

A Horse Is Not a Home

Miike Snow

Oh God I think I'm dying,
And our drinks were just poured,
Look outside someone's waiting,
With a yellow horse

With a hole in my heart I was s'posed to ride,
In morning traffic
With a golden hand by your fortress side,
But without magic
Somebody, somebody, somebody tell me,
It wont be long
Cause a horse is not a home,
A horse is not a home

Uninvited to the play where language doesn't hurt,
With nothing on my shirt
Sometimes I swim with you in a room that is ocean sized and clear
Not here where all I breath is smoke

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