Rolling Home

The Electrics

Traveling Sunday
Is fine west of here
Most folks are staying at home
If you want to come on
You better meet me there
'Cause I've got some country to own
With the short stops made for runnin'
A big glass to let the sun in
And serve you in a real time movie
With the tracks point past the vulture
Straight out to counterculture
There's no other place to find me
Then on this rolling home
Time goes by so slow
And I'd get off but it's my rolling home
The one of you gets in
Trouble right there
Is the other in chains by your side
But 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 apprehensive
To go on this rolling home
Time goes by so slow
I'd get off but it's my rolling home
Streaked streets all stand between
The fields that tuck you in
As you lay on a seat you claim to own
I'll never recall a single
Stranger friend
But inside I've never left my rolling home
So if your night's sleep's interrupted
Your sleep's dreams gets corrupted
By a steady rolling thunder

Or a day's drive gets delayed
A route you'd never take
From now on you'll never have to wonder
Yeah, on this rolling home
Time goes by so slow
I'd get off but it's my rolling home
On this rolling home
On this rolling home
On this rolling home, I roam

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