

Roll On Arte

The Felice Brothers

Oh the turbines pound
Your plane touches down
The captain catches your eye

And all the city crows
Perched high and low
On wires watch you walk by

Oh your hair has changed
Your room's rearranged
Someone's been sleeping inside

And the curtains closed
On all your windows
To block out the fried chicken sign

Roll on, Arte, roll on
Oh your heart's too good for this town
Your eyes cast through the glass
At my so sorry mannequin frown

The porter sings
As he begins
To clean up the mess
that we've made

And the christmas trees
Are cast on the street
And garbage trucks block Hooper lane

Well my head is in pain
But I can't complain
Cause my sweetheart
waits down the line

And in a while we'll be
In a house by the sea
Or even if just in my mind

Roll on, Arte, roll on
Oh your heart is too good for this town
Your eyes cast through the glass
At my sorry American frown

Oh my mouth aint fed
My lips aint cherry red
And my grin might
show my bad teeth

And all the people I pass
Give me a glance
As if I'm some low-class thief

But to you I'm fine
And I'm in your mind
Even if I'm not around

And my arms are strong
And thats where you belong
Give em the love that we've found

Roll on, Arte, roll on
Oh your heart is too good for this town
My eyes cast through the glass
At your so sorry Marilyn frown
At your so sorry Marilyn frown