Rolling Home

Peter, Paul & Mary

Truth, with all its far out schemes
Let's time decide what it should mean
Its not the time but just the dreams that die
And sometimes when the room is stillTime with so much truth to kill
Leaves you by the window sill so tied
Without a wing, to take you high
Without a clue to tell you whyNow, I just want to keep my name, not bother anybodys game
Without ideas of gold or fame or insane heights
I dont want a lot of money, I dont want a Playboy bunny
Just a love to call me honey late at night
In my arms, by my side, in my arms late at nightBut I dont know, I aint been told
Evrybody wants a hand to hold
Theyre so afraid of being old
So scared of dying, so unknown
And so alone, rollin homeWell, I see the ones who crawl like moles
Who for a front would trade their souls
A broken mirrors the only hole for them
And for you whod exchange yourselvesJust to be somebody else
Pretending things you never felt or meant
Hey, you dont live what you defend
You cant give so you just bendNow if you care what people think
Like they supplied some missing link
Theyll just stand back and watch you sink so slow
Theyll never help you to decideTheyll only take you for a ride
After which theyll try and hide the fact that they dont know
What you should do, where you should go
What you should do, where you should goBut I dont know, I ain't been told
Everybody wants a hand to hold
Theyre so afraid of being old
So scared of dying, so unknown
And so alone, rollin homeTheres nothing big I want to prove
No mountains that I need to move
Or even claim whats right or true for you
My sights, my songs are slightly charredYou might think they miss their mark
But things are only what they are and nothing new
But for me, I think theyll do
But for me, I think theyll doWell, I can see a king and queen, a beggar falling at my feet
They all must see the same sad dreams at night
Futility and senseless war, pit the rich against the poor

While cause is buried long before the fight
For what was wrong, for what was right
Its just the strong, who ever says whats rightBut I dont know, I aint been told
Evrybody wants a hand to hold
Theyre so afraid of being old
So scared of dying, so unknown
And so alone, rollin home

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