

Deepfield

"Dead Horse"

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oh, won't you please tell me how sell them
all of your little failures
fake misery screaming from the stage you're on
so come down off your soapbox opera
cut the bullshit
i've had it with your misery
i've got a feeling that your emo-tional spat is wearing
thing

can you feel the love between us?
i can feel it coming on
i bite my lip until there's nothing left to kiss
i pound my fist until there's nothing left to feel

your masquerade, tell me when shit it do you get it on
you
because they believe every little thing you say
so come down off your dead horse
ripping off an old sore
talking loud ain't saying shit
yes, i can see it now-the cover of rolling stone
looking absolutely miserable

can you feel the love between us?
i can feel it coming on
i bite my lip until there's nothing left to kiss
i pound my fist until there's nothing left to feel

i'll bite my lip until there's nothing left to kiss
i'll pound my fist until there's nothing left to feel
i'll scream these words until there's nothing left to say
it's the love between us

can you feel the love between us?
i can feel it coming on
i bite my lip until there's nothing left to kiss
i pound my fist until there's nothing left to feel
i bite my lip until there's nothing left to kiss
i pound my fist until there's nothing left to feel
(until there's nothing left to feel)

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