

Race Horses

"Dresser"

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I've got a way with words
I've got a way with so much
Boffins in my life

In the ice in the snow
And here the baking of the mind

Made from nothing
She says there's no such wood for this
In your language
So the only thing for you to do
Is seated like a sandwich

He's the dresser, he is distressed
Lost the feeling, locked in his legs
Oh I'm willing, oh it's the gasp
Being here things never last

Do you have a taste?
Got a taste full taste
Feed to the... the cars

I can see clearly through the waste
And the only thing is me
I surrender
The only thing I seem to see
The end of our century

3 x
He's the dresser, he is distressed
Lost the feeling, locked in his legs
Oh I'm willing, oh it's the gasp
Being here things never last

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