

# The Priziest Horse (Instrumental)

## Sole

I'm not the priziest horse or the classiest fighter  
with shattered glass in my voice  
writing my name on the wall with the fingers my highschool gave me; I'm still  
counting electric sheep at night, in love with an electric blanket  
in fact I make love with electric outlets

In my sleep, it's all flying pigs and things that want me dead;  
when I'm awake, it isn't much different. It's not them versus us  
the battle wages over future addictions

Something's missing, and I can't quite focus on it  
Oh, it must be the disappearing act we all put with our dreams  
They'll never find me as long as I keep smudging off into the background  
And continue to sink through the sidewalk with my head under a bench, to see  
who hears me, narrating their lives by the way they hold their money so tight  
so they could send their kids off, but the best historians sleep on benches  
(Why is everybody sleeping on benches?)

I've been a rock as long as I've lived  
since everything has to be a nobel prize winner  
I should've quit when I saved the ozone  
I should have known if I can't feel the ones I came with, it's a good time to rest  
and hold fear at bay like some hold the margins they need to survive in  
Barely alive, and you want me to lighten up?  
Make an angel on the beach or pick a bouquet in your garden  
Call me when they drop redemption upon you like a piano  
record the noise it makes when it flattens your hands  
Then you realize it was only a dream and you were tied to a tree the whole time  
watching friends drag by 'cause they can't look at the scars under your eyes  
Burned to hell covered by locusts, they're trying to quote us  
now that they finally broke us into ridiculous names and meaningless titles  
I won't forget, the little things escape  
through the pores in my skin so I can pour it on thick  
And watch them scurry to escape the glass, leave the collection  
and have a life of their own, well get rich you'll hate it too..

I promise..[Chorus]

In this life all I have, a falling sky in my arms  
it's not that heavy, make pretend  
it's someone else's party, what a gas  
Shaking the hands that never trembles and always land on my feet  
At this present elevation, I can't see past my feet  
between God's bald spots where the sky stops  
I'm one of the Earth's latest gallstones

despite all the America going on, it's all Rome  
Go get unstuck, don't lose sleep 'til you can't find solace  
in the fact that you can barely control yourself. Let alone  
we're all tied down; since our wings got clipped, and lately can't sing enough  
In the party that never ends, 'cause no one knows how to clean up the mess  
What's up with all the gags?  
Everyone around me has these holes drilled through 'em  
and someone on the other side is trying to figure it out. Dying to be someone  
killing to be recognized as something that you're not  
Well since we're all so into introductions, don't forget your names  
Since you love yourself so much, keep it away from me  
'Cause I've baked under artificial lights with artificial girls  
and that sinking feeling there's someone sleeping inside my sleepless body  
Quit playing kid games with your old tongue  
'til you can find someone to buy future epiphanies from. Here's one:  
I live in the city and leave everything alone, yesterday it was all TV  
After all is said and done, we barely have memories  
so I write what I feel, sue me if it's empty  
Imagine that, I'm barely human, I'm barely human..[Chorus]  
In this life all I have, a falling sky in my arms  
it's not that heavy, make pretend  
it's someone else's party, what a gas

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