

# Sunset Rubdown, Colt Stands Up Grows Horns

I follow the trail you left in the snow.  
Picked up your footsteps and made them my own.  
One thousand and one. One thousand and two.  
Oh, the gravity of you

You gave me an item, when you gave me these idle hands  
And you twisted the wind, til the snow turns to sand and I can't find the trail back home.