

## You Ride, We Ride, In My Ride

Hot Chip

Out on the nighthall road again  
I'm leaving and turning upon a friend  
Please close the door, let us talk no more  
It's out here I may find my reasons for  
Hanging and burning upon a tree  
Bicycle tyre to guide me  
A light in the night I can't walk towards  
The street has a dark end that's ours no more  
A light in the night we can't walk towards  
The street has a dark end that's ours no more

You ride, we ride, in my ride  
In my ride, we ride  
You ride, we ride, in my ride  
In my ride, we ride

Ooh ee ah...

You ride, we ride, in my ride  
In my ride, we ride  
You ride, we ride, in my ride  
In my ride, we ride

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