

Wild Horses

[Nik Kershaw](#)

on the top of an office block
sits a man of business, a man of means
he's got intrays and ashtrays
he is up to his neck in computers and tragedy queens
undermining his overdraft with lunches with the president
he got indecision and indigestion
and he wonders where the last ten million went
but what do i get when i say to his face?
let me take you to a better place wild horses wouldn't drag me there
wild horses wouldn't make me care
i know where i belong
and i've been here too long
wild horses wouldn't drag me there
wild horses wouldn't make me care
i know where i belong
and i've been here too long on the side of a mountain lives a man of nature, a man of peace
he got no food and no money
and he's waiting for his merciful release
works his fingers to the bone
just to make it through the winter snows
he's got nothing to do and no one to do it to
and he wonders where the buffalo goes
but what do i get when i say to his face?
let me take you to a better place wild horses wouldn't drag me there
wild horses wouldn't make me care
i know where i belong
and i've been here too long
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