

The Roman Road

Super Furry Animals

I was raised on a roman road
You could argue that a film we saw
Where the plane was a child to the
Rich above her cuts away her soul
See where the falcons fly, with the
Low flying jets with the heads held high
Looking at the valley below
All the cars and the trucks they just go go go
Roman road, it's a little pit stop on the road to Rome
Roman road, it's a line to the past and a road to Rome
Roman road, it's a little pit stop on the road to Rome
Roman road, all the cars and the trucks they just go go go
You could talk to the molten gold
So I could tell they'll be understood
That the universe is flat
And trees are made of wood
Staring at the nebula
I plant my root to a distant fruit
Flying my caterpry
To stop those fuckers flying by
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Roman road, all the cars and the trucks they just go go go
On the Roman road
Scheming and a-dreaming there be reason to be living
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