

Felt

"Riding On The Equator"

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The way you threw yourself at the waiter
Could tell by the look on his face
He thought you were mad
You went off riding on the equator
I tell you that waiter sure was glad
You sold your story to the newspaper
And went round the world in a caravan
You made lots of people very unhappy
And turned yourself into a wanted man
Then you said that the world was something to behold
Not to be bought or to be sold

It was something that you could hold
You've got something special it's a secret
You're in transit a nomad
You left that girl in Panama City
I said it was the best woman you ever had
You called me up from where you were living
Said you had some more stories you wanted to tell
About how you always spent your life
In some kind of prison
I said those true stories are the hardest to sell

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