Rebecca Lynn

Bryan White

Rebecca Lynn grew up in Carolina
Half a mile from Tucker Cherry's farm
A quiet girl with green eyes full of fire
Her daddy's pride and all her mama's charmRebecca Lynn became my heart's desire
Long about the start of second grade
Mrs. Rosenbloom let me sit beside her
So, we passed notes then after school we played, singin'Ring around the rosie, pocket full of dreams and posies
Patty-cake, a bakers man, tag you're it, kick the can
And I, I think I hear my, my mama calling, gotta go
Man, I loved her soHigh school days, me and Becky learnin'
What it really means to be in love
Give and take, holdin' back for heaven's sake
Fightin' for a week, then makin' upI said "Please Becky won't you marry me?"
Prom night in my car out by the curb
She was so surprised, first she laughed and then she cried
And somewhere in my heart I'm sure I heardRing around the rosie, pocket full of dream and posies
Patty-cake, a baker's man, tag you're it, kick the can
Mama flashed the porch light for me, gotta go
Man, I loved her soWhen love is wrong, it dies
And that's the way it goes
But when it's right
You know love growsLaura Jean was born in Tennessee
That's a common little miracle I know
But for me and Becky-Lynn, she's the dream that started
When we fell in love so many years ago, singin'Ring around the rosie, pocket full of dreams and posies
Patty-cake, a baker's man, tag you're it, kick the can
And I think I hear your mama callin', gotta go
Oh man, I love you so

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