

# The Horn

Midlake

I wear the wrongs of the common man  
Lying far from everyone and far from rest  
Lords of song who play for kings  
Will play for servants and those they meet  
With joyful mastery for those who have ears  
So blow the horn, the horn for common men  
Not to end, fill the air

Long the rains have poured upon men  
with cruel unsteady minds I am one  
Leave the worried souls with fewer things  
Make the evening rise through the  
Trouble and the fear  
Forever sounds the horn for all to hear

I wear the reins of the common man  
Being led from mother's arm towards the end  
Dance you fools under the sun  
While laughter grows and everyone  
Shares in the same thing I mean to join you  
So blow the horn, the horn for common men  
Not to end, fill the air