

Portishead, Cowboys

Did you sweep us far from your feet
Reset in stone this stark belief
Salted eyes and a sordid dye
Too many years

But don't despair this day, will be their damnedest day
Ooh, if you take these things from me

Did you feed us tales of deceit
Conceal the tongues who need to speak
Subtle lies and a soiled coin
The truth is sold, the deal is done

But don't despair this day, will be their damnedest day
Ooh, if you take these things from me

[INSTRUMENTAL]

Undefined, no signs of regret
Your swollen pride assumes respect
Talons fly as a last disguise
But no return, the time has come

So don't despair this day, will be their damnedest day
Ooh, if you take these things from me
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