

# Ride (Pragmatic Spasmatic)

## The Golden Palominos

At any moment, you know,  
Your manufactured cool could blow  
Welcome to the land of pointless and destructive You keep whining and crying into your beer,  
Complaining the reception doesn't come in clear  
(you just can't make a connection) What are all the pretty people on?  
No one ever learns to speak American  
There are only so many Kung Fu movies you can watch Haircut, hometown, heroin friends  
You make excuses, you should make amends  
Who do you call for help when all your friends are dead? Now they're calling to you from the bar,  
And they're fucking with your film noir  
And you wear your hope like Christmas Now I don't know how to break this to you  
But her blue eyes were never blue  
So now the good times are gone but really, they never arrived The terry cloth's beneath the tie  
And another liar's caught in a lie  
"I love you" hangs in the air like a subtitle There's a war going on inside the bar  
She calls for the check, you call for the car  
And when you kiss her she tastes like hot candy Now you're just left to wonder  
How she sized you up in three minutes or under  
She's out of your league, you're out of your mind Things only feel true  
When someone's abusing you  
You are sometimes startled you are never surprised There are only two speeds: fast and faster,  
Now you're lashed to mast and lashed to master  
Whether you're in bed or in court, everybody gets off So she smokes to keep from eating  
And you fuck her to keep from feeling  
And this is a taste, and this is a waste  
And these are all of your days sacrificed You're rocking out in an empty room  
You've built your house, it's become your tomb  
Mmm thanks, she says, I'll keep my options open Now you're nervous with hope, nervous with fear  
She's barely gone, and you're barely here  
Here comes the cocaine wake up call And like a boy, not a slave to fame  
You kissed lipstick only after money came  
Born in New York 30 years ago, you've died several times since Drive through tunnels and crawl through caves,  
And suffer through a life no city can save  
They've got an unmarked car with your name on it So she smoked to keep from eating  
And you fucked her to keep from feeling  
And that was a taste, and that was a waste  
Now these are all of your days magnified Style over content. You know the other  
Keep slugging it out in the superstructure  
If you love something, chances are you can't afford it Forget what's ahead and what's past

And live every day as if it were the last  
The dead man never knows he's dead

Songwriters

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Other patents pending.

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