

Roll Away

Midland

Well there are pink parachutes
That come on slow
And some nights
That just don't open at all
And you wait on the edge of the rise
She gave me blue kisses on the mesa top
We were stoned and buried in the rocks
And all those empty miles just roll

Just roll
Roll away
They roll
Roll away

She introduced me to a Peruvian queen
Said the best thrill of all is not feeling a thing
And she pointed to a line in the stars
We sat at a piano with only white keys
It went on forever it never did lead to nowhere
And on into the dark

We rolled
Rolled away
We rolled
Rolled away

And oh
It's been a long time coming home
With that red moon sinking low
I say so long
And oh
Before that morning comes
To shine that crooked sun
I'll be gone