

Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Riding On A Dead H

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