

Pere Ubu

"Horses"

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In my heart,
If that is where one feels,
I surely feel
Your head lying back sending peals
Of laughter to ring a bell,
The bell I ring to call you here to me.
Telephone, telephone
Please bring me news when I'm alone.
If it can be done I would be very grateful.

Is that a horse,
Whose footsteps I hear approaching,

On the run from some strange unknown danger,
Or just my heart beating so noisily?
One never really knows until it's far too late to tell.

It's the sun I wait for in the morning,
And the moon I long to see setting in the evening.
When night lies ahead,
And day is through,
I'll spend some time with you.

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