

# Rolling Home

[Freddy Quinn](#)

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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