

Denver Harbor "The Ride"

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Standing in the doorway of this unfamiliar place,
Searching through a display of these overwhelming
fates.

These or those, I suppose, I just can't tell the difference
but,
All I know is I am hopeless, and the future is so hard to
see.

Just try to enjoy the ride, she's saying good luck, I'm
saying goodbye.

I won't remember any part of this, imagination won't let
me resist,
and the red line is tempting me over, and over.

Staring at a menu of deceitful guarantees,
Choosing which direction will balance but not impede.

These or those, no one knows, I just can't tell the
difference but,
All I know is, I am hopeless, and I will find out
eventually.

Just try to enjoy the ride, she's saying good luck, I'm
saying goodbye.

I won't remember any part of this, imagination won't let
me resist,
And the red line is tempting me over, and over.

You could be the question killing me, or the answer that
will set me free.
Oh the red line is tempting me over, and over.

Even though my eyes are open, I can't see this road
ahead....

I won't remember any part of this, imagination won't let
me resist,
And the red line is tempting me over, and over.

You could be the question killing me, or the answer that
will set me free,
Oh the red line is tempting me over, and over.

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