

Rosalee

Chris Robinson Brotherhood

Rosalee, you little country thang
Sho 'nuff know how to make me smile
You like the jangle of my tambourine
Won't you stay with me a little while

Rosalee, sugar sweet
How I'd like to make you mine
I'd take you down to the county seat
You could take my name anytime

Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?
Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?
Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?
Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?

Lord, have mercy on this day dreamin' man
My boots, they ain't dry from the flood
I give you my word to do the best that I can
I understand that this bird in my hand
Is better than two in the bush

Who do I see but miss Rosalee
Sure a site for sore eyes
I like the way she talks to me
In a voice as soft as twilight

Lord, have mercy on this day dreamin' man
My boots ain't dry from the flood
I give you my word to do the best that I can
I understand that this bird in my hand
Better than two in the bush

And it's all down hill to the beach from here
Lonely
I've brought something to share and it's right here
Only

Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?
Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?
Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?

Is the air getting thinner or are we getting high?

Is the air getting thinner? Are we getting high?
Is the air getting thinner? Are we getting high?
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