

Stan Ridgway "My Rose Marie (A Soldier's Tale)"

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Well, now, I'm out here under guard tonight

I wear the ball and chain

Joined up to fight the Yankee cavalry

Oh, we got here cold and hungry

Then they marched us through the rain

And I was thinkin' 'bout you then, my Rose Marie

Oh, the cannonballs, the bayonets

The bloody battle cry

Oh, there's nothin' but these days of misery

And when those Yankees got me on the wire

I could hear the bullets fly

And I was thinkin' of you then, my Rose Marie

Seems like a thousand summers past

Oh, since we rode that circus wheel

And kissed there at the top

For all to see

But now outside there is a firing squad

And now they're servin' me up my last meal

And I was thinking of you then

Oh, my Rose Marie

Two guards walked me to that prison wall,

The preacher reads a prayer

But your face is all of heaven that I see

And as they tie that blindfold on

I see the sky and taste the air

And I'm thinkin' of you then, my Rose Marie

Oh now I can hear the rifle triggers cockin' back

And the order shouted out

Oh, but I feel there's somethin' wrong here, now

Please, Lord, let it be

Oh, all around us bombs exploding, shells are

dropping here

From the army to the south

And then a corporal cut the ropes there on my wrists

And I was free

I was thinkin' about you then, my Rose Marie

I marched back with all the others

That had proudly wore the gray

Finally made it back here home to Tennessee

But all they said was that you'd married

And you had moved away

And I was thinkin' of you then, my Rose Marie

Now years have passed, I'm still alone No new one to desire Still starin' into flames of memory I see circus wheels, and summers, And a face there in the fire And I'm thinkin' of you now, my Rose Marie My Rose Marie

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