

Holy Rollers for Love

Jakob Dylan

Down from the mountain out walking the flood
I see the future in this setting sun
Unfolded gardens uncover the earth as it was
Filled with canteens and tear gas
From this last voyage of us Ain't no gentlemen here hiding wings
The devil himself would be puzzled to give
Any reasons to sink his fingers in
All this voodoo and black magic
Doing the work that was his With battle songs filling their lungs
Move them out, down under the sun
Give them tears for cherry red blood
Stack them old, we cradle them young
World is crazy or maybe just holy rollers for love Split this ocean set these sails
It's down to the seabed, we dazzle and fail
Hereafter's bringing more funerals than fairs
And it's a book of blank maps
That we're using to get us there To the hilltops my daughter, my son
The rescue's too little to cover the slums
Cross the river deeper than it ever was
There's a pause in the evening
When prayers are supposed to be done With battle songs filling their lungs
Move them out down under the sun
Give them tears for cherry red blood
Stack them old, we cradle them young
World is crazy or maybe just holy rollers for love Glory, glory hallelujah, be warned
God is still marching, still raising his sword
Board these windows and guard your stretch of floor
Something sinister's got you
The minute you open the door Battle songs filling their lungs
Move them out, down under the sun
Give them tears for cherry red blood
Stack them old, we cradle them young
This world is crazy or maybe just holy rollers for love This world is crazy or maybe she's holy rollers for love
This world is crazy and making us holy rollers for love

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