

as you roll down the drag – Main Street of town
old folks'll nod, kids wave and shout
cold hard stare from the jealous teen rebel
glassy-eyed gaze from the sticky sweet angel

some are drawn
to the freedom, to the myth
some are frightened
of the freedom, of the myth

as you roll down the drag – Main Street of town
old folks'll nod, kids wave and shout
you smile beneath shades darker than nite
cause you know the truth when it comes to the
Ride