Roll On

Son Volt

Smoke fills the dreams of the live gone lonely
Wait in line, pay the man you might see
John Barleycorn make his way among the dirty diamondsShared ground and common radar
Honky tonks and biker bars
Finding worth in this world from inside a rental carRoll on with the dreamers, believers in the steel eyed soul
The blessing is counted when the deal goes down
So on and on we rollLeft to chance or left undone, miles to go chasing the sun
The stones we throw always find us on the way downThe pace that changes each breaking of light
This man made destructive might, they say love conquers all
And every Don Quixote must have his dayRoll on with the dreamers, believers in the steel eyed soul
The blessing is counted when the deal goes down
So on and on we roll

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