

# 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)