

Rock-a-Billy

Guy Mitchell

She had a dark and a-rovin' eye, uh, eye
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 evenin' upon a night's career
I spied a lofty clipper ship and to her I did steer
I heisted out my signals which she so quickly knew
And when she saw my buntin' fly
Ah, immediately hove to, woo, woo

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And her hair hung down in ring-a-lets
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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 disguise

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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

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She was a nice girl, a proper girl
But one of the rovin' kind
Yo, ho