

## THIRTY-TWO STEPS

32 steps 32 steps 32 steps to Rosie McCann's  
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He was 86, on his hands & knees  
Crawling up my stairs, said "can I help you please?"  
Tried to give him a hand, he said "leave me alone, can't you see that I'm in trainin'?"

"Trainin' for what" He said "Rosie McCann's, a bar in Santa Cruz, with 32 steps"  
Meet a friend of mine, have a couplea beers this is our routine!"....

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There's no better bar than Rosie McCann's  
Some kind of charm, not flashy or glam  
It's-the-place-to-be, where everyone meets  
bottles of booze & charm you can't beat

He called me today, from Rosie McCann's  
Joy in his voice, a cane in his hand  
Climbing-up-those-stairs as thrilled as can be  
Just 31 more to the top he would be

At the top of the peak - he had quite a hike  
Never met an IPA that he didn't like  
On the bar stool he sat - hopped-up as could be  
Those 32 steps were-his-des-tiny.....

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