Darling you don't know me, don't think you ever will I'm anothe r tinpot poet, another infidel And they're still scrubbing at t he stains of the communion wine I spilled While I roll, roll, r oll on,

Get me some good cocaine, get me any feeling left Show me prett y little dancing girls with collars round their necks Get me Go d on the line, boys, and make that call collect Or He'll roll, roll, roll on Was that girl in the dust drawing breath or blood? It's so hard to tell between bad taste and good So just roll, roll on

There's a train in the distance, there's a lineman on the line There's a hard rain coming, it's been coming a long time And no body reads maps no more, no one follows signs They just roll, r oll, roll on

Call up the captain, bring back Mother Jones Raise 'em up from the dirt, get them rattling there bones Watch them haul down th at network, make them leave the sky alone And then roll, roll, roll on

And that chain around your neck is like the one around your fee t Just another signpost pointing straight to ruin street Where you'll roll, roll, roll on

Well, I love you for your colour, babe I love your face All the neon in this city can't hold a candle to your grace But you mo ve through me like our love is commonplace You just roll, roll, roll on

Do you really call that living? Do you really think that's wise ? You've been doing so much dying, dying right before my eyes A nd if it's truth that you want, well, I've got this great disguise You just roll, roll on

It doesn't matter how much Nietzsche you have read When a black box clicks and there's a barrel at your head Singing roll, rol l, roll on Roll on

So here's my tongue, here's my body, c'mon and take my soul awa y I got 'em cheap in the market, they weren't worth much anyway And if you want to fix them up maybe I'll buy them back someda y 'Til then I'll roll, roll, roll on 'Til then I'll roll, roll, roll on Roll on Roll on Roll on