

The Rip

Portishead

As she walks in the room, scented and tall
Hesitating once more
And as I take on myself and the bitterness I felt
Realize that love flows Wild white horses, they will take me away
And the tenderness I feel
Will send the dark underneath
Will I follow? Through the glory of life I will scatter on the floor
Disappointed and sore
And in my thoughts I have bled for the riddles I've been fed
Another lie moves over Wild white horses, they will take me away
And the tenderness I feel
Will send the dark underneath
Will I follow? Wild white horses, they will take me away
And the tenderness I feel
Will send the dark underneath
Will I follow?

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