

## **Richard Marx**

### **"Ride With Idol"**

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Try to remember those ancient evenings  
When all we had was just enough.  
Now the pretender knows why the king is screaming.  
The grief was finally just too much.

Im going to ride with the idol  
Like a creature on display,  
Tied to the bottom of a cage.  
Ride with the idol,  
But it wont turn out the same.  
I know they wont blow out the flame.

Over my shoulder, I know they're waiting.  
Their dirty hands are everywhere.  
And as they get closer all the pretense is fading.  
The face beneath the skin is bare.

So now I ride with the idol  
Like a creature on display,  
Tied to the bottom of a cage, oh yeah.  
Ride with the idol,  
But it wont turn out the same.  
I know they wont blow out the flame.

I can never learn to say no.  
Wont they ever let me go?

[guitar interlude]

Im going to ride with the idol  
Like a creature on display,  
Tied to the bottom of a cage. oh yeah, yeah.  
Ride with the idol,  
But it wont turn out the same.  
I know they wont blow out the flame.  
Ride with the idol,  
Like a creature on display,  
Tied to the bottom of a cage. oh yeah, yeah.  
Ride with the idol,  
But it wont turn out the same.  
I know they wont blow out the flame (fade)

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