

Headless Horseman

The Microphones

I got hit hard, I'm on the ground
And if you swing again I'll duck
But I wish you the best of luck
You deserve yourself
And I'll return from my trip to hell
As a headless horseman

Cause, oh what a loss
I went back to get my stuff
And it was tangled up and tough
I stood there and stared you down
And I walked aimlessly around
With a flaming pumpkin head

Oh, what a loss
My soft hands replaced by claws
You turned me into a stray dog
From a mighty human man

Oh, what a loss
Oh, what a loss
I miss my closest friend
And now I cling to rocks and wind
It's a precious thing we lost