

Pony Ride (iTunes Session)

Neil Finn

He only wants to get you out of your mind
Offer sweet resistance don't be unkind
When I was a boy I rode on his back
Now I ask myself the question There's no way I'm leaving this pony ride
In the midday tournament
I should never complain again
Thoughts spread like vines tangled up inside
They all decide to find a place
If you can hear the circuits jam I cannot tell To the top of the hill I dig in my heels
And I whisper gently to the lord of the fields
And I listen closely to the sound of the bees
But I fear my nature has lost me Somedays I'd rather be mystified
Than understanding part of it
And have you try to explain again
Thoughts spread like vines tangled up inside
They all decide to find a place
You can hear the circuits jam
I cannot tell Only love
Is tripping you up
Poking your eye
Taking you downtown
What goes on
I'll sing you a song
A face on the mirror, the mirror They come from the underground
And deep down you know it's true
You laid out the welcome mat
For catfish and vampire bats Somedays I'd rather be mystified
Than understanding part of it
And have you try to explain again
Thoughts spread like vines
Tangled up inside They all decide to find a place
You can hear the circuits jam
I cannot tell

Songwriters

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