

Dead Weather, The

"No Horse"

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I ain't got no horse
I ain't got no horizon
Just the scars on my eyes
I swear I got from crying

Where I was born it don't matter
There ain't no going back
I have no home to take you
I never dream like that

Sit & watch my cigarette smoking on itself
Sit & watch my cigarette smoking on itself
Sit & watch my cigarette smoking on itself
And I think, what the hell, hell, hell

I don't want you to like me
There's no way that you can
I don't want you to touch me, honey
I am just so mad

There ain't no kind of feeling
All my ... are ... out (?)
I'm just living and breathing
For what I steal for (from?) myself

Sit & watch my cigarette smoking on itself
Sit & watch my cigarette smoking on itself
Sit & watch my cigarette smoking on itself
And I think, what the hell, hell, hell

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