Bishop Briggs, Wild Horses

You hold me down in the best way
No quarter from these chains that I slapped on my heart for a feeling
Why can’t I let my demons lie?
Keep screaming into the pillow
Cause your touch still gets me stupid high
Oh glory I’m a believer
Oh glory I’m a try
But
Wild Horses
Wild Horses
Wild Horses
Run faster, run faster, run faster
Wild Horses
Run faster, run faster, run faster
You caught my truth in the worst way
Through the dirty lens of a broken smile
And I swear I’m not a pretender
Sometimes it’s love who’s the biggest liar
So I’ll keep on damning the devil
And you’ll keep on saying it’s alright
Oh glory I’m a believer
Oh lord I’m holding tight
But
Wild Horses
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Run faster, run faster, run faster
Wild Horses
Run faster, run faster, run faster
So I’ll keep on damning the devil and you’ll keep on saying it’s alright
Oh glory I’m a believer
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