

Thea Gilmore, The Lower Road

Cut me down
Bury this rosary
Somewhere out of town
Somewhere out by the sea
And take this ring
Give it to Emily
Tell her I'm peaceful now
Tell her I've been released

I will be rolling on
I will be rolling on

Well I know that drill
I know it all too well
It starts like a lonely voice
And shifts to a tolling bell
Like rain on the dusty ground
Small bones in the driest well
The spark breeds a fiery tongue
And the tongues kiss the cheek of Hell

And I will be rolling on
I will be rolling on
I have had my part to play
Now I am going home

There's no telling which way, boys
This thing is going to take hold
From the fruit on a poplar tree
To the bruise round a band of gold
From the blood in a far country
To the war of just growing old
We travel a lower road
And it's lonely and it is cold

But we will be rolling on
We will be rolling on
We've had our part to play
Now we are going home

We will keep rolling on
We will keep rolling on
Cause for every midnight hour
There's always a rising sun