

Steve Forbert, Rose Marie

What's the wine like? What's the beer?
What a deluxe, uptown, gala quagmire,
I thought you'd be here.
What's the wine like? What's the beer?
It's a damp night up the lane,
Don't those lights on the lawn look left out
In the soft, summer rain?
It's a damp night up the lane.

Rose Marie, can you help me find clear skies?
Rose Marie, could I still shine in your eyes?

I'm a song bird, I'm a tune,
I've been blue since
They paved Pittman Pond,
But I'll soar again soon,
I'm a songbird, I'm a tune.

Rose Marie, can you help me find clear skies?
Rose Marie, could I still shine in your eyes?

Eyes are like a window to the soul, they say,
And they still say love is blind;
Anyway, I found you here,
Way up in this atmosphere,
Hangin' with the chandeliers
And so refined, -fined, girl.

Could I hold you? Could I still?
Yeah, your bare shoulders shine sweet and soft,
But you might take a chill,
Could I hold you? Could I still?

Can I see you? Can I soon?
Could we meet in that joint on the point
And look out for the moon?
Can I see you? Can I soon?

Rose Marie, can you help me find clear skies?
Rose Marie, could I still shine in your eyes?

I dream of you, girl, with your dark, brown eyes.