

Roll on John

Bob Dylan

Roll, roll, roll on John,
Don't you roll so slow.
How can I roll when the wheels won't roll?

I asked that girl, won't you be my wife?
She fell on her knees, she began to cry.

The more she cried, the worse I felt,
'Til I thought my heart would melt.

I looked at the sun, was a-sinking low.
I looked at my baby, she was a-walkin' down the road.

I looked at the sun, was a-turning red.
I looked at my baby, but she bowed her head.

Don't the sun look lonesome, oh lord lord lord, on the graveyard fence?
Don't my baby look lonesome, when her head is bent?

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How can I roll when the wheels won't roll?

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How can I roll when the wheels won't roll?