

Garbage, No Horses

They'll love you too
They'll love you too
They'll love you too
They'll love you too

They'll come to you
They'll come to you
They'll come to you
They'll come to you too

They'll worship you
They'll worship you
They'll worship you
They'll worship you too

they'll use you too
they'll lie to you
they'll steal from you
they'll sell you to

they'll turn on you
they'll come for you
they'll hurt you too
they'll get you too

and there will be no apologies
and no more security
there will be no cops
just men with guns
in their shiny black uniforms
and their big black boots
with their shiny black batons
and their sleek black cars
with the fingers on the trigger
with the fingers on the trigger
with the fingers on the trigger
and their skeleton keys

and there will be no marches
there will be no impurity
no more TV
and no more cavalcades

and no more horses
no horses
there'll be no horses
no more motorcades

there's sky full of tears
a sky full of tears
there's sky full of tears
there's sky full of tears

I've been awake all night
and the sun don't shine
and the night 'so long
and the moon is in shock

and all the lovers turn cops
and all the lovers turn cops
and all the lovers turn cops
and all the lovers turn cops

and no more horses

no horses
there'll be no horses
no more motorcades

and no more horses
no horses
there'll be no horses
no more motorcades

there's nothing to grieve
there's nothing to lose
there's nothing to hide
there's nothing to grow
there's no nothing
nothing, nothing, nothing