

Rovin' On a Winter's Night

A rovin' on a winter's night And a drink-ing

good old wine Think-ing a-bout

that pret-ty lit-tle girl That broke this heart of mine.

She's just like a butter rose
That blooms in the month of June
Just like some musical instrument
That's just been lately tuned

Perhaps its a trip to a foreign land
A trip to France or Spain
But if I should go 10,000 miles
I'm a-coming back again

And it's who's a gonna shoe your poor little feet
Who's a gonna glove your hands
Who's a gonna kiss you're sweet little lips
Honey, who's a gonna be your man

I love you 'til the sea runs dry
And the rocks all melt in the sun
I love you 'til the day I die
Though you will never be my own

A rovin' on a winter's night
And drinking good old wine
Thinking about that pretty little girl
That broke this heart of mine