

Wishbone Ash, Rollercoaster

Doctor, tell me, doctor,
You got to help me if you can.
I can't stay sober,
I'm such a weary man.
Just like an anesthetic
Her love sedates my head,
And, changing like the rhythm,
She winds me up instead.
On that rolling rollercoaster,
That rollercoaster roll,
I'm on that rolling rollercoaster,
That rollercoaster roll.
Long distance on the telephone
She was crying out for me -
"Darling, come on home now,
That's where you ought to be."
Five hundred miles and ten hours on
I rolled through my front door -
What do you know, what do you know, she'd gone.
Ain't going to worry,
I ain't going to cry.
You know that I won't worry,
You know that I won't cry.
The very last thing that I'd want to do
Is waste my precious time
On some bitch like you.
On that rolling rollercoaster,
That rollercoaster roll,
That rolling rollercoaster,
That rollercoaster roll.