

# Garbage, No Horses

They'll love you too  
They'll love you too  
They'll love you too  
They'll love you too

They'll come to you  
They'll come to you  
They'll come to you  
They'll come to you too

They'll worship you  
They'll worship you  
They'll worship you  
They'll worship you too

they'll use you too  
they'll lie to you  
they'll steal from you  
they'll sell you to

they'll turn on you  
they'll come for you  
they'll hurt you too  
they'll get you too

and there will be no apologies  
and no more security  
there will be no cops  
just man with guns  
in their shiny black uniforms  
and their big black boots  
with their shiny black batons  
and their sleek black cars  
with the fingers on the trigger  
with the fingers on the trigger  
with the fingers on the trigger  
and their skeleton keys

and there will be no marches  
there will be no impurity  
no more TV  
and no more cavalcades

and no more horses  
no horses  
there'll be no horses  
no more motorcades

there's sky full of tears  
a sky full of tears  
there's sky full of tears  
there's sky full of tears

I've been awake all night  
and the sun don't shine  
and the night 'so long  
and the moon is in shock

and all the lovers turn cops  
and all the lovers turn cops  
and all the lovers turn cops  
and all the lovers turn cops

and no more horses

no horses  
there'll be no horses  
no more motorcades

and no more horses  
no horses  
there'll be no horses  
no more motorcades

there's nothing to grieve  
there's nothing to lose  
there's nothing to hide  
there's nothing to grow  
there's no nothing  
nothing, nothing, nothing