

## **Peter Murphy** **"Roll Call"**

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On a long and winding gray 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 your 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  
Roll  
Roll  
Roll

On a long and winding gray 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

Roll  
Roll  
Roll

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