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Edie Carey "Ride To Brooklyn"

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Spin me a song now as we travel The worm trails of this town As suddenly my sanity unravels And the clock is counting down

While my hands Your tarantula hands Lie knotted up like Christmas lights Like they're the only ones who can understand How to make this wrong right

'Cause the ride won't ever be long enough And I won't ever be tough enough And I think I've already seen enough To make me run

Write me a song now as we speak And I'm pouring this nausea into rhyme All that's showing is my cranky streak And my ugly pantomime

I don't know what to throw your way A hundred I love you's or hardly a glance 'Cause I can't afford the price I'd pay If I gave this thing half a chance

'Cause the ride won't ever be long enough And I won't ever be tough enough (I think I love you just enough) To make me run

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