

# 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 charm  
Rebecca 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 so  
High 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' up  
I 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 heard  
Ring 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 so  
When love is wrong, it dies  
And that's the way it goes  
But when it's right  
You know love grows  
Laura 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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