

# Pale Horse

Ernest Ellis

If I was to listen I'd turn back  
Give up on my reasons  
Forgive up the past  
You think I'd swallow that?  
Bearing weight in ceilings  
Just to stop and ask of Thorazine  
Thorazine, Thorazine, Thorazine  
They give you this  
They take away that  
Thorazine  
There'll be no others  
There'll be no long lost friends  
Empty on the insides  
Empty of a last pretense  
To stand by on feeling of the end  
So many lives  
A runaway life  
So many lies

When they locked you up they shut me out  
Gave me the key so I could show you round  
Yet we were not allowed  
Omens of the daydream  
But caught as you're bound in Thorazine  
Thorazine, Thorazine, Thorazine  
They give you this  
They take away that  
Thorazine  
There'll be no rallies  
There'll be no long lost friends  
Caught on a spotlight  
running out of present tense  
To fix by a feeling of an end  
So many lives  
A runaway life  
Please come back  
Please come back  
Please come back Pale Horse

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