

Hooves

Bowerbirds

Back to when I was born on a full moon,
I nearly split my mama in two,
While she held me proud I had the thought:
Well, there's no one more beautiful than you.
Ahhhhh ahhhhhhh
And you're the kindlin' still that burns below my heart,
And you're the hooves that lead me through the forest.
Ahhhhh ahhhhhhh
And you're the kindlin' still that burns below my heart,
You're the memory now that lives across the world,
While the wind howls low and tries to steal my hours,
You're the hooves that lead me through the forest.