

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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