

Sparklehorse, Gasoline Horseys

the flowers of evil
you left at my door
set 'em in a broken glass
and tasted my own blood
yes your hair looks beautiful today
gasoline horses will take us away
they charge forth
with firey manes
and bellies full of clocks
four ton
deaf and dumb
we poor old dogs of god
yes your hair smells like sunshine today
gasoline horses will take us away