

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 terrycloth'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

ANTON FIER, NICOLE BLACKMANPublished by

Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>