

## **John Williamson**

### **"Rosewood Hill"**

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by John Williamson

She had her back to him  
As he walked in through the door  
He'd been down in the forest  
He said, "I cut me a walkin' stick palm  
Down by the stingin' tree  
Never thought I'd see the day I'd need one"

She said, "The real estate people came again today  
I made them a pot of tea  
They said we'd fetch a million dollars  
For our little old 'Rosewood Hill'  
I guess they thought we might consider

What would we do with a million  
When we own paradise  
Buy us an acre of sand  
You tell those eager beavers  
They won't be talkin' to me  
This paradise is not for sale"

He's the last of the old cow cockies  
Up there in the clouds  
Wouldn't white-coast gold shoes love to get  
Their hands on his land

Smell the crispy bacon  
Spit and crackle on the fry  
The promise of a brand new day  
Shake the cloudy blanket  
And throw it to the sky  
The valley takes your breath away

The crows are perched and waitin'  
The family dreams of gold  
Surely soon the old man will fade away

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