

## Jackson Browne "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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