

# Roll On Arte

The Felice Brothers

Oh the turbines pound  
Your plane touches down  
The captain catches your eye

And all the city crows  
Perched high and low  
On wires watch you walk by

Oh your hair has changed  
Your room's rearranged  
Someone's been sleeping inside

And the curtains closed  
On all your windows  
To block out the fried chicken sign

Roll on, Arte, roll on  
Oh your heart's too good for this town  
Your eyes cast through the glass  
At my so sorry mannequin frown

The porter sings  
As he begins  
To clean up the mess  
that we've made

And the christmas trees  
Are cast on the street  
And garbage trucks block Hooper lane

Well my head is in pain  
But I can't complain  
Cause my sweetheart  
waits down the line

And in a while we'll be  
In a house by the sea  
Or even if just in my mind

Roll on, Arte, roll on  
Oh your heart is too good for this town  
Your eyes cast through the glass  
At my sorry American frown

Oh my mouth aint fed  
My lips aint cherry red  
And my grin might  
show my bad teeth

And all the people I pass  
Give me a glance  
As if I'm some low-class thief

But to you I'm fine  
And I'm in your mind  
Even if I'm not around

And my arms are strong  
And thats where you belong  
Give em the love that we've found

Roll on, Arte, roll on  
Oh your heart is too good for this town  
My eyes cast through the glass  
At your so sorry Marilyn frown  
At your so sorry Marilyn frown