

Super Deluxe

"The Roman Road"

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I was raised on a roman road,
You could argue that a film we saw
Where the plane was a child to the
Rich above her cuts away her soul
See where the falcons fly, with the
Low flying jets with the heads held high
Looking at the valley below,
All the cars and the trucks they just go go go

Roman road, it's a little pit stop on the road to Rome
Roman road, it's a line to the past and a road to Rome
Roman road, it's a little pit stop on the road to Rome
Roman road, all the cars and the trucks they just go go
go

You could talk to the molten gold,
So I could tell they'll be understood
That the universe is flat and trees are made of wood
Staring at the nebula,
I plant my root to a distant fruit
Flying my caterpry (?)
To stop those fuckers flying by

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Roman road, it's a line to the past and a road to Rome
Roman road, it's a little pit stop on the road to Rome
Roman road, it's a line to the past they just go go go

Oh

Roman road, it's a little pit stop on the road to Rome
Roman road, it's a line to the past they just go go go
Roman road, it's a little pit stop on the road to Rome
Roman road, all the cars and the trucks they just go go
go

Oh, on the Roman Road

Scheming and a-dreaming there be reason to be living

