

Riding On A Dead Horse

Fury In The Slaughterhouse

I'm out in the streets
I'm feeling pretty save
I don't know
Where to go
I miss the warm sheets
Of my narrow city cave
I am drivin' slow
Stop and go
She said her love is deeper than I know
Is it so, that's what I'm asking myself
It's ten past ten
I stop for some gas
A pack of cigarettes
And a chat with the moon
The city disappears
I am counting my miles
It's cold outside
Tonight
She said her love is deeper than I know
Is it so, that's what I'm asking
She said her love is stronger than herself
Is that so, or am I just riding on a dead horse
Riding on a dead horse