

My Horse Likes You

Bonaparte

Riding out & about,
bare back through the valley,
giddy up my white stallion,
one massive muse.
I can feel every muscle
in the depth of the valley,
polka dots & banjos
paralyzing speed.
Down by the river we slow down to a canter
and then i see you he goes "weeeeh"

My horse likes you.
My horse likes you.
My horse likes you "weeeeh".

Right there by the river,
I feel the sensation
sugar cubes & red apples
like a filly in drag.
My horse goes berserk.
My horse goes berserk.
I let go of the mane
he goes "weeeeh".

My horse likes you.
My horse likes you.
My horse likes you.
My horse wants you.
You drive him crazy.
You drive him crazy.
My horse likes you.
My horse likes you "weeeeh".

You act like a one-trick pony,
a phony little one-trick pony.
You act like a one-trick pony,
a phony little one-trick pony.
The secret language between my thighs
is out of control it's out of control.

My horse likes you.
My horse likes you.
My horse likes you.
My horse wants you.
You drive him crazy.
You drive him crazy.
My horse wants you.
Oh how he likes you "weeeeh".