

Rose Funeral

"Curly Joe"

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I was born out in the country but to the city I did go
I fell in love with a dashing stranger at first his name I
did not know
I met him in the park one evening as the sun was
sinking low
When I asked him what they call him he smiled and
said I'm Curley Joe
Yes his hair was dark and curly and his eyes were all
aglow
In my dreams I'm always strolling hand in hand with
Curley Joe
[steel - guitar]
My daddy said we could not marry mother said I could
not go
Now all that's left are dreams and mem'ries of my
darling Curley Joe
Yes his hair was dark and curly...

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