

# Ride

Robyn Hitchcock

You don't have to go anywhere  
You don't have to see anyone  
All you gotta do in this world  
Is ride  
All you gotta do is ride

It's the end of a long, hard decade  
And before the next long, hard decade  
By the end of which a billion creatures yet unborn  
Will die  
All you gotta do is ride

Love me love me love me love me love me  
That's what all the papers say (But they used to be trees)  
Hold me hold me hold me hold me hold me  
Please don't let me get away

But if you don't love yourself  
What's the use in someone else  
Loving you?

You don't have to sharpen yourself  
You're embedded deep as it is  
All you've gotta do in this world  
Is ride  
All you gotta do is ride

You don't have to worship the chair  
You don't have to sleep with a judge  
All you've gotta do in this world  
Is ride  
All you gotta do is ride

Love me love me love me love me love me  
That's what everybody say (Everybody but me)  
Hold me hold me hold me hold me hold me  
Please don't let me get away

But if you don't love yourself  
What's the use of someone else  
Loving you?  
But if you don't love yourself  
What's the use of someone else  
Loving you?

So put down your hands  
Pick up your head  
And ride

Sittin' in a carriage in the pouring rain  
In Swindon  
With an anorak

Better ride on home  
Better ride on home  
Better ride on home  
Better ride on home

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