

Roll On
Son Volt

standard tuning

Smoke fills the dreams of the lives gone lonely, wait in line pay the man
You might see John Barleycorn make his way among the dirty diamonds
Sheriff Brown and common radar, honky tonks and biker bars finding worth in
world from inside of a rental car
Roll on with the dreamers, believers in the steel lights so
The blessing is counted, when the deal goes down
So on and on we roll