

Kingston Trio

"Saro Jane"

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Louis Gottlieb

Rock-a-bout, rock-a-bout, rock-a-bout.

Chorus:

Come on and rock-about my Saro Jane. (Repeat)
Oh, there's nothing to do but to sit down and sing and
rock-about my Saro Jane.

I've got a wife and five little children. Believe I'll take a
trip on the big Macmillan. Oh, Saro Jane.
A guy like me don't have no home. I make my livin' on
my shoulder bone. Oh, Sara Jane. Oh, Saro Jane. Oh,
Saro Jane.

(Chorus)

Woke up this mornin' feeling mighty mean, thinkin'
'bout my good gal in New Orleans. Oh, Saro Jane.
Fireman, keep those boilers hot. I want to reach town by
six o'clock. Oh, Saro Jane. Oh, Saro Jane. Oh, Saro Jane.

(Chorus)

Back's getting' tired and shoulder's gettin' sore. Each
sack is bigger than the one before. Oh, Saro Jane.
A rock in my stomach and a watchin' my head. Gettin'
superstitious 'bout my pork and bread. Oh, Saro Jane.
Oh, Saro Jane.

(Chorus)

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