

Heavy and Rolling

Mark Ronson

Start up the engine, we're heavy and rolling
A tank full of gas and the night is young
I don't know you, don't care where you're goin'
To the heartline or the heart of the sun
My sweet companion is known as the summer
Black as the river, and rough to climb
Smooth as glass, smooth as dark as melon
Cold outside, when you climb inside

The city is flowin'
I found a way the move my weary soul
Stay heavy and rolling

You feel it duckits, you feel an illusion
Faithful pleasure with your pretty face
You're confused more that Constitution
It must twat you passing freely through space

The city is flowin'
I found a way the move my weary soul
Stay heavy and rolling

I was lost and lonely like you
All the while broke inside
Then I found something, lastly met you
A beautiful lie
Might have to wait to start in on your drinking
All of Hell's Kitchen standing in that line
I'll be here, living in my Lincoln
Occupying space and conquering time

The city is flowin'
I found a way the move my weary soul
Stay heavy and rolling