

Rosalie McFall

Grateful Dead

Out on the lonely hillside in a cabin low and small
Lived the sweetest rose of color my Rosie McFall

Her eyes were bright and shining and her voice was sweet to me
Knew that I would always love her and I hoped that she loved me

My eyes turned to me, my darling and this is what she said
You know that I would always love you when you and I are wed

Then God way up in heaven one day for her did call
I lost my bride, oh how I loved her, my Rosie McFall

I searched this wide world over through cities great and small
But I never found another like my Rosie McFall