Rose Marie

Steve Forbert

What's the wine like? What's the beer?
What a deluxe, uptown, gala quagmire,
I thought you'd be here.
What's the wine like? What's the beer?
It's a damp night up the lane,
Don't those lights on the lawn look left out
In the soft, summer rain?
It's a damp night up the lane.Rose Marie, can you help me find clear skies?
Rose Marie, could I still shine in your eyes?I'm a song bird, I'm a tune,
I've been blue since
They paved Pittman Pond,
But I'll soar again soon,
I'm a songbird, I'm a tune.Rose Marie, can you help me find clear skies?
Rose Marie, could I still shine in your eyes?Eyes are like a window to the soul, they say,
And they still say love is blind;
Anyway, I found you here,
Way up in this atmosphere,
Hangin' with the chandeliers
And so refined, -fined, girl.Could I hold you? Could I still?
Yeah, your bare shoulders shine sweet and soft,
But you might take a chill,
Could I hold you? Could I still?Can I see you? Can I soon?
Could we meet in that joint on the point
And look out for the moon?
Can I see you? Can I soon?Rose Marie, can you help me find clear skies?
Rose Marie, could I still shine in your eyes?I dream of you, girl, with your dark, brown eyes.

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