

Album lyrics - Sara Rose

If I Didn't (Have You) (draft)

One, two three.. You sing to me
And strum your guitar
Small stage, rowdy bar

Three, two, one.. when we're done
Packing bags to run
We're moving on
Playing songs

When the sky gets dark at night and the day is
through, I lay by your side and I realize what I'd
loose....

If I didn't have you, what in the world would I do?
If I didn't have you, I'd fall in and out of tune

The Old Birch Tree

He met her in a bar, 'was late November
And gave away his worn out coat and his hungry
heart
He took her home and sang «Love me Tender»
Her eyes followed every move on his guitar

He held her in his arms by the crackling embers
Neath an old, tall birch in the growing dark
He named every star that he remembered
At dawn they carved their names out in the bark

By the tall old birch tree, he went down on his
knees
«Will you marry me, Alice, golden curl locks Alice
I'll make you happy, 'love you tender, love you
sweet`
If you marry me Alice, golden curl locks Alice»

Standing in a cloud of dust and dirty smoke
He couldn't stop her as she drove off in her car
In the dirt he saw his silver ring glow
Picked it up, than cried and lit an old cigar

He yearned for his sweet Alice; he missed her so
And stumbled out of bed to stroll in the yard
He heard whispering in the branches, saw her name
below
Than in anger brought the poor, old tree down with
a saw

Apple Cinnamon Tea

Six hours sleep and my six strings
I'm counting sheep, it's the little things
That keeps me awake, makes my heart ache
I long for you

Six days and just six nights
Before you went away; out of my life
I wish you'd stay, but it's sunday
I long for you

But I picture you, picture me (in)
Blankets of wool and apple cinnamon tea
You pick a route; through orange fields
October's rule; the falling of the leaves

Its way to spread the news; or so it seems
that autumn is here and soon will we
October come to me
October come to me

Alice

She's got the wind blowing through her curls
Shining in the sun
She can see him back in the dirt
While driving up the road
Where she belongs

She lives to be a stranger in a town
But she don't sleep alone
She loves the thrilling danger of a crowd
In new places
Where she feels at home

Everything she owns is in her car
It isn't much
But she's left a trail of broken hearts
From folks she met
and deeply touched

She stops her car by a river bank
Kicks off her worn high heels
She walks barefoot through the grass
She's got ankle rings
And ripped blue jeans

The dying sun sheds red across the land
The river shimmers gold
Here and now she gets a feeling that no man
Could ever keep her home
As long as there are roads

She'll be moving on
Like a vagabond
As long as there are roads