

## My Rose Marie (a Soldier's Tale)

Stan Ridgway

Well, now, I'm out here under guard tonight  
I wear the ball and chain  
Joined up to fight the Yankee cavalry  
Oh, we got here cold and hungry  
Then they marched us through the rain  
And I was thinkin' 'bout you then, my Rose Marie  
Oh, the cannonballs, the bayonets  
The bloody battle cry  
Oh, there's nothin' but these days of misery  
And when those Yankees got me on the wire  
I could hear the bullets fly  
And I was thinkin' of you then, my Rose Marie  
Seems like a thousand summers past  
Oh, since we rode that circus wheel  
And kissed there at the top  
For all to see  
But now outside there is a firing squad  
And now they're servin' me up my last meal  
And I was thinking of you then  
Oh, my Rose Marie  
Two guards walked me to that prison wall,  
The preacher reads a prayer  
But your face is all of heaven that I see  
And as they tie that blindfold on  
I see the sky and taste the air  
And I'm thinkin' of you then, my Rose Marie  
Oh now I can hear the rifle triggers cockin' back  
And the order shouted out  
Oh, but I feel there's somethin' wrong here, now  
Please, Lord, let it be  
Oh, all around us bombs exploding, shells are dropping here  
From the army to the south  
And then a corporal cut the ropes there on my wrists  
And I was free  
I was thinkin' about you then, my Rose Marie  
I marched back with all the others  
That had proudly wore the gray  
Finally made it back here home to Tennessee  
But all they said was that you'd married  
And you had moved away  
And I was thinkin' of you then, my Rose Marie  
Now years have passed, I'm still alone  
No new one to desire  
Still starin' into flames of memory  
I see circus wheels, and summers,  
And a face there in the fire  
And I'm thinkin' of you now, my Rose Marie  
My Rose Marie