

# 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