

Bump Of Chicken

"Wild Horses by The Sundays"

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Childhood living is easy to do
The things that you wanted I bought them for you
Graceless lady, you know who I am,
You know I can't let you just slide through my hands

Wild horses
Couldn't drag me away
Wild horses
Couldn't drag me away...

I watched you suffer a dull aching pain
Now you decided just to show me the same
No sweeping exits or offstage lines,
Can make me feel bitter or treat you unkind

Wild horses
Couldn't drag me away
Wild, wild horses
Couldn't drag me away...

Faith has been broken and tears must be cried,
Let's do some living (oohh) after we die

Wild horses
Couldn't drag me away,
Wild, wild horses
Couldn't drag me away

Wild, wild horses
We'll ride them someday
Wild, wild horses
We'll ride them someday.

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