

Ride

Liz Phair

As I stumble into bed, I curse the devil in my head
And if I die before I wake, I hope the Lord won't hesitate
To pluck my coffin from the ground He need not heed the neighbors now
And throw me up for all to see, the flies of August swarming me
I get a ride right by your side
Under your skin I'm digging in
I don't know, but I've been told
The road to heaven is paved with gold
And if I die before I wake
I need a ride I need a ride
I need a ride from you
I need a ride I need a ride
I need a ride from you
Well sticks and stones can break my bones

And boys can make me kick and moan
But when I want it auto drive
I get a ride I get a ride
I get a ride from you
I get a ride I get a ride
I get a ride from you
Now I lay me down to sleep I pray the Lord my soul to keep
And if I die before I wake I hope the Lord won't hesitate
To pluck my coffin from the ground He need not heed the neighbors now
And throw me up for all to see the flies of August swarming me
I get a ride 98.5 positive T-cell regeneration
Regeneration regeneration
Positive T-cell regeneration

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