Bright Horses

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

The bright horses have broken free from the fields
They are horses of love, their manes full of fire
They are parting the cities, those bright burning horses
And everyone is hiding, and no one makes a sound
And I'm by your side and I'm holding your hand
Bright horses of wonder springing from your burning hand

And everyone has a heart and it's calling for something
We're all so sick and tired of seeing things as they are
Horses are just horses and their manes aren't full of fire
The fields are just fields, and there ain't no Lord
And everyone is hidden, and everyone is cruel
And there's no shortage of tyrants, and no shortage of fools

And the little white shape dancing at the end of the hall
Is just a wish that time can't dissolve at all

Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, well, this world is plain to see
It don't mean we can't believe in something, and anyway
My baby's coming back now on the next train
I can hear the whistle blowing, I can hear the mighty roar
I can hear the horses prancing in the pastures of the Lord
Oh the train is coming, and I'm standing here to see
And it's bringing my baby right back to me
Well there are some things that are hard to explain
But my baby's coming home now, on the 5:30 train

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