

Rosie

Joan Armatrading

He has little red feet
His stockin's in his shoes
Lipstick and rouge on his face
He has his hair piled high
Has a red umbrella
And carries his head in the sky

And I said "Awe Rosie, don't you do that to the boys
Don't you come on so willin'
Don't you come on so strong
It can be so chillin'
When you act so willin'
And your warmth sets like the sun"

He has a little baby brother
A big fat mama
His sister asks for dimes on the street
He doesn't feel it's a cover
In fact he knows
For sure he can please

I said he's out there right now
Running with the devil
Struttin' down the alley ways
With the nervous young hopeful
At his heel and know
His satisfaction won't drive him away

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Don't you come on so willin'
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He's not looking for a friend
He's not looking for a lover
There in the crowded bar
He has rings on his fingers
He's there to tease
You know he only wants to take things too far

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