

I'm Thinking About Horses

[mansionz](#)

Dennis Rod
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I'm thinking about God
Is it a he or a she or a feeling or love?
Does she personally ordain every occurrence and every moment
Or did she set the universe in motion and then move on?
To try to top her achievement?
Maybe this universe wasn't an achievement at all
Maybe our lives, our wars, our fuckups, our diseases
Our love, our humanity, our passion, our pennies, our Holocaust
Are all just a rehearsal before the show
A sketch before the mural, a stretch before the jump
Does she love me? Does God know I'm here?
I'm thinking about God, I'm thinking about sex
I've been holy all day and acted in ways that deserve adjectives like "honorable," "good," and
"straight"
But it's after 10PM now and I'm bored
I watched a movie on the internet alone and now it's over
I pick up my phone and text every female I know within a 15 mile radius
It's a terrible thing that deserves adjectives like "chauvinistic," "objectifying," and "asshole-ish"
(Dennis Rodman)
I made that up just for myself
"Hey, Nicole"
"Oh, hey, what's up Mike? I'm about to get in bed, you?"
"Well, I'm chilling, I've just been thinking about you ;)"
"Haha, really random, I haven't seen you in so long. What made you think about me?"
"Well, to be honest, I'm bored, and I'm thinking about sex"
I'm thinking about horses, they're so goddamn regal
Their muscles ripple through their skin like waves in a little ocean
Magnificent beasts
But why the fuck do they listen to us?
They're so much stronger than they know
But they trade their freedom for a dependable meal
They let people get on top of them and tell them where to go
But how can I judge?
Is that not exactly what I do?

Is that not exactly what we all do?
I'm thinking about horses
I'm thinking about dad
He's 70 and he's just starting to get old
Things are gonna change soon
I don't feel ready for the change that's coming soon
I am standing on the beach watching the tsunami grow
From a minuscule rise in the horizon to a monstrous tidal wave
I am not moving, I am not scared
I am not scared, I am not wearing swimwear
I am standing on the beach waiting for the tsunami
And dad taught me about love and sacrifice
But that's sort of like a book that you read and forgot about
'Cause I don't love and I don't sacrifice
And youth was my excuse for that, but that excuse is getting old
Maybe I'm gay
I'm thinking about dad
I'm thinking about death
What if this plane goes down?
That would be okay, you know, I had a good run
I wonder if a lot of people would come to my funeral
Maybe my fans would do something special
Maybe they'd cry and maybe it'd be in the newspaper
Yeah, I think I'd get in the Detroit News
Probably not the New York Times
People'll probably like my music more when I die
'Cause they'll know no more is coming
You see, people love stories with endings
Right now, I'm just sort of a story that's dragging on slowly
Page by page, year by year
But people want an ending, they want a crash
They want a ear in the fucking mail
I don't have one
All I have is another lousy poem
And the knowledge that I'll probably die somewhere confused and decrepit in a nursing home
I don't think this plane's gonna crash
I'm thinking about Otis, I'm thinking about Kurt
I'm thinking about Dilla, I'm thinking about
Changed my hair green, and all of a sudden
People looked at me like I was the devil
Here we go
Green

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