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S: “She’s just a piece of space-junk,” they told Rosie at the yard;  
 S: “Her ports are etched, her linings cracked—she wouldn’t get you far.  
 S: Unlucky, and a killer, too—the life support’s been holed;  
 S: She’s not worth half her mass in scrap.” She quickly told them, (N:) “Sold!”

*inst. last 2 lines of refrain*

N: She was just an old tramp freighter on the belt-to-Saturn run,  
 N: Hauling heavy metals outward, ice and methane toward the Sun,  
 N: But with cargo tankage empty she pulls 2.7 g—  
 N: So I fitted her for charter, to run fast and fleet and free.  
 A: (She/I) always knew that (she/I) was born to follow a wandering star;  
 A: (She’s/I’ve) had a love in every port, a drink in every bar,  
 S: But the lady’s well contented with the wandering life she chose;  
 N: I’ll go where my wild heart takes me, in the *Rambling Silver Rose*.

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

A: (She/I) always knew that (she/I) was born to follow a wandering star;  
 A: (She’s/I’ve) had a love in every port, a drink in every bar,  
 S: But the lady’s well contented with the wandering life she chose;  
 N: I’ll go where my wild heart takes me, in the *Rambling Silver Rose*.

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

A: (She/I) always knew that she was born to follow a wandering star;  
 A: (She's/I've) had a love in every port, a drink in every bar,  
 S: But the lady's well contented with the wandering life she chose;  
 N: I'll go where my wild heart takes me, in the *Rambling Silver Rose*.  
 S: She'll go where her wild heart takes her, she's the *Rambling Silver Rose*.

I like to think that this was largely inspired by the strong, independent women in Cindy McQuillin's songs, but the horrible truth is that the original "Rambling Silver Rose" was Colleen's silver minivan. Now you know.