

Dntel, Roll On

From begging men
To your father's friend
To that cop who pulled me over on Beverly Glen
I've had a famous man
On his fire escape
And countless dinner dates

And a warm bed, well that's something
But that alone just ain't enough
So I roll on, roll on

But it's just no fun
When your heart belongs to a son of a gun

A shooting rifle, a firing range
I'm pistol-whipped, I'll never be the same
But I love him, yes I do
And he's gonna do what he's gonna do
He'll roll on, roll on

When I knocked you down, you called my bluff
You pushed me over, fair enough
In high schools, hospitals, on holidays
I've seen your face in every goddamn state
My overdose, you were almost too late
You said it aged you when you saw my face

And a warm bed, well that was something
And history's horse keeps on thumping
And it rolls on, rolls on

And it's just no fun
When you hate the person that you've become

Bitter, lonely, and isolated, before I know it I'll be an old maid

But I love love, yes I do
Even when its weight cripples you
It rolls on, rolls on

I never loved that other man
He's a fairy tale that I can't have
Now I know how a fairy tale feels
You wanna marry me, you say that I'm the real deal

And I just don't know how I got stuck
Guess there's muscle memory for love
And if you try hard enough
You might once again call my bluff
Or you can roll on, roll on

But it's just no fun
When your happiness is on the run
Jumping hurdles in life's 10k,
It's a marathon and love's too late

But a warm bed is as good as it gets
Let's settle down and have a couple of kids
And do like your parents did,
Or we can roll on, roll on, roll on