

Rosewood Bitters

[Joe Walsh](#)

Too long on the road, my friend
Too long between rides
Too long between homes again
Too long without someone by my side And Lord, there's something 'bout a sad song
That helps to ease the pain
Here I am, Lord, just singing up a storm
And I'm all alone again Too much going down today
Just can't take it in
Too much running 'round today
Can't tell you where I've been Seems that just like
Singing is the only thing to do
Only thing to help me pass the time Songs are just like ladies
Can't forget them when you're through
And they're always on your mind And the rosewood bitters
Help me meet the sunshine in the morning
And the rosewood bitters
Help me through the night when I feel blue Too few stop to pass the time
Guess, that's how it goes
So sure that there's much more than this
When really no one knows And easing into midnight
As the bitters pass around
Crying in my beer Singing someone else's troubles
Help to ease your own
Goodnight, Irene, my dear And the rosewood bitters
Help me meet the sunshine in the morning
And the rosewood bitters
Help me through the night when I feel blue

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