

Heavy and Rolling (feat. Andrew Wyatt)

Mark Ronson

Start up the engine, we're heavy and rolling
A tankful of gas and the night is young
I don't know you, don't care where you're going
To the Highline or the heart of the sun
My sweet companion is long as the summer
Black as the river and built to glide
Smooth as glass, smooth as Marcus Miller
Cold as ice when you climb inside
When the city's flowing
I found a way to move my weary soul
Ridin' straight and low
Stay heavy and rolling
You deal in ducats, you deal in illusion
Pay for pleasure with your pretty face
You confuse war and prostitution
In my starship I sail freely through space
When the city's flowing
I found a way to move my weary soul
Ridin' straight and low
Stay heavy and rolling
I was lost and lonely like you
Hollow-eyed and broken inside
Then I found something lasting and true
A beautiful ride
Might have to wait to start in on your drinking
All of Hell's Kitchen's standing in that line
I'll be here living in my Lincoln
Occupying space and conquering time
When the city's flowing
I found a way to move my weary soul
Ridin' straight and low
Stay heavy and rolling

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