

# Wild Horses

Noah Gundersen

Always got a lot on my mind  
Feels like the net just gets bigger with time  
Stretching out behind me  
Trawling the open sea

Waste a lot of breath on the bullshit  
I breathe a lot of air that keeps making me sick  
Or maybe just lazy  
A little bit hazy

It's ok if you don't have the answer  
The questions remain the same  
There's a whole lot of people claiming their team  
But nobody knows the game

So give me a minute  
To come to my senses  
To look out the window  
And stop building fences  
All the wild horses  
Just want to run free  
I want to know you  
I just want you to know me too

Point your finger at me  
I dare you to stick it between my teeth  
You just keep putting up crosses and sharpening nails  
As you wait for the cultural priest

To hand down a confident sentence  
To anyone accused of a crime  
There's a thousand ways to blow it  
So don't even think about speaking your mind

Maybe you would rather be angry  
But I'd rather sleep at night  
There's a fraction to every outcome  
There's a spectrum of wrong and right

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