

How I Roll

Bob Geldof

Hard times Try to make a living You wake up every morning In the
Unforgiving Out there Somewhere in the city There's people living
lives Without mercy or pity

I feel good Yeah I'm feeling fine I feel better than I have For
the longest time I think these pills Have been good for me I think
they banished All my blues into infinity That's how I roll
That's how I roll

Sometimes I wake up at night I don't know what it is But I must
have got a fright I thought I heard a scratching Underneath the
floor Does the devil come to get you At a quarter to four That's
how he rolls That's how he rolls

Too late! She cried out loud, Her voice emerging From her inner
shroud. Too much! I thought I heard her choke, It's all she says
After last year's stroke.

She has a hard time, Living in this city. Get up every morning,
In the Unforgiving. Out there, Somewhere in the city, There's
people living lives Without mercy or pity. It's how they roll

Sweet Lord, it's how they roll. Sweet Lord, sweet Lord... Sweet
Lord...