The Roving Kind

Guy Mitchell

(She had a dark and a-rovin' eye-uheye and her hair hung down in ring-a-lets) (She was a nice girl, a proper girl but one of the rovin' kind)

As I cruised out one eve-e-ning upon a night's career I spied a lofty clipper ship and to her I did steer I heisted out my sig-a-nals which she so quickly knew And when she saw my bunting fly she imme-diately hove to-woowoo

(She had a dark and a-rovin' eye-uheye and her hair hung down in ring-a-lets) (She was a nice girl, a proper girl but one of the rovin' kind)

I took her for some fish and chips and treated her so fine And hardly did I realize she was the rovin' kind I kissed her lips, I missed her lips and found to my surprise She was nothin' but a pirate ship rigged up in a dis-guy-eyeise

(She had a dark and a-rovin' eye-eye-eye) And her hair hung down in ring-a-lets (She was a nice girl, a proper girl but one of the rovin' kind)

So, come all ye good sailor men who sail the wintry sea And come, all ye apprentice lads, a warnin' take from me Beware of lofty clipper ships, they'll be the ruin of you For 'twas there she made me walk the plank and pushed me under, too-ooh-ooh

(She had a dark and a-rovin' eye-uheye and her hair hung down in ring-a-lets) She was a nice girl, a proper girl but one of the rovin' kind

(She was a nice girl, a proper girl but) One of the rovin' kind (yo-ho!)