Ro Ro Rosey

Van Morrison

G7 C7 G7 C7 G7
Ro ro ro ro ro ro ro rosey,
Ro ro ro ro ro ro ro rosey.
You're the apple of my eye,
Ice cream in my cherry pie, pie.
She's just sixteen and she's not yet grown,
She never goes out on her own.
She lives way up on the Avenue of Trees,
Where I chanced to walk in the cool night breeze.
And I, I see her face, her smile, her hair,
I cry, "Oh, uh uh uh uh, uh uh uh uh."

Ro ro ro ro ro ro ro rosey,
Ro ro ro ro ro ro ro rosey.
You're the apple of my eye,
Ice cream in my cherry pie, pie,
Huh uh, huh uh, huh uh.

She came on walking down the avenue and I said,
"Baby, can I come in, baby, can I come in
And love you one more time ?"
She said, "I love you, babe."
I said, "D-d-d-do you, whoa woman, do you,
Do you love me ?"

Ro ro ro ro ro ro ro rosey,
Ro ro ro ro ro ro ro rosey.
You're the apple of my eye,
Ice cream in my cherry pie.

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