

## St. Pete

Shannon Wright

Two young horses dragging to St Pete  
Worn out tired, right here

And the night falls on this oceans' white hour  
'Cause you won't be coming home to me  
And you said it sad and so playfully  
I wish God would make things clear  
'Cause there's no fight left in me

Relentlessly the sun is igniting  
While all these concrete boxes sit empty  
On these defeated Floridian streets  
I know you won't be coming home to me

Two young horses dragging to St Pete  
Worn out, tired  
Worn out, tired  
There's no fight left in me