

The Rambling Silver Rose

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^C “She’s just a piece of ^{Csus2}space-junk,” they told ^FRosie at the ^Cyard;
^{Csus2} “Her ports are etched, her linings cracked—she wouldn’t get you far.
^{C*} ^F Unlucky, and a killer, too—the life support’s been holed;
^C ^{Csus2} ^C She’s not worth half her mass in scrap.” ^F She quickly told them, ^G “Sold!”
^C

Refrain(inst.)

She was just an old tramp freighter on the belt-to-Saturn run,
 Hauling heavy metals outward, ice and methane toward the Sun,
 But with cargo tankage empty she pulls 2.7 g—
 Rosie fitted her for charter, to run fast and fleet and free.

^{F(D ↑ 3)} ^C And she always knew that she was born to follow a wandering star;
^C ^F ^G She’s had a love in every port, a drink in every bar,
^{C*} ^F But the lady’s well contented with the wandering life she chose;
^C ^F ^G ^C She’ll go where her wild heart takes her in the *Rambling Silver Rose*.

Now if Rosie walked into the room you might not look her way,
 But if she caught you with her eye, you’d beg for her to stay;
 By morning you might sell your soul to keep her past the dawn,
 But the wandering star is calling, and the Rambling Rose is gone.

Refrain

They’ll drink her health this evening in a hundred spaceport bars
 As she drifts out in the darkness, sleeping wrapped in shining stars,
 But freedom is worth more to her than either love or life;
 She may take a hundred lovers, but she’ll never be a wife.

Refrain

The horrible truth is that “Rambling Silver Rose” is the name of Colleen’s minivan. Now you know.

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