

Francis Dunnery "Riding On The Back"

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Molly came home from work and found her cat dead
She suddenly realized she wanted a dog instead
She dashed down to the kennel and bought herself a puppy
And on that first walkies she ran across a yuppie
His name was Steven, he was very clean shaven and patient
Just the type of guy to help her build the kinda life
That she's been craving
And still to this day, coincidence is all the rage!
I'm riding on the back of a giant bird
Bigger than you, bigger than me
On the west side of your memory
The scent that sings your pot pourri©
The flour in your bakery
Johnny and Rita had a real thing going on
Johnny shows Rita to his best friend called Bobbie
Who freaks over Rita, she finds herself smitten
With Bobbie's commitment to old fashioned values
So they run off together, it's a match made in heaven
She is a painter and he is a turpentine seller
Just the kind of love to make a lonely man

And lonely woman better
And still to this day coincidence is all the rage!
I'm riding on the back of a giant bird
Bigger than you, bigger than me
It's the fight in your artillery
The painting in your gallery
The food in your delivery
I don't want to break your heart in two
There's just one thing I'd like you to try
Don't let science take your wings away
You can live tomorrow from today
Frankie got out of school and found himself dead
Instead of a diploma they gave him some white bread
And Graham was in Chicago in a middle class home
Destined for marriage and a lock on his bone
And Johnny was Italian and it was meant to be
All kinds of stupid till he moved to New York City
Just the type of town to help create
The type of music that's free

I'm riding on the back of a giant bird
Bigger than you, bigger than me
Bigger than all history

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