

Wild Horses

Bishop Briggs

You hold me down in the best way
No quarter from these chains that I've
Slept on my heart for a feeling
Why can't I let my demons out? Keep screaming into the pillow
Cause your taste still gets me stupid high
Oh glory, I'm a believer
Oh glory, I'm a troubler Wild horses, wild horses
Wild horses run faster, run faster
Run faster Wild horses run faster, run faster
Run faster
You call my truth in the worst way
Through the dirty lands of a broken smile
And I swear I'm not a pretender
Sometimes it's love who's the baby's cry So, I keep on damning the devil
And you 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 keep on damning the devil
And you keep on saying it's alright
Oh glory, I'm a believer
Oh Lord, I'm holding tight, but
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