

# Broken Horse

## Freelance Whales

October's got those orange eyes  
But somehow I still lost sight  
When you lifted the lid off of my pumpkin head  
And kissed me goodnight  
Should it be a thorn in my side  
We never quite broke that horse  
She slept in the cul-de-sac rye  
Seven miles from my front porch  
Bundle up and come with me now  
Down the road to the burnt down barn  
We could make a blanket of coats  
And breathe our souls into the neighbours front lawn  
But oh god that look in your eye  
Trouble that does not search words  
It sprung from the biblical vine  
And are waiting to return to the dirt  
The stitches in your winter clothes  
Your cello bows  
We stole your hair to make them  
We're sorry for the iron shoes  
We nailed to you  
And stuck you in the rain alone  
You sprinted away, sprinted away  
To where I don't know  
God's moving in your bloodstream  
Where the cross beats aren't so slow  
You swept all the red from my cheeks  
I didn't hear you come back inside  
I light up the gas in the den  
And stand there in the thin winter light  
But oh god that curve in your spine  
A question mark  
A doctor sign was framed by the windowsill  
And you saw something I did not in the night  
You saw something I did not in the night

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