

## A-rovin' On A Winter's Night

Doc Watson

A-rovin' on a winter's night  
And a-drinkin' good old wine,  
Thinkin' about that pretty little girl,  
That broke this heart of mine.  
She is just like a bud of rose,  
That blooms in the month of June.  
Or like some musical instrument,  
That's just been lately tuned.

Perhaps it's a trip to some foreign land,  
A trip to France or Spain,  
But if I should go ten thousand miles,  
I'm a-comin' home again.

And it's who's a-gonna shoe your poor little feet,  
Who's a-gonna glove your little hands?  
Who's a-gonna kiss your sweet little lips,  
Honey, who's a-gonna be your man?

I love you till the sea runs dry,  
And the rocks all melt in the sun.  
I love you till the day I die,  
Though you will never be my own.

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