

# Rolling Stone

## Bedouin Soundclash

The night comes like a dog licking at your paws bruises from the night that you don't want to know  
The left hook and the right can be stitched where no one knows

and you just don't feel the same in the mirror my you've changed  
boy inside the man in the gaze of what remains no prize fighting, the name, the title and the fame

Cause I'm just a rolling stone rolling all alone some see streets at night but I see an endless night  
Cause I'm just a rolling stone rolling all alone will I find a home, a home, tonight?

It's the fire, poor, a clash, it's a rebel clash for cash A criminal offence, a standard dine and dash electric as we break, mal excitement on that take

Every second we can hear that man is not for sale Snap back in the jaw, we hear the order call a pecking order law, so human after all

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