

Rolling Home

John Tams 1987

Verse 1

Round goes the wheel of fortune, don't be afraid to ride
There's a land of milk and honey waits on the other side
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty, you'll never need to roam
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Chorus

Rolling home, when we go rolling home
When we go rolling, rolling
When we go rolling home

Verse 2

The gentry in their fine array, they prosper night and morn
While we unto the fields must go to plough and sow the corn
The rich they steal the power, but the glory's ours alone
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Chorus

Verse 3

The frost is on the hedgerow, the icy winds do blow
While we poor weary labourers strive through the driving snow
Our dreams fly up to glory of where the lark has flown
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Chorus

Verse 4

The summer of resentment, the winter of despair
The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare
Stand to and stand together, your labours yours alone
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Chorus

Verse 5

Pass the bottle round and let the toast go free
Here's a health to every labourer wherever they may be
Fair wages are now or never, let's reap what we have sown
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Chorus x2