

Wild Horses

Richard Marx

Childhood living is easy to do
The things you wanted I bought them for you
Graceless lady, you know who I am
You know I can't let you slide through my hands

Wild horses couldnt drag me away
Wild, wild horses, couldnt drag me down

I watched you suffer a dull aching pain
Now you decided to show me the same
No sweeping exits or offstage lines
Could make me feel bitter and treat you unkind