

# Sweet Rosie Jones

Buck Owens

I met her out in Oklahoma  
Down where the old Red River flows  
I vowed my love to her forever  
She was my sweet, sweet Rosie Jones We walked alone down by the river  
Just as the sun was sinking low  
And in her eyes I saw big trouble  
Like the muddy waters down below Her lips were soft and sweet as honey  
Her hair was bright as yellow gold  
Her cheeks were red as summer roses  
She was my sweet, sweet Rosie Jones And then one day a tall dark stranger  
With hair as black as winter coal  
Rode into town as night was falling  
And there he met my Rosie Jones I woke next morning just after sunup  
To find a note from my Rosie's hand  
And it read, "I'd rather die than ever hurt you  
But I'm in love with that tall dark man" So now I walk alone down by the river  
Where my sweet Rosie used to stroll  
And soon I'm gonna join those deep dark waters  
For I can't live without Rosie Jones Her lips were soft and sweet as honey  
Her hair was bright as yellow gold  
Her cheeks were red as summer roses  
She was my sweet, sweet Rosie Jones

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