

Grinspoon, Railrider

Something out of nowhere
Like a bullet from a gun
Old railrider, riding in the sun

And you preach like a Jesus
But you act like a man
All the lies your teaching
Lend another one's hand

Old railrider
Old railride

Get your bed unmade
With a joker's grin
And I saw you knocking
But I couldn't get in with the
Door locked

Oh God you look fantastic
Time's never been so drastic
Work nights for a fucking piece of plastic

Old railrider
Old railrider
Can't get much higher
Old rail

It's what you get when you love like a hypocrite
And the blood's on your hand
But you can't see shit
It's what you get
When you look like a hypocrite
Already, quit it

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And the blood's on your hand
But you can't see shit
It's what you get
When you look like a hypocrite

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