

## 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