

Roll Right By You

Powderfinger

Your gentle pace, it provides a rhythm
For the unwashed few of us
Lock and loaded past is a prison
For the crimes of the universe Well are you in the situation
To decide whether you really care?
Now come on, you know that it's hard to complain
About the way you live So please, don't let it roll right by you
Just think if the same thing happened to you Would you be, would you be
Happy to walk in my shoes?
Would you be, would you be
Happy to walk in my shoes? I'm already tired of your
Chronic compassion fatigue
The final turd in the dung heap
Of every post-modern disease Well do you have the information
To decide whether you really care?
It's hard to believe you'd look me
In the eye and turn away again So please, don't let it roll right by you
Just think if the same thing happened to you Would you be, would you be
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Would you be, would you be
Happy to walk in my shoes? So please, don't let it roll right by you
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About the way you live
About the way you live Are you in the situation?
Now come on, you know that it's hard to complain
About the way you live

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