

Durutti Column, Black Horses

I'll never believe
A word you say
You gave something to me
Then you threw it away
The end of the street
The station waits for me
I'll get my train
And you'll be history
[chorus]
Ten black horses
Made of stone
Ten black horses
Standing on the road
I'll never believe
A word you say
You gave something to me
Then you threw it away
The end of the street
The station waits for me
I'll get my train
And you'll be history
[chorus]
And I'll never believe
A word you say
You gave something to me
And then you threw it away