

The Dark Horse

L.A. Guns

Draggin' on this dirty cigarette
Remembering the things I can't forget
Getting lost in all this open sky
As the days go flying by

And the reins keep coming down
And the world keeps spinning round

Yea, I'm the dark horse
Maybe a lost cause
I should be the last thing on your mind
It's never easy
And it never will be
Wished it was different this time
No, not this time

A chain round my broken neck
An anchor at the bottom of the sea
A chance, to catch my breath again
Oh, paradise was not for me

And the reins keep coming down
And the world keeps spinning round

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