

Asia, Ride Easy

Many days I've traveled but I know not where I'm going to
I'm lost, lost along the way

From Mexico to Paris, always the same solitary circle

In an empty caf

Their faces were so empty meaningless and negative to me

I could have died

The bodies and the strangers reflected in their glasses as they drank not seeing eye to eye

Ride Easy my friends

this journey ends before it begins

Ride Easy my friends

this story ends before it begins

Long dead Winter when I thought that Spring would never come again
melting the snow

Many days I've reveled evenings through to mornings through to evenings
with nothing to show

Ride Easy my friends

this journey ends before it begins

Ride Easy my friends

this story ends before it begins, oh

Their faces were so empty meaningless and negative to me

I could have died

The bodies and the strangers reflected in their glasses as they drank
not seeing eye to eye

Many days I've traveled going round in social circles lost,
lost along the way

Many nights I've reveled but I thought I saw the message in a bottle
and drifting away