

Roll On

The Living End

Roll on, roll on
Roll on, roll on
Roll on, roll on
Roll on, roll on We'll roll on with our heads held high
Our conscience in the gutter, our dreams up in the sky
We'll roll on with our heads held high
Our conscience in the gutter, our dreams up in the sky The ship yards are deserted on the docks on Melbourne
town
The wharfies standing strong
They gathered round to see what the union had to say
There's too much work and not enough pay, say We'll roll on with our heads held high
Our conscience in the gutter, our dreams up in the sky
We'll roll on with our heads held high
Our conscience in the gutter, our dreams up in the sky We'll protest in peace, keep the whole thing quiet
The last thing needed is a wage-fueled riot
'Coz they don't really care, they're always standing there
Running from the outside, from the outside
Running from the outside world Do you really care? Why are you standing there?
Filming for the outside world
Do you really care? Why are you standing there?
Filming for the outside world Five weeks had passed when the union made it clear
Spirits slowly faded and the end was getting near
You see you're all expendable when all is said and done
You'll go back to work tomorrow, meet your new replacement son Roll on
Roll on
Roll on We'll roll on with our heads held high
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