

How I Roll

Bob Geldof

It's hard times living in this city
You wake up every morning in the unforgiving
Out there somewhere in the city
There's people living lives without mercy or pity
It's how they roll I feel good, yeah I'm feeling fine
I feel better than I have for the longest time
I think these pills have been good for me
I think they banished all my blues into infinity
That's how I roll
Sometimes I wake up at night, I don't know what it is
But I must have got a fright
I thought I heard a scratching underneath the floor
Does the devil come to get you at a quarter to four
It's how he rolls "Too late," she cried out loud
Her voice emerging from her inner shroud
Too much, I heard her choke
It's all she says after last year's stroke
She has a hard time living in this city
She wakes up every morning in the unforgiving
And out there somewhere in the city
There's people living lives without mercy or pity
It's how it rolls Dear god, it's how they roll
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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