

Rosy Shy

Jesse Winchester

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I was taken with a younger thing
Known to me as Rosie Shy
She had bells of brass to ring-a-ding
And danced to please your eyes
It seems like lovely Rosie Shy
She shrank from my caress
I think I'm dying from Rosie Shy
Cause my heart can't get no rest
No my heart can't get no rest
And I can't find grace
In the human face today.
Reborn with a baby ear
I'm singing with Rosie Shy
Far away she looks so real
But up close she looks so high
I had a dream about Rosie Shy
And my dream did come true
And every step away from Rosie Shy
That's a terrible thing to do
A terrible thing to do
And I can't find grace
In the human face today.
Sunny breakfast, in the Winter time
Coffee with Rosie Shy
To play or not was on her mind
But to love was in her eyes
And where was I with Rosie Shy
And was I ever on her mind
And if I can't have my Rosie Shy
Then I'd choose to remain blind
Yes, I'd choose to remain blind
And refuse to find grace
In the human face today.
Is there such a thing as all the time
Even when it's Rosie Shy?
And even lyrics that cannot rhyme
They often do apply
I wish the visions of Rosie Shy

Would come back like my dreams

Well, maybe they just signify

A talking, nothing thing

A talking, nothing thing

And I can't find grace

In the human face today.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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