

John Hiatt, Ride Along

You get up in the morning

You get on the bus

You don't think about nothing

You don't raise no fuss

You come home in the evening

Turn the TV on

You ain't going nowhere

You just ride along, ride along, ride along

You get the Sunday paper

On Saturday night

You read the travel section

Until you're all uptight

'Cause it's almost Monday

Jack you know that song

You ain't going nowhere

You just ride along, ride along, ride along

They talk about you in the press

They got you figured out I guess

Though you never heard of the guy they mention

Sometimes that girl she'll slip you a kiss

But she's just another somnambulist

And you're tired of sleepwalking

The cats out but he ain't talking

You're just another joker

With one chance in hell

Of ever pullin' that trigger

Of ever feelin' too well

Yeah but you just might do it
Just to prove them all wrong
'Cause you ain't going nowhere
You just ride along, ride along, ride along
You just ride along, ride along, ride along
Git along git along git along
You just ride along, ride along, ride along
You just ride along, ride along, ride along
You just...