

The Lower Road

Thea Gilmore

Cut me down, bury this rosary Somewhere out of town, somewhere
out by the sea And take this ring, and give it to Emily Tell he
r I'm peaceful now, Tell her I've been released

I will be rolling on, I will be rolling on

Well I know that drill, I know it all too well It starts like a
lonely voice, and it shifts to a tolling bell Like rain on the
dusty ground, small bones in the driest well The spark breeds
a fiery tongue, and the tongues kiss the cheek of Hell

And I will be rolling on, I will be rolling on I've had my part
to play, and now I'm going home

There's no telling which way, boys, this thing is going to take
hold From the fruit on a poplar tree, to the bruise round a ba
nd of gold From the blood in a far country, to the war of just
growing old We travel a lower road, and it's lonely and it is c
old

But we will be rolling on, we will be rolling on We've had our
part to play, now we are going home We will keep rolling on, we
will keep rolling on 'Cos for every midnight hour, there's alw
ays a rising sun