

Rosie

Tom Waits

Well I'm sitting on a windowsill, blowing my horn
Nobody's up except the moon and me,
And a lazy old tomcat on a midnight spree
All that you left me was a melody.
Rosie, why do you evade? Rosie,
How can I persuade? Rosie

And the moon's all up, full and big,
Apricot tips in an indigo sky,
And I've been loving you, Rosie,
Since the day I was born
And I'll love you, Rosie 'til the day I die.
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