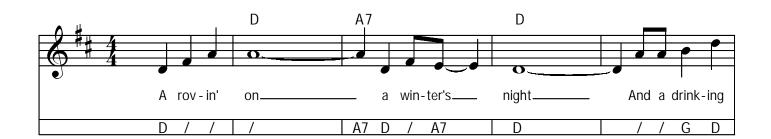
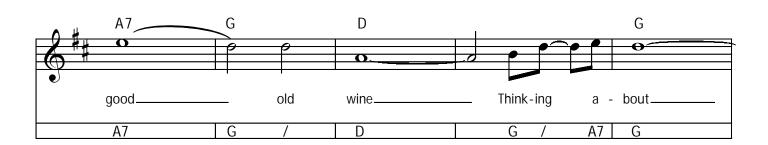
Rovin' On a Winter's Night







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