

Peter, Paul & Mary **"Rolling Home"**

Visit "[Rolling Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Truth, with all it's far out schemes
Let's time decide what it should mean
It's not the time but just the dreams that die
And sometimes when the room is still

Time with so much truth to kill
Leaves you by the window sill so tied
Without a wing, to take you high
Without a clue to tell you why

Now, I just want to keep my name, not bother anybody?
s game
Without ideas of gold or fame or insane heights
I don't want a lot of money, I don't want a Playboy
bunny
Just a love to call me honey late at night
In my arms, by my side, in my arms late at night

But I don't know, I ain't been told
Ev'rybody wants a hand to hold
They're so afraid of being old
So scared of dying, so unknown
And so alone, rollin' home

Well, I see the ones who crawl like moles
Who for a front would trade their souls
A broken mirror's the only hole for them
And for you who'd exchange yourselves

Just to be somebody else
Pretending things you never felt or meant
Hey, you don't live what you defend
You can't give so you just bend

Now if you care what people think
Like they supplied some missing link
They'll just stand back and watch you sink so slow
They'll never help you to decide

They'll only take you for a ride
After which they'll try and hide the fact that they don't
know

What you should do, where you should go
What you should do, where you should go

But I don't know, I ain't been told
Everybody wants a hand to hold
They're so afraid of being old
So scared of dying, so unknown
And so alone, rollin' home

There's nothing big I want to prove
No mountains that I need to move
Or even claim what's right or true for you
My sights, my songs are slightly charred

You might think they miss their mark
But things are only what they are and nothing new
But for me, I think they'll do
But for me, I think they'll do

Well, I can see a king and queen, a beggar falling at
my feet
They all must see the same sad dreams at night
Futility and senseless war, pit the rich against the poor
While cause is buried long before the fight
For what was wrong, for what was right
It's just the strong, who ever says what's right

But I don't know, I ain't been told
Everybody wants a hand to hold
They're so afraid of being old
So scared of dying, so unknown
And so alone, rollin' home

Visit [Peter, Paul & Mary](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.