

# Rosie

## Fairport Convention

In know Rosie,  
You're living in a world you didn't make  
And I know it's hard feeling happy  
When the things you want aren't even there to take

Come on Rosie, rosin up the bow  
For the more I learn it's the less I seem to know  
Lie down cozy and let's learn to take things slow  
For the more I learn it's the less I seem to know  
Of my Rosie  
Come on, my Rosie, rosin up the bow.

Throw away your uniform  
Now's the time to take things by the hand  
Come on in and take your coat off  
Settle down and listen to the band  
And ain't that grand, Rosie

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