Radio Head, The Rip

As she walks in the room, Scented and tall, Hesitating once more. And as I take on myself, And the bitterness I felt, Realise that love lost well.

White horses, They will take me away, And my tenderness I feel, Will send the dark underneath, Will I follow?

Through the glory of life, I will scatter on the floor, Disappointed and sore. And in my thoughts I have bled, For the riddles I've been fed, Another line is over-oh.

White horses, They will take me away, And my tenderness I feel, Will send the dark underneath, Will I follow?

White horses, They will take me away, And my tenderness I feel, Will send the dark underneath, Will I follow?