

Sunset Rubdown, Stallion

Stallion, step away.
Saddle up the width of an age.
I'm good where I am, I am good where I am, Stallion.

Write off stray gold from the list I hold.
And I wrote off all the gold from the list you hold.
I'll be the grave with no name on the stone, Stallion.

And fight for your right to hate the night.
Children sing like a choir with no taste for the wine.
And the time-minding gong, when the chiding eye falls upon you, you.

First fall of light on the counterfeit ring lightens other things, some unknown gold
The balancing of rider and steed can't beat upon you, you.

Stallion, step away.
Saddle up the width of an age.
I'm good where I am, I am good where I am.
Oh, I got where I am. Oh, I got where I am.
And you have to flex those muscles on the stage, master.
Wait a second, step away, step away. Saddle up the width of an age.
Roll off the prospective bull in my way
Stallion, step away.

Father your glees in the trees, can't be from you.