# Ride It Out

## Tate Stevens

Life's kinda like a runaway freight train,
It starts rollin' and it never comes back.
It'll catch you in the eye of a hurricane,
In a tin-roof shotgun shack.
It will go there, out of nowhere.
It can change on you just like that.
Just keep on going, you can't control it.
All you can do is give it all you have.

You gotta ride it out
You gotta finish strong
Grab it by the reins and just hang on
Dig your heels in, pull your hat down
When it starts to spin
You just ride it out.

It's those nights when everything goes wrong,
It's those days when nothing goes right.
When you're on a nine miles of bad road
And there ain't no end in sight.
We've all been there, baby I swear,
It's when you kick it in the 4-wheel drive.
It ain't the first time, it ain't the last time,
Go on and shake it off, that's just why

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Ride it out
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You see it coming across a 40-acre cornfield
There ain't no doubt it's headed your way
You gotta go with it,
Just tuck and roll with it
Win or lose, comin' out of that case

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