

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]