F\*

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Roll On
Simon Joyner
D* - 000233
F* - 055433
Intro : C
You were up to your necklace in drunk friends and wreckage
when the New Year
Stepped out of the past through the rose colored glass
and dropped you off here
                                                C
With a broken kazoo, a faded marijuana tattoo, and confetti in your hair
Now you re Jesus age, \but you ve only been betrayed by the calendar
G
Your mother remarried
after your father was buried
in this sailor s suit
Now she sells real estate,
he floats in his grave,
and neither has much to say to you
So you follow a cloud
to a Betsy Ross shroud and see the wind try to rip it in two
But it don t make you feel any better
when you re under the weather
and it s hanging over you
It s fading, It s fading
So what are you going to do now?
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All America asked was for you to mow the grass,
But you re thinking of throwing in the towel
Roll on, Roll on, Roll on
C
Mystery is bandaged
with routine, Plaster-of-Paris,
and mosquito net
While paint thinner blades
strip the windshield of salt cake and sunset
Someone once said
the humble would stumbled
onto something long forgotten and ravaged,
But your dreams soak the pillow
just as a thimble of rain feeds the cactus
G
So drain your bruises,
cut your scapegoats loose
and confess ignorance
Pull a metaphor out of a river
or a door and add your fingerprints
You could always go west
just like the rest
and bury your head into the hot sand
Or you could dust your broom
and dissolve the moon on your eyelids
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It s fading, It s fading

C F

So what are you going to do now?

F\*

All America asked was for you to mow the grass,

F

But you re thinking of throwing in the towel

C F D\*

Roll on, Roll on, Roll on