On Horseback

Eileen Ivers

I like beer, and I like cheese
I like the smell of a westerly breeze
What I like more than all of these
Is to be on horsebackHey, and away we go
Through the grass, across the snow
Big brown beasties, big brown face
I'd rather be with you than flying through spaceI like thunder and I like rain
And open fires, roaring flames
But if the thunder's in my brain
I'd like to be on horsebackSome like the city, some the noise
Some make chaos, and others, toys
But if I was to have the choice
I'd rather be on horsebackHey, and away we go
Through the grass, across the snow
Big brown beasties, big brown face
I'd rather be with you than flying through spaceSome find it strange to be here
On this small planet, and who knows where
But when it's strange and full of fear
It's nice to be on horsebackSome are short and others tall
Some hit their heads against the wall
But it doesn't really matter at all
When you happen to be on horsebackHey, and away we go
Through the grass, across the snow
Big brown beasties, big brown face
I'd rather be with you than flying through spaceSo if you you feel a little glum
To Hergest Ridge you should come
In summer, winter, rain or sun
It's good to be on horseback, hmphHey, and away we go
Through the grass, across the snow
Big brown beasties, big brown face
I'd rather be with you than flying through spaceHey, and away we go
Through the grass, across the snow
Big brown beasties, big brown face
I'd rather be with you than flying through space
I'd rather be on horseback

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