

Rollaroll

John Cale

You're sticking to me like a dirty joke
A creeping back stabber
Oh ho oh ho
You hit like a butcher with meat on fire
You're lovin' and hatin'
But you've barely time
Rollaroller, rollaroll ...

Flesh don't feel nothing
When it's stuck to the chari
And there's a doornail .. Well, push on over a
rollaroller
Feeling the pleasure or rollaroll

Oh, captain quire, are you waving goodbye
And there is garbage upon garbage, run up to the sky
Rollaroller, rollaroll ...