

Jesus In A Sidecar "Along For The Ride"

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(J. Roberts)

life leads me where it choose
i'm straping on my government shoes
and tightening my straight jacket
turn up the radio to drown out the racket
noise to noise
and crust to crust
my dodge omni is starting to rust
and its driving with the cruise control
i'm staring in space with my head like a hole
and trent reznor just sold his soul
to a little old man from ohio
one fish two fish
in a pan
i'll eat the grease while i still can
til my veins are choked
with bullet trains
that can make it from here to spain
in under an hour
if you can believe it
thats seventy five dollars
take it or leave it
priorty service is fifty more bucks
you're still sitting in line with all the ducks
without the right stuff
they couldnt play howard
but maybe john stewart

would have fared better
if he'd just gone along for the ride
just go along for the ride
just go along for the ride
tuck your planner inside
the flap in your sidecar
and let the reaper drive his hog
a chance of rain and patchy fog
with john phillips up in the skyfrog
and i'm stuck in traffic
bored out of my mind
an out of body experience
of the sixty ninth kind
and elvis is everywhere

stuffing his face
but i want to be anywhere
but in this rat race
the boa constrictor is such a disgrace
to cookie dough ice cream
and minty toothpaste
the next shuttle commander
is frankenstein's bride
and with rosenblatt beetles all swelled up with pride
i'm riding shotgun with bob at the wheel
and i'm just along for the ride

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