

Grant Hart, Nobody Rides For Free

Odyssey
We went out on a spree
With a snake in a tree
That was spitting out imagery
Scatter brains
Riding in the rain
With a couple of Janes
Who were in on the campaign
At the start
We tore into the heart
Of a big teeth beast
Eating at the motor-mart
In a daze
We tried to find our ways
In an unpaved maze
We were traveling
In a Hayes

Pick one of the three
Nobody rides for free

Stagger Lee
Was wishing he was free
From a black slate
Solid state penitentiary
Number twelve
Was looking on a shelf
For the creeds
He made out of seeds all by himself
Joan of Arc
She made a little mark
With remarkable spark
She was dazzling in the dark
Straw boss
Hanging on across
Performing without
A safety net loss

Pick one of the three
Nobody rides for free
You can hang on it
But don't hang it on me
Nobody rides for free

In the green
We came upon the scene
Of a ten, jack, queen
On a praying machine
Then the rib
She told a little fib
The remark was made
That betrayed her ad-lib
It was bleak
Continuing to seek
Such an antique freak
Who was struggling to speak
Holy host
We tried to make the most
So we made a toast
To the guest who ate the ghost

Pick one of the three
Nobody rides for free
You can hang on it

But don't hang it on me
Nobody rides for free

At the close
We're sitting exposed
Kicked out of the garden
Without any clothes
Gradually
We came upon the key
To a trick-knee
e.s.g. kind of mystery
We assume
They're waiting at the tomb
That was vacated late
Like a cut-rate waiting room
Even now
We make another vow
In the low-brow
Only way that we know how

Pick one of the three
Nobody rides for free
You can hang on it
But don't hang it on me
Nobody rides for free