

Maria McKee, The Horse Life

The horse life, open on the fields
And this boy's life, pocket full of eels
I remember him, I remember him
Muddy boots and, oh, so easy with our sin

And the horse life, he took me to the stable
And this boy's life, to take me when he's able
I remember him
(Woah, woah)
I remember him
(Woah, woah)
In November warm breath against my skin

And the horse life

We were never bored, huddle in the forge
And shoes sputter in the furnace

And the horse life, to smell it on my clothes
And this boy's life, thought of him when I'm alone
I remember him
(Woah, woah)
I remember him
(Woah, woah)
And I'm getting old, woah, woah, woah

And the birch-born wind takes me home again
And he's ready in the breeze, he's, woah, woah, woah

And the horse life, buttons on my jeans
And this boy's life, our parents made a scene
I remember him, I remember him
Rollin' up our sleeves, woah, woah, woah, fifteen

The horse life
Woah, woah, woah and the horse life
The horse life
Woah, woah, woah and the horse life
The horse life