

## Horse

### The Lost Trailers

I've got these feelings of inadequacy,  
cause you keep saying that he's better than me,  
But would he write you a sad country song.  
He might write you a love sonnet,  
Or a heartbreaking ribbonelle,  
But what good what that do you in the fire pits of hell.

In my time of need, you were up and gone,  
So fuck you, and the horse you rode in on.

You say he's short and handsome, with an alternative flair;  
He's got a tattoo of Limp Bizkit, and Clorox in his hair.  
But he can't play the guitar like me, or let that one blue note  
ring,  
As an expression of the sadness in my soul.

In my time of need, you were up and gone,  
So fuck you, and the horse you rode in on.

These are sad days for me, cause your new man has got me down,  
And I can't help but think about you when I walk around this town.  
I gave you my best and you took it all; I bought you rocks but  
you just built a wall;  
And all that I have found is that there's no tearing them down.

In my time of need, you were up and gone,  
So fuck you, and the horse you rode in on.  
In my time of need, you were up and gone,  
So Fuck You.