

This Ride

Shovels & Rope

This ride
What a ride
What a ride
What a ride
It hurts and it scars and it aches and it twists
It stalls and it laughs and it balls up its fists
It's crooked and it hollows and it soothes and it breaks
And it grows and it ponders, it toils and it takes
It stretches and breathes
It's lonely and long
This ride
What a ride
Oh my
What a ride
Well it calls and it follows and it breaks down your door
It bleeds you dry then it asks you for more
Shows up at your work and it makes you insane
And it loses your keys, leaves you crying in the rain
It's costly and violent, it's a sorrowful song

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

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