

Wild Irish Rose**Recorded by: George Jones**

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

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

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