

## **Bobby Bare**

### **"Let Him Roll"**

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(Guy Clark)

Let him roll, Lord, let him roar  
He always said that heaven was just a Dallas whore.

He was a wino tried and true  
Done about everything there is to do  
He worked on freighters he worked in bars  
He worked on farms and he worked on cars.

It was white port that put that look in his eye  
That grown men get when they need to cry  
He sat down on the curb to rest  
And his head just fell down on his chest.

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

He was elevator man in a cheap hotel  
In exchange for the rent on a one room cell  
He's old in years beyond his time  
Thanks to the world and the white Port wine.

So he says son he always called me son  
He said life for you has just begun  
And he told me a story that I'd heard before  
How he fell in love with a Dallas whore.

He could cut through the years to the very night  
When it 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  
Too many days of fightin' the weather  
And too many nights of not being together.  
So he died.

--- Instrumental ---

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.

The welfare people provided the priest  
A couple from the mission down the street  
Sang Amazing Grace and no one cried  
Cept some lady in black way off to the side.

We all left and she was standing there  
Black veil coverin' her silver hair  
And 'ol ene-eyed John said her name was Alice  
And she used to be a whore in Dallas.

Let him roar, Lord, let him roll  
Bet he's gone to Dallas rest his soul  
Lord let him roll Lord let him roar  
He always said that heaven was just a Dallas whore.

Let him roar, Lord, let him roll  
I bet he's gone to Dallas rest his soul...

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