

## Wrestling Horses

Lovers

I miss my sweetest friend  
like a house on fire wants its ghosts back again.  
We got all turned around, now let's turn ourselves in.  
And so you know, you're always welcome home.  
That door ain't ever gonna close,  
and my heart ain't ever gonna close.  
I've been wrestling horses to the ground.

I was the coldest gust of wind  
and now the heart I belong in is frozen.  
I've come scattered and unhinged,  
oh where are my pacific oceans?  
I've been wrestling horses to the ground.

I want to ride my bike out to Alaska.  
I don't care what's there, I wanna see a moose.  
Maybe I'll die out in Alaska.  
Maybe I'll die beneath the moon.  
Maybe I'll die far from you.