

# Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Riding On A Dead Horse

I'm out in the streets  
I'm feeling pretty save  
I don't know  
where to go

I miss the warm sheets  
of my narrow city cave  
I am drivin' slow  
stop and go

she said her love is deeper than I know  
is it so, that's what I'm asking myself

it's ten past ten  
I stop for some gas  
a pack of cigarettes  
and a chat with the moon

the city disappears  
I am counting my miles  
it's cold outside  
tonight

she said her love is deeper than I know  
is it so, that's what I'm asking  
she said her love is stronger than herself  
is that so, or am I just riding on a dead horse

riding on a dead horse