

Rollin' Rollin' Rollin'

Richard Edwards

I don't wanna get used to the way your mouth moves, love
I don't wanna stop, honey it's hot, and I can feel you
When I ain't up to love somethin's mother
If I ain't up to be somethin's father
If I don't wanna live in my skin
Cut me out! Jesus, make me stronger or have a little heart

I don't wanna get lost in the wind
Rollin' down the river, hopin' that you're comin' home late
I don't wanna get stuck in your sun
Blinded just a little, Lord, I know your mama relates
And if I get used to you...
You know that you have been loathsome, too
I don't wanna get lost in the wind
Rollin', rollin', rollin'

I don't wanna get used to the way that song sounds
'Cause some Texas girl at a funeral's been breakin' me down
I don't wanna get used to you, used to you, used to somehow
Mama, it feels like I'm used to you, used to you somehow
Well

I don't wanna get lost in the wind
Rollin' down the river, darkness at the edge of my brain
I don't wanna get stuck in your sun
Fried up on your griddle, can't you hear me beggin' for rain?
And if this is losin' you
Feels like my guts have done split in two
I don't wanna get lost in the wind
Rollin', rollin', rollin'

Why you always howlin' at me when I been feedin' you right?
You're my little petunia, mama, but it's been a long night
C'mon, get prowlin', I don't want you around!

Oh, somethin's crawlin' under my skin!
I don't wanna get stuck in your sun
Fried up and little, why you gotta do me again?
And if this is losin' you
You know that I have been
You know that I have been lonesome
And sometimes I get lost

Rollin', rollin', rollin'...