

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