

Beck, Farewell Ride

Two white horses in a line carrying me to my burying
Ground some need diamonds some need love some need
Cards some need luck
Some need dollar bills lining their clothes
All I need is all I need is two white horses in a line taking
Me for my farewell ride some may say this might be
Your last farewell ride
I don't see the face of
Kindness I don't hear the
Mission bells I don't smell
The morning roses all I see
Is all I see is
Two white horses in a line
Carrying me to my burying ground
Some may say this might be
Your last farewell ride