

## Race Horses

### "Nobody's Son"

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Close skies, taking wages  
From the ways that common go  
Of it's frightening, and it's loneliness  
And it's out there, searching and stare

You've got to be... to hold it, to love it  
To leave it or it won't belong, aha  
To be someone's son, just like him

Lookout, all those faces,  
That conceal their crudest thoughts  
It's disgusting, how alive them  
Can be trained to rip you apart

You've got to be... to hold it, to love it  
To leave it or it won't belong, aha  
To be someone's son, just like him  
And yes it's creepy, cold sweet home  
Sound the clickers and it won't be long, aha  
Till he's no one's son, and it's true

I wanted to go, I wanted to fight  
I wanted to get to the top of the white  
I did what it could, now it's through  
I wanted to crawl, I kneeled down to cry  
I picked myself up, take a lot at the sky  
I was given the room, to see it through

You've got to be... to hold it, to love it  
To leave it or it won't belong, aha  
To be someone's son, just like him  
And yes it's creepy, cold sweet home  
Sound the clickers and it won't be long, aha  
Till he's no one's son, and it's true x 2

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