Rolling Home

Tyler Hilton

Traveling Sunday
Is fine west of here
Most folks are staying at homeIf you want to come on
You better meet me there
'Cause I've got some country to ownWith the short stops made for runnin'
A big glass to let the sun in
And serve you in a real time movieWith the tracks point past the vulture
Straight out to counterculture
There's no other place to find meThen on this rolling home
Time goes by so slow
And I'd get off but it's my rolling homeThe one of you gets in
Trouble right there
Is the other in chains by your sideBut 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 apprehensiveTo go on this rolling home
Time goes by so slow
I'd get off but it's my rolling homeStreaked streets all stand between
The fields that tuck you in
As you lay on a seat you claim to ownI'll never recall a single
Stranger friend
But inside I've never left my rolling homeSo if your night's sleep's interrupted
Your sleep's dreams gets corrupted
By a steady rolling thunderOr a day's drive gets delayed
A route you'd never take
From now on you'll never have to wonderYeah, on this rolling home
Time goes by so slow
I'd get off but it's my rolling homeOn this rolling home
On this rolling home
On this rolling home, I roam

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