

## Roll on John

Bob Dylan

Roll, roll, roll on John,  
Don't you roll so slow.  
How can I roll when the wheels won't roll?

I asked that girl, won't you be my wife?  
She fell on her knees, she began to cry.

The more she cried, the worse I felt,  
'Til I thought my heart would melt.

I looked at the sun, was a-sinking low.  
I looked at my baby, she was a-walkin' down the road.

I looked at the sun, was a-turning red.  
I looked at my baby, but she bowed her head.

Don't the sun look lonesome, oh lord lord lord, on the graveyar  
d fence?  
Don't my baby look lonesome, when her head is bent?

Roll on John, don't you roll so slow.  
How can I roll when the wheels won't roll?

Roll on John, don't you roll so slow.  
How can I roll when the wheels won't roll?