

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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