

Cotton Pickers

"Rosie's Baby"

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When I was a small boy,
life seemed to be right,
I used to dream all day and night -
and I loved the taste of spring.
Everything was easy,
friends were by my side,
together we shared gloom and light -
till the train fo life rushed in.

Rosie's got a baby,
I wish the child was here,
we're just two souls
in a great black hole
year after year.
For every little thing,
there is a special time,
a time to love and a time to hate,
I swear it's not too late,
I swear it's not too late.

Sweetness under seal,
the dizzy way you feel,
when every little thing came real,
I thought I'd found my way.
It seems I didn't know,
you leave them when you go,
and although life is just a show -
it's hard to break away.

Rosie's got a baby, â€

Rosie's got a baby, â€

I swear it's not too late.

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