

White Horses

The Whitlams

All the white horses are dragged below the sea
What goes on in there?
Some of them we'll see rise again
All the white horses are dragged below the sea
Some of them will be born again

All winners are losers baby
Any loser will tell you that
You sleep right here and I'll watch you bounce right back
At the bottom of their arc
They don't feel like they're moving up
All winners are losers baby that's just that

All the white horses are dragged below the sea
Fighting for life in there
Some of them we'll see rise again
All the white horses are dragged below the sea
That's all we are my friend
Some of us will feel the air again

I don't feel good in a big crowd
Since the Rodent got back in
They used to move amongst us
And now we move amongst them