

On Horseback

Mike Oldfield

I like beer, and I like cheese
I like the smell of a westerly breeze
But what I like more than all of these
Is to be on horseback.

Hey and away we go
Through the grass, across the snow
Big brown beastie, big brown face
I'd rather be with you than flying through space.

I like thunder, and I like rain
And open fires, and roaring flames.
But if the thunder's in my brain,
I'd like to be on horseback.

Some like the city, some the noise
Some make chaos, and others, toys.
But if I was to have the choice,
I'd rather be on horseback.

Hey and away we go
Through the grass, across the snow
Big brown beastie, big brown face
I'd rather be with you than flying through space.

Some find it strange to be here,
On this small planet, and who knows where.
But when it's strange and full of fear,
It's nice to be on horseback.

Some are short, and others tall,
Some hit their heads against the wall.
But it doesn't really matter at all,
When you happen to be on horseback.

Hey and away we go
Through the grass, across the snow
Big brown beastie, big brown face
I'd rather be with you than flying through space.

So if you you feel a little glum,
To Hergest Ridge you should come.
In summer, winter, rain or sun,
It's good to be on horseback.
Hm!

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Tištěno z www.txp.cz
I'd rather be on horseback.

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