

Reisa L. Gerber

"Roll Me Home"

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Everytime I get my hands
On a little bit of dough,
I spend it with the swet taste of one well bred,
Silver spoon in my mouth
Twenty bucks in my back pocket,
Shimmering thin and tame
Until the morning came....

Chorus:

Won't you be my breadbox, honey,
Won't you be my rolling coin?
Won't you be my twenty dollars?
Won't you roll me home?
Won't you be my breadbox, honey?
Won't you be my rolling coin?
Won't you be my diamond ruby heart..
And roll me hone

But the haunting diletante's
Sweet existence, "Come to me"
Like an unknown epithat on a soldier's heart
So much sweet and empty time
On my hands,
And playing head games with empty victories,
Yeah, yeah,yeah
Take me through the night

Chorus:

I hope to submit this to Lyred.com

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