Horses

The Edmund Fitzgerald

You say you want some horses to ride them without end horses for your lovers horses for your friends you say you want a blanket to wrap yourself up in I can burn the money theres nothing left to

D and besides you lie theres nothing to hold on to and I don't even know you and besides your lies almost always airtight today is always midnight behind your eyes you say you want some horses to keep me close at heart tie a man between us pull a man apart you say you want a habit but you don't know where to start you don't know why you want it you don't know who you are behind your eyes

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