## 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)