

## Wild Horses

Nik Kershaw

On the top of an office block  
Sits a man of business, a man of means  
He's got intrays and ashtrays  
He is up to his neck in computers and tragedy queens  
Undermining his overdraft with lunches with the president  
He got indecision and indigestion  
And he wonders where the last ten million went  
But what do I get when I say to his face?  
Let me take you to a better place

Wild horses wouldn't drag me there  
Wild horses wouldn't make me care  
I know where I belong  
And I've been here too long  
Wild horses wouldn't drag me there  
Wild horses wouldn't make me care  
I know where I belong  
And I've been here too long

On the side of a mountain lives a man of nature, a man of peace  
He got no food and no money  
And he's waiting for his merciful release  
Works his fingers to the bone  
Just to make it through the winter snows  
He's got nothing to do and no one to do it to  
And he wonders where the buffalo goes  
But what do I get when I say to his face?  
Let me take you to a better place

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