

Horses and High Heels

Marianne Faithfull

When I lived in the city of Dublin
It suited my face and my tears
The talk, the drink and the friends were good
And stood for my hopes and my fears

I lived in a flat in Ballsbridge
And at two in the morning I'd hear
The sound as the horses came back from their work
And the horses clip-clop coming near

Horses and high heels, horses and high heels
What every city knows and fears

Late at night in Paris
In my apartment that 's up from the street
I hear a girl in high heels who must run in
To meet a lover extremely discreet

Horses and high heels, horses and high heels
What every city knows and fears

In Dublin and Paris women are running
Ghostly horses return from the park
Have to meet a man of their dreams
And stables so warm and dark

Horses and high heels, horses and high heels
What every city knows and fears.