To the Pure...

Richard Barone

In the morning on a white bicycle
In the morning on a white bicycle
In the morning on a white bicycle I will ride to youI woke up face down in the snow
From a dream that started seven years ago
Didn't know where I could be
I can't believe I'd sold so many parts of meTo the pure, from deep in the purest part of me
To the pure, from deep in the purest part of meI woke up face up in the sand
From a dream I know I'll never understand
Didn't know if it was real
I just remember how alone I can feelTo the pure, from deep in the purest part of me
To the pure, from deep in the purest part of me
To the pure, from deep in the purest part of me
To the pure, from deep in the purest part of meIn the morning on a white bicycle
Afternoon I'm on a red bicycle
In the evening on a black bicycle, I will ride to youTo the pure, from deep in the purest part of me
To the pure, from deep in the purest part of me
To the pure, from deep in the purest part of me
To the pure, deep in the purest part of meI will ride, I will ride to you
I will ride, I will ride to you
I will ride, I will ride to you
I will ride, I will ride to you

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