

Apostle Of Hustle

"They Shoot Horses, Don't They"

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They Shoot Horses Don't They

What can you trust
You can trust the open eyes
Looking out from
The bodies blutter (?) skies,
Autumn colors
Lined (?) in me from up above
Would be fire
If we were making love

Where is that body
That zeros in avant-garde (?)
Total surrender
Like a junkie unharmed (?)
I've seen beauty
From the belly on um (?)
Tell me something
Anything
You can hear inside a song

Goodnight
Palace of pleasure
Good morning blues
I guess we'll never know
What could have been
The dream is over
Go back to sleep again

Who needs thinking
When the drinks are on the house
Evaporating
All the time I was in doubt
I've been sleeping
With a better girl than you
Loved her stories
All the photographs
Its true

Goodnight
Palace of pleasure
Good morning blues

I guess we'll never know
What could've been
The dream is over
Go back to sleep again

The dream is over
Go back to sleep again
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