

## Horse and Cart

Angus & Julia Stone

The moon has blocked the sun.  
That I haven't seen for days.  
It walks the street as the chimneys burn.  
I'll drink some beers as I find my way

My way home [4x]

Th 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 walls

My way home [4x]

Suspicious corpse without a face,  
the screen lights a hidden dim.

This black hawk can't find its place,  
through the night we swim.

My way home [4x]