

# Thea Gilmore, Roll On

Darling you don't know me, don't think you ever will  
I'm another tinpot poet, another infidel  
And they're still scrubbing at the stains of the communion wine I spilled  
While I roll, roll, roll on,

Get me some good cocaine, get me any feeling left  
Show me pretty little dancing girls with collars round their necks  
Get me God on the line, boys, and make that call collect  
Or He'll roll, roll, roll on  
Was that girl in the dust drawing breath or blood?  
It's so hard to tell between bad taste and good  
So just roll, roll on

There's a train in the distance, there's a lineman on the line  
There's a hard rain coming, it's been coming a long time  
And nobody reads maps no more, no one follows signs  
They just roll, roll, roll on

Call up the captain, bring back Mother Jones  
Raise em up from the dirt, get them rattling there bones  
Watch them haul down that network, make them leave the sky alone  
And then roll, roll, roll on

And that chain around your neck is like the one around your feet  
Just another signpost pointing straight to ruin street  
Where you'll roll, roll, roll on

Well, I love you for your colour, babe I love your face  
All the neon in this city can't hold a candle to your grace  
But you move through me like our love is commonplace  
You just roll, roll, roll on

Do you really call that living? Do you really think that's wise?  
You've been doing so much dying, dying right before my eyes  
And if it's truth that you want, well, I've got this great disguise  
You just roll, roll, roll on

It doesn't matter how much Nietzsche you have read  
When a black box clicks and there's a barrel at your head  
Singing roll, roll, roll on  
Roll on  
Roll on

So here's my tongue, here's my body, c'mon and take my soul away  
I got em cheap in the market, they weren't worth much anyway  
And if you want to fix them up maybe I'll buy them back someday  
Til then I'll roll, roll, roll on  
Til then I'll roll, roll, roll on  
Roll on  
Roll on  
Roll on