

Along For The Ride ('56 T-Bird)

John Denver

I had a '56 T-Bird, then I was king of the highway.
Trying to make it look fast and easy and dreaming of doing it m
y way.

Let's put the top down, baby, feel the wind in our hair.
We were too young to know better and too cool to care,
all I wanted was you by my side, baby, you're only along for th
e ride, only along for the ride.

Rock and roll on the radio, let's turn it up and get down.
Convertible dreams running wild in the streets in the all time
American town.

When you played the thrill queen, baby, I heard the jazz of joy
,

you were every girl in the world but I wasn't every boy.
All I wanted was you by side, baby, you're only along for the r
ide.

All I wanted was you by my side, baby, you're only along for th
e ride, only along for the ride.

Memory pink and charcoal gray are the colors I painted this son
g.

You were 19 and perfect, baby, but no one stays perfect too lon
g.

All I wanted was you by my side, baby, you're only along for th
e ride, only along for the ride.