

Angus & Julia Stone, Horse And Cart

The moon has blocked the sun.
That I havent seen for days.
It walks the street as the chimneys burn.
Ill drink some beers as I find my way
My way home (x4)
Th streets were made for horse and cart;
they talk to mine behind close doors.
Stood in the rain to feel the part
This maze I stand of concrete walls
My way home (x4)
Suspicious corpse without a face,
the screen lights a hidden dim.
This black hawk cant find its place,
through the night we swim.
My way home (x4)