

Rolling on

It's 8 o'clock
 on a cold winters evening
 the old stove is on
 and the candles a light
 a pint of the usual
 lies ready and waiting
 now ain't that a wonderful sight



We've sung in this pub since the 1700's
 The clothes may have changed,
 but we sing the same songs
 Loving and leaving,
 laughing and grieving,
 the music keeps rolling on

Rolling and rolling
 and rolling and rolling
 The music keeps rolling on

The tables are full
 and there's all the old regulars
 Stories and players
 and singers of songs
 A heady old mix
 of the sacred and secular -
 the music keeps rolling on

We sang of old Boney
 when he met his Waterloo
 we sang for the transports
 to Botany Bay
 we sang for all the brave
 boys at Sebastopol
 and the music keeps rolling on

Rolling and rolling
 and rolling and rolling
 The music keeps rolling on

Whether its wartime
 or the time of the harvest
 In hard times and good times,
 the songs are the same
 The years they roll onwards
 but so do our melodies
 The music keeps rolling on

We sang for the soldiers
 way down in Africa
 For old Tommy Atkins,
 its over and gone
 We sang for the war
 that was meant to end all wars
 And the music keeps rolling on

Rolling and rolling
 and rolling and rolling
 The music keeps rolling on

For the crow on the cradle
 and rights of the rainbow,
 For peace in the paddies
 and Tumbledown Hill
 For protests at Hyde Park,
 at Orgreave and Greenham
 The music keeps rolling on

We sang for the marchers
 from Jarrow to London
 We sang for the Londoners
 rained on by fire
 We sang for East End,
 for Plymouth, for Coventry
 The music keeps rolling on

Rolling and rolling
 and rolling and rolling
 The music keeps rolling on

Working folk,
 we all need our heros
 Who take from the rich
 and who give to the poor
 Robin Hood, Turpin,
 Swampy or Snowden
 The music keeps rolling on

Rolling and rolling
 and rolling and rolling
 The music keeps rolling on

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