

# I Got To Roll

John Burns, BMI  
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## VERSE

Woke up this morning with an aching head  
I Rolled out of a strange woman's bed  
Put on my boots and stumbled for the door  
This city life is killing me  
Too many people, for me to breath  
I forget what's like to count the stars

## CHORUS

I got to roll, I got to roll, I got to roll

## VERSE

I want to hear gravel underneath my truck  
Smell the hay as it's being cut  
Hear the lonesome sound of the morning dove  
I've got a sweet country girl waiting for me  
Beneath blue skies and tall oak trees  
With the sunlight shining in her hair

Repeat Chorus

## BRIDGE

Maybe her old man has forgiven me  
I'll just have to wait and see  
I can't stand another day  
In this concrete prison and I'm on my way

Repeat Chorus

