

Waiting On Wild Horses

The Good Life

when the horses come to drag me away,i won't fuss and fight i won't plead or beg.
and wherever they dump me i'll lay my head.
i'll sleep it off..i'll sleep alone
until the longing burrows a hole
straight through my sternum
to make its home.
i have this way of carrying on
such fruitless passions fallen from the vine
and the sweetest nectar turns to bitter wine.
but still we drink we drip the bottle dry.
we smash it apart and lick the sides..
recycled lovers expiring the night.
so when the horses come i won't scream or cry;
i've been dying for them to take my life.
and i'll sing of a new birth
a past unscratched.
so don't be sad, we should both rejoice
to the sound of those hooves
down that dark highway
in opposite directions.
wherever they dump us we'll stay.
recycled lovers get so carried away.

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