

Traffic, Roll Right Stones

(Winwood/Capaldi)

'Till I find out, where will I go, where will I go
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know where
The space is between my eyes
Open up the heavenly sky
Death awaits with pearly gates
Those who've been mesmerized
Many years has come and gone
Went to see a standing stone
Some in circles, some alone
Ancient, worn and weather torn
They chill me to my very bone
Many of these can be seen
In quiet places, fields of green
Of hedgerow lanes with countless names
But the only thing that remains are the roll right stones
Space age before my eyes
Opening up the skies
Marches slowly on to the pearly gate
For those who've been mesmerized
Many years has come and gone
But progress marches slowly on
In nature's paint, she hides the stain
'Cos everybody is going insane
The only, the only thing that will sustain are the roll right stones
Went to see an ancient mound
People buried underground
Long ago, will never know
What it was like to hear their sounds
Black crow, I know you've been here
You've see the sights of yesteryear
You steal the grain of the conquered plain
But the only thing that remains are the roll right stones

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