

War Horses

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 memorys a heavy load

Its 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, its 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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