

The Cardigans, A Good Horse

It takes no match to give me a spark
Now I'm trying out another heart
I've been whining 'bout a fresh start
I've found myself a good horse

I spurred it over quicksand
And I ran it through the hollow land
I've fed it with a shaky hand
I found myself a strong horse

These are the promises I can keep
These are the promises I can keep
To live like I must
And ride with the dust in my face
In grace

I've found myself a good horse
Yes, I've found myself a strong horse
But things remain no different than before

These are the promises I can keep
Yes, these are the promises I can keep
To live like I must
And ride with the dust in my face (these are the promises that I will keep), oh

Oh, these are the promises I can keep
These are the promises I can keep
To live like I must
And ride with the dust in my face (woah)
In grace (woah)
In grace (woah)
In grace (woah)