

Ride With Me

The Lemonheads

That pencil smell
Reminds me of school
The clock on the wall
I can no longer fool

Time to get in my car
Been so dull, tired, and tight
Time to trust these old tires
Time to not say goodnight

Jesus rides with me
His will is plain to feel
Come on, you can be
Got yourself to steal

He's everywhere
Sends me straight across the plain
He's in your hair
He'll forgive me my pain

You're my girl, don't you show it
To know you know is to know it
When you can't trust yourself
Baby, trust someone else

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