

# 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  
I realise that love flows

Wild, white horses  
They will take me away  
And the 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 lie moves over

Wild, white horses  
They will take me away  
And the tenderness I feel  
Will send the dark underneath  
Will I follow?

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