on their feet and made the show.
And that was sweet, and I can hear the sound
Of slammin' doors and folding chairs;
That's a sound they'll never know.
And roll them cases out and lift them amps

Haul them trusses down and get 'em up those ramps
'Cause when it comes to moving me
You know you guys are the champs
But when that last guitar's been packed away
You know that I still want to play
So just make sure you've got it all set to go
Before you come for my piano.
But the band's on the bus, and they're waiting to go
We gotta drive all night and do the show in Chicago
Or Detroit; I don't know, we do so many shows in a row
And these towns all look the same.
We just pass the time in the hotel rooms
And wander 'round back stage
'Til those lights come up and we hear that crowd
And we remember why we came.
Now we got country and western on the bus, [?]
We got disco, 8-tracks and cassettes and stereo
And we got rural scenes and magazines
And we got truckers on c.b.
We got Richard Pryor on the video
We got time to think of the ones we love
While the miles roll away
The only time that seems too short
Is the time that we get to play.
People, you've got the power over what we do;
You can sit there and wait or you can pull us through.
Come along, sing the song, you know that you can't go
wrong
'Cause when the morning sun comes beating down
You're gonna wake up in your town
But we'll be scheduled to appear
A thousand miles away from here.
People, stay just a little bit longer;
We wanna play just a little bit longer
Well, the roadie don't mind
And the union don't mind
If we take a little time and we leave it all behind
Sing one more song.
Oh, won't you stay just a little bit longer
Please, please, please say you will...

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