

Murphy Peter

"Roll Call"

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On a long and winding grey paved street

Your breath the only friend

Chattering others surrounding you

You're going out again

It's a laugh and a gas new crowd

You tell yourself

While buttoning up a new red shirt

It's been a twenty years of doing this

Just the same night into night

Day into day

with your preset mind

Wake up with a preset mind

With no self control

And you decide to call the Roll Call

Of the socialites who mortified

Can't see as far as their next surprise

Yah, happy with nothing but the sweet F.A. of the night

Believing that they're alive and well

But if asked

They have nothing to tell

Except the words of a clashing rhyme
I'll calmed and out of sync
Even real sounds like a zero
To a brain in lip sync
Roll'
On a long and winding grey paved street
Your breath the only friend
Chattering others surrounding you
You're going out again
It's a laugh and a gas new crowd
You tell yourself
While buttoning up a new red shirt
It's been a twenty years of doing this
Just the same night into night
Day into day
Forget your preset mind
Roll to the end

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