Traffic "Roll Right Stones"

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'Til I found out
Where will I go, where will I go
I don't know, I don't know
I don't know where

The space is between my eyes
Open up the heavenly skies
Death awaits with pearly gates
Those who've been mesmerized
Many years has come and gone

Went to see a standing stone Some in circles, some alone Ancient, worn and weather torn They chill me to the very bone

Many of these can be seen In quiet places, fields of green Of hedgerow lanes with countless names But the only thing that remains are the roll right stones

Space age before my eyes
Opening up the skies
Devil waits with pearly gates
For those who have been mesmerized

Many a years have come and gone
But progress marches slowly on
In nature's paint, she hides the stain
'Cause everybody is going insane
The only, the only thing that will sustain are the roll right stones

Roll right stones Roll right stones Roll right stones Roll right stones

Roll right stones Roll right stones Roll right stones 'Til I find out
Where will I go, where will I go
I don't know, I don't know
I don't know where

The space is between my eyes Open up the heavenly skies Death awaits with pearly gates Those who've been mesmerized Many years has come and gone

Went to see an ancient mound
People buried underground
Long ago, will never know
What it was like to hear their sounds

Black crow, I know you've been here You've seen the sights of yesteryear You steal the grain of the conquered plain But the only thing that remains are the roll right stones

Space age before my eyes
Opening up the skies
Devil waits with pearly gates
For those who have been mesmerized

Many a years have come and gone
But progress marches slowly on
In nature's paint, she hides the stain
'Cause everybody is going insane
The only, the only thing that will sustain are the roll right stones

Roll right stones Roll right stones Roll right stones Roll right stones

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Space age before my eyes Opening up the skies And death awaits with pearly gates For those who have been mesmerized, yeah

Many a years have come and gone But progress marches slowly on In nature's paint, she hides the stain 'Cause everybody is going insane The only, the only thing that will sustain are the roll right stones

Roll right stones Roll right stones Roll right stones Roll right stones

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