

## 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 ...