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 termsYou 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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