

# War Horses (Acoustic)

## Crooked Fingers

Holding hands at the border  
Found it hard to let you go  
You found easy crossing over that road on your own terms  
You guard your love like a burden  
A memory's a heavy load  
It's hard to keep it trouble rolling along as the time tells  
Slowly on[solo]Bracing for all hell, for the sound of a hammer down  
My breaks in the armor, far too weak now to turn around  
Bracing for all hell, for the sentry to shoot us down  
My breaks in the armor, it's too much for us to turn back now  
Much too much for us to turn back now  
Much too much for us to turn back now  
Much too much for us to turn back now  
Much too much for us to turn back now

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