

Horse and Cart

Angus & Julia Stone

The moon has blocked the sun
That I havent seen for days
It walks the street as the chimneys burn
Ill drink some beer as to find my wayMy way home, my way home
My way home, my way homeThe streets were made for horse and cart
They talk to mine behind close doors
Stood in the rain to feel the part
This maze I stand of concrete wallsMy way home, my way home
My way home, my way homeSuspicious corpse without a face
The screen lights a hidden dim
This black hawk cant find its place
Through the night we swimMy way home, my way home
My way home, my way home

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