

Rosie, I wish that you were here
I miss you so much. Rosie, my dear.

Rosie, I miss the hell that we raised and the trails that we blazed. I miss
The other half of me. My Rosie

Rosie, we played our song to death. Now the piano's out of tune
. And the
Singer's out of breath. Rosie, do you love me still. Rosie, my
little
Daffodil.

I was a lanky private. Who thought he knew it all. Swept off his feet by a
Right Bobby Dazzler. The RAF and the WREN. Like old mother hens
. Strutting
Through our lives going... Quack, quack, quack. Private who? Quack,
Quack, quack. He's no good for you.

Those were the years. When beer was beer.
And you knew where you stood. The laughing stock of the neighborhood.

Down at the local Palais, me and the lads were having a knees up.
I turns
Round to Harry. What's that noise rattling the tea cups. Better
get your
Head down. Sounds like another V.1.

Everyone was screaming and shouting. And making the most appalling noise.
So not unnaturally. I popped out to see exactly what had happened. Somebody
Said that the bomb.
Had missed the Palais by inches. But had totally destroyed the next street.
The next street... We live in the next street. Rosie, Rosie!

Rosie, I wish you were here. I miss you so much. Rosie, my dear
. Rosie, do
You love me still. Rosie, my broken daffodil.