

Sweet Rosalyn

Elisa

Slappin' leather was devised
During a wild streak in her life
She had a cheap apartment up on Royal Street
She brought home just enough
To keep her on her feet
She don't believe in anythin'
But if you ask her, she'll say
There's plenty of things to believe in Sweet Rosalyn
Sometimes you gotta give in
Sweet Rosalyn
Sometimes you gotta give in
Sometimes you gotta be loved She got a number off the bathroom wall
She was looking for a good time
So she made the call
Got a strangely calm voice on the other line
Sneaky little priest trying to reach out to the swine
He said, "Hello my name is Father Tim"
Seems to me your zeal for this life
It's been weird a little bit Sweet Rosalyn
Sometimes you gotta give in
Sweet Rosalyn
Sometimes you gotta give in
Sometimes you gotta be loved Baby, we all could use a little grace
Know when to run or when to
Stay in one place Sweet Rosalyn
Sometimes you gotta give in
Sweet Rosalyn
Sometimes you gotta give in
Sweet Rosalyn
Sometimes you gotta give in
Sweet Rosalyn
Sometimes you gotta give in
Sometimes you gotta be loved

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