

Portishead "The Rip"

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As she walks in the room
Scented and tall
Hesitating once more
And as I take on myself
And the bitterness I felt
I realise that love flows

Wild, white horses
They will take me away
And the tenderness I feel
Will send the dark underneath
Will I follow?

Through the glory of life
I will scatter on the floor
Disappointed and sore

And in my thoughts I have bled
For the riddles I've been fed
Another lie moves over

Wild, white horses
They will take me away
And the tenderness I feel
Will send the dark underneath
Will I follow?

Wild, white horses
They will take me away
And the tenderness I feel
Will send the dark underneath
Will I follow?

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