

Smog, I Break Horses

Well I rode out to the ocean
And the water looked like tarnished gold
I rode out on a broken horse
Who told me she'd never felt so old
She asked me if I'd feed her
And ride her now and then

No no no, no no no, no no no,
I break horses
I don't tend to them
I break horses
They seem to come to me
Asking to be broken
They seem to run to me
I break horses
Doesn't take me long
Just a few well-placed words
And their wandering hearts are gone

At first her warmth felt good between my legs
Living breathing heart-beating flesh
But soon that warmth turned to an itch
Turned to a scratch
Turned to a gash
I break horses
I don't tend to them

Tonight I'm swimming to my favorite island
And I don't want to see you swimming behind
Tonight I'm swimming to my favorite island
And I don't want to see you swimming behind
No I break horses
I don't tend to them