

## Pony Ride

Neil Finn

He only wants to get you out of your mind  
Offer sweet resistance don't be unkind  
When I was a boy I rode on his back  
Now I ask myself the question

There's no way I'm leaving this pony ride  
in the midday tournament  
I should never complain again  
Thoughts spread like vines tangled up inside  
They all decide to find a place  
If you can hear the circuits jam I cannot tell

To the top of the hill I dig in my heels  
And I whisper gently to the lord of the fields  
And I listen closely to the sound of the bees  
But I fear my nature has lost me

Somedays I'd rather be mystified  
than understanding part of it  
and have you try to explain again  
thoughts spread like vines tangled up inside  
They all decide to find a place  
You can hear the circuits jam  
I cannot tell

Only love  
Is tripping you up  
Poking your eye  
taking you downtown  
what goes on  
I'll sing you a song  
a face on the mirror, the mirror

They come from the underground  
And deep down you know it's true  
you laid out the welcome mat  
For catfish and vampire bats

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tangled up inside

They all decide to find a place  
You can hear the circuits jam  
I cannot tell