

Bonnie Bishop "Brent Rollins"

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Brent Rollins lives in a gas station out on a highway
north of Nacogdoches
And he fries fish when the place gets crowded
Pumps the gas, makes sure their tires are rounded
Keeps his money in an old beer glass
Sweeps the floors in the shed out back
Smells like grease when the day is done
But he was someone's lover and someone's son

And you picked me up when I was fallen
I'm looking for Brent Rollins
Sometimes at night when I'm saying my prayers
Brent Rollins comes to me out of thin air
And I wonder what he's doing
Livin' out there in that old gas station
And why he doesn't just take his money
And go live down in Honduras and go fishin'
But that's just me, maybe you're alright
And you're lyin' in someone's arms tonight
And you're well when the day is done
I hope you're someone's lover and someone's son

And you picked me up when I was fallen
I'm looking for Brent Rollins
Well I was sitting here all morning with the bills piling
up
It's hard to smile when you best ain't good enough
There's no pearls lying around
But he takes his hard earned money
And he sends it down to me
And I was wondering if that sounds familiar to you
Sometime simple, just a little bit of truth
Twenty dollars ain't much to some
But it was more than a miracle when I needed one

Cause you picked me up when I was fallen
And I'm looking for Brent Rollins
I just came to say that I was fallen
And you picked me up Brent Rollins

