

Secret Someones

Laura Veirs

I'm climbing up the stairs
I'm circling the waves
The broken ceiling paint
The broken windowpane
O a smile would melt
Me to an asphalt strip
Where all would travel
Where all would tread and trip

Where all the rolling rollers roll
And all the secret someones go
And all the roving rovers ramble
Down my back, down my track...

The horizon disappears
Like a windswept trail
Gone from wind and rain
Blurred like a charcoal stain
Smearing your face
Your shins are skinned again
You can soak up my heat
Sweat your beaded jewels to the street

Where all the rolling rollers roll...

Hey hey hey hey
Tell me, did you make it to the show?
Tell me, what did you make of the drummer's hair?
Tell me, about the atmosphere
Tell me, about the faces that greeted you there

Where all the rolling rollers roll...