

The Divine Comedy, My Lovely Horse

(Chorus)

My lovely, lovely, lovely horse

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

(Chorus)

My lovely, lovely, lovely horse

My lovely horse
You're a pony no more
Running around
With a man on your back
Like a train in the night, yeah
Like a train in the night ...

(Sax solo)