

The Lemonheads, Ride With Me

That pencil smell,
reminds me of school.
The clock on the wall
I can no longer fool.

Time to get in my car.
Been so dull, tired and tight.
Time to trust these old tires.
Time to not say goodnight.

Jesus rides with me.
His will is plain to feel.
Come on, you can be.
Got yourself to steal.

He's everywhere,
sends me straight across the plain.
He's in your hair,
he'll forgive me my pain.

You're my girl, don't you show it.
To know you know is to know it.
When you can't trust yourself,
baby, trust someone else.

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Ride with me.
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