

Rosie

Jackson Browne

She was standing at the load-in
When the trucks rolled up
She was sniffing all around
Like a half grown female pup
She wasn't hard to talk to
Looked like she had nowhere to go
So I gave her a pass
So she could get in and see the show

Well, I sat her down right next to me
And I got her a beer
While I mixed that sound on stage
So the band could hear
The more I watched her watch them play
The less I thought of to say
And when they walked off stage
The drummer swept that girl away

But Rosie you're all right, you wear my ring
When you hold me tight, Rosie that's my thing
When you turn out the light, I've got to hand it to me
It looks like it's me and you again tonight, Rosie

Well I guess I might have known from the start
She'd come for a star
Could have told my imagination not to run too far
Of all the times that I've been burned
By now you'd think I'd have learned
That it's who you look like not who you are

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Rosie, Rosie, Rosie, Rosie