The Ride

Denver Harbor

Standing in the doorway of this unfamiliar place,
Searching through a display of these overwhelming fates.These or those, I suppose, I just can't tell the difference but,
All I know is I am hopeless, and the future is so hard to see.Just try to enjoy the ride, she's saying good luck, I'm saying goodbye.I won't remember any part of this, imagination won't let me resist,
and the red line is tempting me over, and over.Staring at a menu of deceitful guarantees,
Choosing which direction will balance but not impede.These or those, no one knows, I just can't tell the difference but,
All I know is, I am hopeless, and I will find out eventually.Just try to enjoy the ride, she's saying good luck, I'm saying goodbye.I won't remember any part of this, imagination won't let me resist,
And the red line is tempting me over, and over.You could be the question killing me, or the answer that will set me free.
Oh the red line is tempting me over, and over.Even though my eyes are open, I can't see this road ahead....I won't remember any part of this, imagination won't let me resist,
And the red line is tempting me over, and over.You could be the question killing me, or the answer that will set me free,
Oh the red line is tempting me over, and over.

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