

Ride

Randall Bramblett

There's a window in my bedroom
Where the wind sneaks throughThere's a rock where my pillow used to be
There's a crack in my dreams
Where the truth slips through
And I'm on my way to freedom nowRide, ride, ride
They call my bus the freedom line
Free, free, free
I won't be turnin back this timeThis trouble in your home
It's built into the bricks
And there's nothing you can do to change it
And you can't tell yourself the same old lies
They just won't stand up in the light of dayRide, ride, ride
They call your bus the freedom line
Free, free, free
You won't be turnin back this timeLight a candle on the altar before you go
Say a prayer for the ones you leave behind
I put a light in my window
And it's gonna burn for us too
Now we got to step up and rideRide, ride, ride
They call our bus the freedom line
Free, free, free
We won't be turnin back this time

Songwriters

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