

# Smog, Let Me See The Colts

Knocked on your door at dawn  
With a spark in my heart  
Dragged you from your bed  
And said let me see the colts

Let me see the colts  
That will run next year  
Show them to a gambling man  
Thinking of the future

Have you been drinking no  
Nor sleeping  
The all-seeing all-knowing eye is dog tired  
And just wants to see the colts

We walked out through  
The dew dappled brambles  
And sat upon the fence  
Is there anything as still as sleeping horses  
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