

Rolling Home

Tyler Hilton

Traveling Sunday
Is fine west of here
Most folks are staying at home

If you want to come on
You better meet me there
Cause I've got some country to own

With the short stops made for runnin
A big glass to let the sun in
And serve you in a real time movie

With the tracks point past the vulture
Straight out to counterculture
There's no other place to find me, then

On this rolling home
Time goes by so slow
I'd get off but it's my rolling home

The one of you gets in
Trouble right there
Is the other in chains by your side

But days have been lucky
There've been no cement floors
But don't bet it all we've got some time

Cause in the land of the moving suns
And moons that fly one by one
Provided shades don't shut against them

Cause in the mind of the sleepy eyed
And heavy armed and slumber tried
There's one spot never apprehensive

To go
On this rolling home
Time goes by so slow
I'd get off but it's my rolling home

Streaked streets all stand between
The fields that tuck you in
As you lay on a seat you claim to own

I'll never recall a single
Stranger friend
But inside I've never left my rolling home

So if your night's sleep's interrupted
Your sleep's dreams gets corrupted
By a steady rolling thunder

Or a day's drive gets delayed
A route you'd never take
>From now on you'll never have to wonder

On this rolling home
Time goes by so slow
I'd get off but it's my rolling home
On this rolling home
On this rolling home
On this rolling home
I roam