

# Guy Clark, Let Him Roll

He's a wino, tried and true.  
Done about everything there is to do.  
He worked on freighters, he worked in bars.  
He worked on farms, 'n he worked on cars.

It was white port, that put that look in his eye  
That grown men get when they need to cry  
And he sat down on the curb to rest  
And his head just fell down on his chest

He said "Every single day it gets  
A little bit harder to handle and yet. . ."  
And he lost the thread and his mind got cluttered  
And the words just rolled off down in the gutter

Well he was elevator man in a cheap hotel  
In exchange for the rent on a one room cell  
He's old in years beyond his time  
Thanks to the world, and the white Port wine

So he says "Son," he always called me son  
He said, "Life for you has just begun"  
And he told me a story that I heard before  
How he fell in love with a Dallas whore

Well he could cut through the years to the very night  
When it ended, in a whore house fight  
And she turned his last proposal down  
In favor of being a girl about town

Now it's been seventeen years right in line  
And he ain't been straight none of the time  
Too many days of fightin' the weather  
And too many nights of not being together

So he died. . .

Well when they went through his personal affects  
In among the stubs from the welfare checks  
Was a crumblin' picture of a girl in a door  
An address in Dallas, and nothin' more

The welfare people provided the priest  
A couple from the mission down the street  
Sang Amazing Grace, and no one cried  
'Cept some woman in black, way off to the side

We all left and she was standing there  
Black veil covering her silver hair  
And 'ol One-Eyed John said her name was Alice  
And she used to be a whore in Dallas

Let him roar, Lord let him roll  
Bet he's gone to Dallas Rest his soul  
Lord, let him roll, Lord let him roar  
He always said that heaven  
Was just a Dallas whore.