

Chris Robinson Brotherhood "Wheel Don't Roll"

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Rosalee, you little country thang
Sure 'nuff know, how to make me smile
You like the jangle, of my tambourine
Won't you stay a little while?

Rosalee, sugar sweet
How I'd like to make you mine
I'd take you down, to the county seat
You could take my name anytime

Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?
Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?
Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?
Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?

Have mercy on a day dreamin' man
My boots ain't dry from the flood
Gave you my word, to do the best that I can
I understand this bird in hand is better than two in the bush

Who do I see but miss Rosalee
Sure a site for sore eyes
I like the things she says to me
In a voice as soft as twilight

And it's all down hill to the beach from here, lonely
I've got something here to share, only

Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?
Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?
Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?
Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?

Rosalee you little county thang
Sure 'nuff know, how to make me smile
You like the jangle, of my tambourine
Won't you stay a little while, Rosalee? Rosalee

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