

## **Son Volt**

### **"Roll On"**

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Smoke fills the dreams of the live gone lonely  
Wait in line, pay the man you might see  
John Barleycorn make his way among the dirty  
diamonds

Shared ground and common radar  
Honky tonks and biker bars  
Finding worth in this world from inside a rental car

Roll on with the dreamers, believers in the steel eyed  
soul  
The blessing is counted when the deal goes down  
So on and on we roll

Left to chance or left undone, miles to go chasing the  
sun  
The stones we throw always find us on the way down

The pace that changes each breaking of light  
This man made destructive might, they say love  
conquers all  
And every Don Quixote must have his day

Roll on with the dreamers, believers in the steel eyed  
soul  
The blessing is counted when the deal goes down  
So on and on we roll

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