

The Rip

Portishead

As she walks in the room,
Scented and tall,
Hesitating once more.
And as I take on myself,
And the bitterness I felt,
Realise that love lost well. White horses,
They will take me away,
And my tenderness I feel,
Will send the dark underneath,
Will I follow?
Through the glory of life,
I will scatter on the floor,
Disappointed and sore.
And in my thoughts I have bled,
For the riddles I've been fed,
Another line is over-oh. White horses,
They will take me away,
And my tenderness I feel,
Will send the dark underneath,
Will I follow?
White horses,
They will take me away,
And my tenderness I feel,
Will send the dark underneath,
Will I follow?

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