

Cosy Inn

Slim Dusty

There's a place I know where the lovers all go almost
ev'ry night,
It's the place to go, for the lights are low and the
beat is right,
Now when you're feelin' down, don't be mopin' around,
come along my friend,
Yes, everythings rosy, down at the Cosy Inn.

Now, there's Big Mama Lou singin' just for you in her
sultry style,
There's old Skinhaired Pete with the uptown beat and a
winnin' smile
There's a cat named Jones on the saxophone and old
Guitar Slim
Yes, everythings rosy, down at the Cosy Inn.

Now when the bouncer checks and stretches his neck,
but there's a nothin' wrong
And you see big smiles on the juveniles when he's
fin'ly gone,
There's old Freeloadin' Sam and that glass in his hand
its a part of him.
Yes, everythings rosy, down at the Cosy Inn.

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sultry style,
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