

Black Horses

The Durutti Column

I'll never believe
A word you say
You gave something to me
Then you threw it away
The end of the street
The station waits for me
I'll get my train
And you'll be history
Ten black horses
Made of stone
Ten black horses
Standing on the road
I'll never believe
A word you say
You gave something to me
Then you threw it away
The end of the street
The station waits for me
I'll get my train
And you'll be history
And I'll never believe
A word you say
You gave something to me
And then you threw it away