

Wild Irish Rose

WILD IRISH ROSE

Recorded by: George Jones

F Bb F
They sent him to Asia to fight in a war
Bb F C
He came back home crazy and asking, "What for?"
F Bb F
They had him committed, oh, medals and all
Bb F C F
To a mental hos--pital with rubber walls.

F Bb F
They cut off the funding, oh, they cut off the lights
Bb F C
He hit the street runnin' that cold winter night
F Bb F
Now the streets are the only place he can call home
F Bb C F
He seems oh, so lonely, but he's never a--lone.

F A7 Bb F
He lies there holding his Wild Irish Rose
Bb F C
This Crazy old fool in the smelly old clothes
F A7 Dm C Bb
He Could have had Something much Better, God Knows
F 6m C F
Than a half-empty bottle of Wild Irish Rose.

SUNG--: A baby named Scarlet with laughing blue eyes
SPOKEN: Has been in his wallet ah! way back since '65
SUNG--: So much was forgotten, oh, so far back in time
SUNG--: Way down in the bottom of a river of wine.

SPOKEN: You know, they found him at Clarksville, West 25th
SPOKEN: They can't even find a hearbeat, Lord, his fingers are so stiff
SPOKEN: Just like they're all frozen, he's holding her tight
SUNG--: But the habit, oh, it's broken, it's his Roses' last night.

He lies there holding his Wild Irish Rose
But his soul's in a place where a real hero goes
Now he's got something better, much better, God knows
Than a half-empty bottle of Wild Irish Rose.