

Horses

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

I'd be riding horses if they'd let me
Sleep outside at night and not take fright
I would ride the range and never worry
I would disappear into the night

Everybody needs an angel
But here's that devil by my side
A death's head ring upon his finger
Poor boy hanging on the light

They'll be drawing straws inside the courtroom
As the sudden twilight turns to black
And torches burn into the sad eyes
On the wrong side of the track

Make those horses jump through hoops of flame
They won't kick and they won't scream
Let the good Lord do the driving
While poor boy sinks in the stream

Well, I can smell the campfires burning
But I'll go out walking on my own
By day and night the world keeps turning
Frightened people hiding in their homes

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