

# Ride On

Chris Rea

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