

Ride (The Bloomington Song)

I took a ride with the world at my side
Through the hills and the fields and the skies
Where the sun warms that part of my Bloomington heart
Where I hold precious memories apart

It fills and I grow
Like higher things that flower
In these hills of Monroe
With roots below and room enough to rise

Won't you come and ride with me
Through these Indiana streets
Past the limestone, the hearth and the home
Where the families of today still remember yesterday
Yes we always remember our way

And so we ride, we don't race
And we wish this gift of grace for the world
From our Bloomington home.

Remember when you chased the sun around
Until you finally reached the light?
Your letter said, "Give me the comfort and
The breeze of our Indiana ride."

And so we ride, we don't race
And we wish this gift of grace for the world
From our Bloomington home

Yes we ride, we don't race
And we wish this gift of grace for the world
From our Bloomington home