

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 my 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 the 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
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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 ride.

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

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

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

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