

Gasoline Horseys

Sparklehorse

The flowers of evil
You left at my door
Set 'em in a broken glass
And tasted my own blood Yes your hair looks beautiful today
Gasoline horseys will take us away They charge forth with fiery manes
And bellies full of clocks
Four ton deaf and dumb
We poor old dogs of God Yes your hair smells like sunshine today
Gasoline horseys will take us away

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