

Chisel Cold

"I'm Gonna Roll Ya"

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No copulation, no revolution
Said the young Marquis de Sade
But all the whips in France ain't gonna get me
Fuckin' on a barracade
From the schoolboys on it was one big con
As we hung around the hockey teams
In each boys brain the dream was the same
All I ever went to do is get laid

Now the whole wide world has a better idea
And it shook us all to the core
You follow some two-year fairy tale
Into happy evermore
The sleepy priest at the bridal feast
His hands make a holy sign
And as the bride hoes into the wedding cake
She's a-singin' in the back of her mind

Come on, come on
I'm gonna roll ya all night long . . .

Well I took that crap for a little while
And it kept me off the street
Then I met me a lady with a shady past
And manners like a dog on heat
Those musos hummin' when they see her comin'
Make a noise like a hurricane
When you see that line at the dressing-room door
You know she's just spread 'em for the boys again

Well there ain't nothin' better than to rip your sweater
In a bang behind the stage
Or the drawn out sigh as you feel her thigh
Then you stop and estimate her age
If she's turned fourteen she's a rock'n'roll queen
You can give her anything you choose
And when she whispers Honey it's the money or the box
You know money's so easy to lose

Come on, come on
I'm gonna roll ya all night long . . .

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