

# The Horse Life

Maria McKee

The horse life, open on the fields  
And this boy's life, pocket full of eels  
I remember him, I remember him  
Muddy boots and, oh, so easy with our sin

And the horse life, he took me to the stable  
And this boy's life, to take me when he's able  
I remember him  
    (Woah, woah)  
I remember him  
    (Woah, woah)  
In November warm breath against my skin

And the horse life

We were never bored, huddle in the forge  
And shoes sputter in the furnace

And the horse life, to smell it on my clothes  
And this boy's life, thought of him when I'm alone  
I remember him  
    (Woah, woah)  
I remember him  
    (Woah, woah)  
And I'm getting old, woah, woah, woah

And the birch-born wind takes me home again  
And he's ready in the breeze, he's, woah, woah, woah

And the horse life, buttons on my jeans  
And this boy's life, our parents made a scene  
I remember him, I remember him  
Rollin' up our sleeves, woah, woah, woah, fifteen

The horse life  
Woah, woah, woah and the horse life  
The horse life  
Woah, woah, woah and the horse life  
The horse life