

## Miguel Migs

### "A Horse Is Not A Home"

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Oh God I think I'm dying,  
And our drinks were just poured,  
Look outside someone's waiting,  
With a yellow horse

With a hole in my heart I was s'posed to ride,  
In morning traffic  
With a golden hand by your fortress side,  
But without magic  
Somebody, somebody, somebody tell me,  
It wont be long  
Cause a horse is not a home,  
A horse is not a home

Uninvited to the play where language doesn't hurt,  
With nothing on my shirt  
Sometimes I swim with you in a room that is ocean  
sized and clear  
Not here where all I breath is smoke

With a hole in my heart I was s'posed to ride,  
In morning traffic  
With a golden hand by your fortress side,  
But without magic  
Somebody, somebody, somebody tell me,  
It wont be long  
Cause a horse is not a home,  
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With a hole in my heart I was s'posed to ride,  
In morning traffic  
With a golden hand by your fortress side,  
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