

# Secret Someones

Laura Veirs

I'm climbing up the stairs  
I'm circling the waves  
The broken ceiling paint  
The broken windowpane Oh, a smile would melt  
Me to an asphalt strip  
Where all would travel  
Where all would tread and trip Where all the rolling rollers roll  
And all the secret someones go  
And all the roving rovers ramble  
Down my back, down my track The horizon disappears  
Like a windswept trail  
Gone from wind and rain  
Blurred like a charcoal stain Smearing your face  
Your shins are skinned again  
You can soak up my heat  
Sweat your beaded jewels to the street Where all the rolling rollers roll  
And all the secret someones go  
And all the roving rovers ramble  
Down my back, down my track And all the rolling rollers roll  
And all the secret someones go  
And all the roving rovers ramble  
Down my back, down my track Hey hey, hey hey  
Hey hey, hey hey  
Hey hey, hey hey  
Hey hey, hey hey Tell me, did you make it to the show?  
Tell me, what did you make of the drummer's hair?  
Tell me, about the atmosphere  
Tell me, about the faces that greeted you there Where all the rolling rollers roll  
And all the secret someones go  
And all the roving rovers ramble  
Down my back, down my track And all the rolling rollers roll  
And all the secret someones go  
And all the roving rovers ramble  
Down my back, down, down my track Hey hey, hey hey  
Hey hey, hey hey  
Hey hey, hey hey  
Hey hey, hey hey Hey, hey hey, hey, hey hey  
Hey, hey hey, hey, hey hey  
Hey, hey hey, hey, hey hey

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