How Was Your Ride?

Blackfield

We're like the weather
You can't predict it
We never take the time
Heavy shackles
We can't move freely
We're leaving tracks on the ground
It's too late, so why pray now
You cynical bastard?
We all ate from your plate
So how was your ride?
Frozen moments
Your shadows on me
Will always give the command
It won't get better
Just string along
Until the curtain comes down
It's too late, so why pray now
You cynical bastard?
We all ate from your plate
So how was your ride?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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