

## Gasoline Horseys

Sparklehorse

The flowers of evil  
You left at my door  
Set 'em in a broken glass  
And tasted my own blood  
Yes your hair looks beautiful today  
Gasoline horseys will take us away  
They charge forth with fiery manes  
And bellies full of clocks  
Four ton deaf and dumb  
We poor old dogs of God  
Yes your hair smells like sunshine today  
Gasoline horseys will take us away