

# 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