

# Ass Ponys, Donald Sutherland

when the moment finally comes  
i could be the trigger  
you could be the gun  
that blows out the back  
of my skull

when a better day arrives  
i could be the winner  
you could be the prize  
that i can't pretend to have won

twilight is falling  
the locusts are calling your name

when the devil's on the prowl  
i can be the mortar  
you can be the trowel  
we could patch up  
the cracks in our hearts

twilight is falling  
the locusts are calling your name