

# Holy Rollers For Love

Jakob Dylan

Down from the mountain out walking the flood  
I see the future in this setting sun  
Unfolded gardens uncover the earth as it was  
Filled with canteens and tear gas  
From this last voyage of us

Ain't no gentlemen here hiding wings  
The devil himself would be puzzled to give  
Any reasons to sink his fingers in  
All this voodoo and black magic  
Doing the work that was his

With battle songs filling their lungs  
Move them out down under the sun  
Give them tears for cherry red blood  
Stack them old, we cradle them young  
World is crazy or maybe just  
Holy rollers for love

Split this ocean set these sails  
It's down to the seabed we dazzle and fail  
Hereafter's bringing more funerals than fairs  
And it's a book of blank maps  
That's we're using to get us there

To the hilltops my daughter, my son  
The rescue's too little to cover the slums  
Cross the river deeper than it ever was  
There's a pause in the evening  
When prayers are supposed to be done

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Glory glory hallelujah be warned  
God is still marching, still raising his sword  
Board these windows and guard your stretch of floor  
Something sinister's got you the minute you open the door

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Move them out down under the sun  
Give them tears for cherry red blood  
Stack them old, we cradle them young  
World is crazy or maybe just holy rollers for love  
World is crazy or maybe she's holy rollers for love  
World is crazy and making us holy rollers for love