

Donald Sutherland

Ass Ponys

When the moment finally comes
I could be the trigger
You could be the gun
That blows out the back
Of my skull
When a better day arrives
I could be the winner
You could be the prize
That I can't pretend to have won
Twilight is falling
The locusts are calling your name
When the devil's on the prowl
I can be the mortar
You can be the trowel
We could patch up
The cracks in our hearts

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