

# How I Roll

**Bob Geldof**

Hard times Try to make a living You wake up every morning In the Unforgiving Out there Somewhere in the city There's people living lives Without mercy or pity

I feel good Yeah I'm feeling fine I feel better than I have For the longest time I think these pills Have been good for me I think they banished All my blues into infinity That's how I roll That's how I roll

Sometimes I wake up at night I don't know what it is But I must have got a fright I thought I heard a scratching Underneath the floor Does the devil come to get you At a quarter to four That's how he rolls That's how he rolls

Too late! She cried out loud, Her voice emerging From her inner shroud. Too much! I thought I heard her choke, It's all she says After last years stroke.

She has a hard time, Living in this city. Get up every morning, In the Unforgiving. Out there, Somewhere in the city, There's people living lives Without mercy or pity. It's how they roll

Sweet Lord, it's how they roll. Sweet Lord, sweet Lord... Sweet Lord...