

# Ride Along

John Hiatt

You get up in the morning  
You get on the bus  
You don't think about nothing  
You don't raise no fuss You come home in the evening  
Turn the TV on  
You ain't going nowhere  
You just ride along, ride along, ride along You get the Sunday paper  
On Saturday night  
You read the travel section  
Until you're all uptight 'Cause it's almost Monday  
Jack, you know that song  
You ain't going nowhere  
You just ride along, ride along, ride along They talk about you in the press  
They got you figured out, I guess  
Though you never heard of the guy they mention  
Sometimes that girl - she'll slip you a kiss  
But she's just another somnambulist  
And you're tired of sleepwalking  
The cat's out but he ain't talking You're just another joker  
With one chance in Hell  
Of ever pullin' that trigger  
Of ever feelin' too well Yeah, but you just might do it  
Just to prove them all wrong  
'Cause you ain't going nowhere  
You just ride along, ride along, ride along  
You just ride along, ride along, ride along  
Git along, git along, git along  
You just ride along, ride along, ride along  
You just ride along, ride along, ride along  
You just...

Songwriters

HIATT, JOHN Published by

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