

Riding on a Dead Horse

Fury In The Slaughterhouse

I'm out in the streets
I'm feeling pretty save
I don't know
Where to go I miss the warm sheets
Of my narrow city cave
I am drivin' slow
Stop and go She said her love is deeper than I know
Is it so, that's what I'm asking myself It's ten past ten
I stop for some gas
A pack of cigarettes
And a chat with the moon The city disappears
I am counting my miles
It's cold outside
Tonight She said her love is deeper than I know
Is it so, that's what I'm asking
She said her love is stronger than herself
Is that so, or am I just riding on a dead horse Riding on a dead horse

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