

The Rolling Mills of New Jersey

John Roberts & Tony Barrant, c. 1983

Tune: The Rolling Hills of the Border (trad. UK)

[Entire song may be performed a capella.]

[chorus:]

[G] When I die, bury me low
Where I can hear the petroleum flow.
A sweeter sound, I never did know.
The rolling mills of New Jersey. ["Joi-sey"]

In Hoboken, there will be
Trash as far as the eye can see.
Enough for you, enough for me.
The garbage cans of New Jersey.

[chorus]

Down in Trenton, there is a bar
Where the bums come from near and far.
They come by truck, they come by car,
The lousy bums of New Jersey.

[chorus]

When first I started to roam,
I travelled far away from Bayonne.
Then I sat down and wrote this poem.
I wrote an ode to New Jersey.

[chorus]