

Horse

Stiltskin

See me shed in my mind as I leave to find the circles
With the gilded tongue of the eldest son I ask her
And I inch a smile as I take a mile from their longings
And they from a chain in the fleeting rain as I leave them
I don't want to be responsible
Look at me now in my real skin
Made a vow my real skin
Shed it now keep coming in
Here for now in my real skin
I saw a picture frame tied to a horse
I saw the crystal night out on the concourse
And the ancient trees of the bended knees will fracture
And we double take an empty wake and leave them
I don't want to be responsible

'round and round and round and round
Round and round and round and round'
I don't want to be responsible
I don't want to be respoonsible
Look at me now
Look at me now