

Chris Rea, Ride On

I got something in my pocket that makes it hard for me to stay
When I lay down I can feel it, every night and every day
It's a dream I can't get hold of, it's a certain way to be
Lord knows I try to lose it, but it will not let me be.
Ride on, ride on

Is it something that I'm needing, is it something that I fear
Am I chasing or am I running? do I want it to be here?
So strap your scars up, pull your belt in tight
Tell yourself it's worth the pain, 'till that something in your pocket
Ain't never felt again
Ride on, ride on, keep riding on.

Are you looking out, for what's missing inside
You can scream and shout, but you can never ever hide
So strap your scars up, pull your belt in tight
Tell yourself it's worth the pain
To let something in your pocket
Ain't never felt again
Ride on, ride on, keep riding on.

Chris Rea & Jazze Blue