

## Jesse Winchester

### "Rosy Shy"

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Winchester

I was taken with a younger thing  
Known to me as Rosie Shy  
She had bells of brass to ring-a-ding  
And danced to please your eyes  
It seems like lovely Rosie Shy  
She shrank from my caress  
I think I'm dying from Rosie Shy  
Cause my heart can't get no rest  
No my heart can't get no rest  
And I can't find grace  
In the human face today.  
Reborn with a baby ear  
I'm singing with Rosie Shy  
Far away she looks so real  
But up close she looks so high  
I had a dream about Rosie Shy  
And my dream did come true  
And every step away from Rosie Shy  
That's a terrible thing to do  
A terrible thing to do  
And I can't find grace  
In the human face today.  
Sunny breakfast, in the Winter time  
Coffee with Rosie Shy  
To play or not was on her mind  
But to love was in her eyes  
And where was I with Rosie Shy  
And was I ever on her mind  
And if I can't have my Rosie Shy  
Then I'd choose to remain blind  
Yes, I'd choose to remain blind  
And refuse to find grace  
In the human face today.  
Is there such a thing as all the time  
Even when it's Rosie Shy?  
And even lyrics that cannot rhyme  
They often do apply  
I wish the visions of Rosie Shy  
Would come back like my dreams

Well, maybe they just signify  
A talking, nothing thing  
A talking, nothing thing  
And I can't find grace  
In the human face today.

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