Bishop Briggs, Wild Horses

You hold me down in the best way

No quarter from these chains that I slapped on my heart for a feeling

Why can't I let my demons lie?

Keep screaming into the pillow

Cause your touch still gets me stupid high

Oh glory I'm a believer

Oh glory I'm a try

But

Wild Horses

Wild Horses

Wild Horses

Run faster, run faster, run faster

Wild Horses

Run faster, run faster, run faster

You caught my truth in the worst way

Through the dirty lens of a broken smile

And I swear I'm not a pretender

Sometimes it's love who's the biggest liar

So I'll keep on damning the devil

And you'll keep on saying it's alright

Oh glory I'm a believer Oh lord I'm holding tight

But

Wild Horses

Wild Horses

Wild Horses

Run faster, run faster, run faster

Wild Horses

Run faster, run faster, run faster

So I'll keep on damning the devil and you'll keep on saying it's alright

Oh glory I'm a believer

Oh lord I'm holding tight

But

Wild Horses

Wild Horses

Wild Horses

Run faster, run faster, run faster

Wild Horses

Run faster, run faster, run faster

Wild Horses

Wild Horses run faster, run faster, run faster