Rosanna

Saints and Sinners

Tonart:	Bm	**Tempo:**	86 bpm
Komposition:	Haranni Hurricanes	**Länge:**	Nicht bekannt
Text:	Haranni Hurricanes	**Genre:**	Blues

Strophe 1:
Woke up this morning, the gun still in my hand
Trying to get up on my feet, but couldn’t find a stand
Looking around the room, a deep buzz in my head
Seeing all the blood round there, doubtless she was dead
Forty-Five triggered made an awful sound
Yeah, last night I blew Rosanna down.

Strophe 2:
A week before she told me, I’d gonna be her man
I’d leave my house and wife, and hold her if I can
We spent all of my money and had a lot of fun
When I ran short, she took another one
Cheap Tequila had my blues to drown
Coming back, I blew Rosanna down

Strophe 3:
Sittin’ here in prison, a shadow of myself
The priest just left my cell, it’s five to twelve
The chair is waiting, got to shave my head
I reconsidered all my life, cause soon I will be dead
The bellboy knocks a last three times
“Your breakfast is waiting, it’s half past nine”

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