Rolling By

Capo 3

DCGD

D C G D
It's a busted old town on the plains of West Texas.
D C G D
The drugstore's closed down, and the river runs dry.
D C G D
The semis roll through like stainless steel stallions
D C G
Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild
D C G
Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' by.

And the mission still stands at the edge of the plateau.
A stone marks the graves where the old cowboys lie.
Asleep in a time, in a town just a youngster
Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild
Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' by.

And the drive-in don't play no Friday night pictures.
No big silver screen to light up the sky.
Gone are the days of post-war-time lovers
Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild
Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' by.

And me -- I stand here at the last fillin' station
Where the wind moans a dirge to the coyote's cry.
I jump in my car; I'm back out on the highway
Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild
Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' by
Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild
Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' by.

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