

## **Cold Chisel**

### **"Rosaline"**

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Rosaline

I have loved you

From the steeple to the streets of Rome

And I know, Ah yes I know, what's goin' down

They will come

When it's early

And breathe to me your last goodbye

And our long, long love is finally drowned

Teenage dreams

Satin tresses

Lie deserted all along the strand

And the ferryman has poled his way off home

Angels screamed

In those evenings

When I promised you my dying days

And my heart hatched it's treasons to run

And Ah

These latter days

I'm fed on distant rumours

But third-hand news is news enough

For hopeless dream consumers

Quite at ease

In an armchair

Steaming coffee standing on my knee

I can still hear you whispering when the fire sighs

Rosaline

How I have loved you

With a careless kind of vanity

As they turned you around

And split us apart

And like a fool

I ran from the start

And in the end they told much smoother lies

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