

## **Peter Murphy** **"Roll Call - Recall"**

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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 your 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  
Yeah!,  
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'

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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

