

The Roving Kind

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 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-diatly hove to-woo-
woo

(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)

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-eye-
ise

(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-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

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