

My Lovely Horse

The Divine Comedy

My lovely horse, running through the field
Where are you going, with your fetlocks blowing in the wind?

I want to shower you with sugar lumps, and ride you over fences
Polish your hooves every single day, and bring you to the horse
dentist

My lovely horse, you're a pony no more
Running around with a man on your back, like a train in the night...