

High Horse

Daniel Johnston

I was thinking about your love
You was only hiding, like the Lord above!
Looking down like an angel upon my lonely life
And no matter the angle, I want you to be my wife

I was dreaming you understood!
But you was thinking you wished you would!

Looking down from your high horse
Like I didn't matter, of course
And what they say at the funeral is often in remorse

And you was thinking that I was sleeping in my thoughts
So lonely, my tears falling down like rain

Pull the string for a cheap prize! Baby, it's no
surprise!

Looking down from your high horse listening to my
lullaby
I was thinking that the world of sin

A sinking feeling like I'm falling in love again
Looking down from your high horse, like I didn't
matter, of course

Say hello at my funeral. I'll be right there on time
You could only be my love
Fading like the stars above
You could only be my love

Love!
Love!