

Tribe "Joyride"

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(Greg)

I saw the film said that's the life for me
Forsake the mundane for some instability
So sue me
Now you're hiding upstairs
And now I'm not so sure
What is all this for?
Haven't got a lot to say have you have you
Oh you've done it now haven't you haven't you
How many times I didn't unfold you
Look at your face I hardly know you
Oh I'm in it now up to eyebrow
Oh I've done it now haven't I
Oh me thinking you'd be my joyride
I'll be lucky just to survive
I read the book I thought that it meant me
Your feverish vision of exquisite misery
It threw me
Now I'm in free fall
I'm empty as a bottle that you can see through
What am I to do?
I've had my fill
I feel that chill
I'm tired
You're still not home it caught me by surprise
It's a telltale odor I almost recognize
And I can hardly see
The pupils in your eyes
Now I realize

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