

# The Good Life, Waiting On Wild Horses

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.