

Let Him Roll  
Johnny Cash

Intro: D G A D

D G  
Let him roll, boys let him roll  
A D  
I bet he s gone to Dallas Rest his soul

D  
Now He was a wino, tried and true  
G  
Done about everything there is to do  
A  
He worked on freighters, he worked in bars  
D  
He worked on farms, n he worked on cars

Now it was white port whine, that put that look in his eye  
That grown men get when they need to cry  
And we sat down on the curb to rest  
And his head just fell down on his chest

He said Every single day it gets  
just a little bit harder to handle and yet...  
Then he lost the thread and his mind got cluttered  
The words just rolled off down in the gutter

He was a elevator man in a cheap hotel  
In exchange for the rent on a one room cell  
And he s years old before his time  
No thanks to the world, and the white Port wine

And he said Son , he always called me son  
He said, Life for you has just begun  
And then he told me the story that I heard before  
How he fell in love with a Dallas whore

He could cut through the years to the very night  
That it all ended, in a whore house fight  
And she turned his last proposal down  
In favor of being a girl about town

Now it s been seventeen years right in line  
And he ain t been straight none of the time  
It s too many years of fightin the weather  
And too many nights of not being together

D

So he died...

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**G**  
Let him roll, boys let him roll  
**A**  
He always thought that heaven  
**G** **D**  
was just a Dallas whore

When they went through his personal affects  
In among the stubs from the welfare checks  
Was a crumblin picture of a girl in a door  
An address in Dallas, and nothin more

Well the welfare people provided the priest  
And a couple from the mission down the street  
Sang Amasing Grace, and nobody cried  
Cept some lady in black way off to the side

We all left and she s standing there  
The black veil covering her silver hair  
And One-Eyed John said her name was Alice  
She used to be a whore in Dallas

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