

Peter Murphy, Roll Call

Roll Call

On a long and winding grey paved street
Your breath the only friend
Chattering others surrounding you
You're going out again
It's a laugh and a gas new crowd
You tell yourself
While buttoning up a new red shirt
It's been a twenty years of doing this
Just the same night into night
Day into day
with your preset mind
Wake up with a preset mind
With no self control
And you decide to call the Roll Call
Of the socialites who mortified
Can't see as far as their next surprise
Yah, happy with nothing but the sweet F.A. of the night
Believing that they're alive and well
But if asked
They have nothing to tell
Except the words of a clashing rhyme
I'll calmed and out of sync
Even real sounds like a zero
To a brain in lip sync
Roll'
On a long and winding grey paved street
Your breath the only friend
Chattering others surrounding you
You're going out again
It's a laugh and a gas new crowd
You tell yourself
While buttoning up a new red shirt
It's been a twenty years of doing this
Just the same night into night
Day into day
Forget your preset mind
Roll to the end