

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

