

Rosemary Moore

Joan Baez

Take out your hearing aid, let's go for a drink
You won't have to hear about what I might think
If he didn't die happy, least he didn't die poor
You're still kinda pretty, Mrs. Rosemary Moore
What are you still crying for?
I think you're free now, Rosemary Moore

Funeral wasted your tears
You've cared and cried all of these years
Everyone believes this is terribly bad
Rosey you don't have to play sad

So put on a pretty dress and go out on the town
You'll dance a lot better without him weighing you down
Rosey I've got your car keys if you can still find the door
You can drive if you want to, Mrs. Rosemary Moore
Just stop leaving tears on the floor
You're alone now, Rosemary Moore

Cheap cigarettes and coffee and cards
Yard sales and broken down cars
Everyone believes this is terribly bad
Rosey you don't have to play sad

So take out your hearing aid, and we'll go have a drink
You don't have to listen to what I might think
If he didn't die happy, least he didn't die poor
You're still kinda pretty, Mrs. Rosemary Moore
Just stop leaving tears on the floor
I think you're free now, Rosemary Moore
So stop leaving tears on the floor
I think you're free now, Rosemary Moore