

Brenda K. Starr

"Ride, Ride, Ride"

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Ride, ride, ride)
(Ride, ride, ride)

[CHORUS]

If you don't want me, baby
If you're not satisfied
If you don't care
Get on your horse
And ride, ride, ride

Since you got on your high horse
Those fancy friends you've found
You have a hard time seeing me
You're always looking down

[Repeat CHORUS]

You talk about me, honey
You try to tear me down
But while you're throwing dirt on me
You're slowly losing ground

[Repeat CHORUS]

I had your second fiddle
Returned to you today
'Cause, baby, that's one instrument
I've never learned to play

[Repeat CHORUS]

Ride, ride, ride
Ride, ride, ride
Ride, ride, ride...

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