

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