

## Rolling Days

Allie X

Smells like a disease  
In the room where I must sleep  
The sheets are brown and fleece and make me  
Sweat it out, sweat it out, sweat it

Who could love this mess  
Who could love this dirty dress  
Faded eyes, a hopeless case of  
Work it out, work it out, work it out  
Better work it out, work it out, work it out

Just another one of those rolling days  
Where half the town is high  
Just another spring, then summer gone  
This summer, where was I

I wait for the last call  
And the time when you'll arrive  
Waiting for the prize

Homely soft-sheet chicks  
With childbearing hips  
Where has all the glamour gone  
It never was, never was, never was

Is it really what you want  
A bag of bones, no blood  
Seems that all the betrothed folks are  
Homely girls, lovely girls, homely girls  
Lovely girls, homely girls, lovely girls

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Where half the town is high  
Just another spring, then summer gone  
This summer, where was I

I wait for the last call  
And the time when you'll arrive  
Waiting for the prize  
Better work it out, work it out, work it out  
Better work it out, work it out, work it out