

Rolling Stoner

Mereba

24 hours, sunset to sunset
She's a dark flower, bourget black roses
That's how they know her, the rolling stoner

She picks up speed whenever she's sinking
Uses that steam to make it up mountains
That's how they know her, the rolling stoner

I may be gone, dear, [?] from here
Do me one favor, hand me more papers
That's how they know her, the rolling stoner
The rolling stoner

Merrily she rolls
Self-imposed exile, she got a sack and a vial of liquor
Mischief trust so she wanted for files and misdemeanors
She can't deny she get high off the mischief
Shake it off boots, dusty and rugged like rusty
Nails, males vie for affection, nobody prevails
But she busy banging a drum
Lay down with a brighter string
Now she pregnant with a science
She on the run laying low, staying high, rolling stones
Stoned eyes like Medusa in the mirror
When she wipe the glass her reflection getting clearer
Profitable prophet pick-pocket the non-believers

So have you seen her? (Huh)