

Angus & Julia Stone, Horse & Cart

The moon has blocked the sun
That I haven't seen for days
It walks the street as the chimneys burn
I'll drink some beers as I find my own way
My way home, my way home
My way home, my way home
The streets were made for horse and cart
When you talk talk to mine behind closed doors
Stood in the rain to feel apart
This maze I stand of concrete walls

My way home, my way home
My way home, my way home
Suspicious corpse without a face
The screen lights, a hidden dim
This black hawk can't find its place
Through the night we swim
My way home, my way home
My way home, my way home