

Magic Horse

Françoise Hardy

Up above where all is silent, on my magic horse I fly
Where the phoenix burns so brightly to the place above the sky
Higher, higher, higher in the sky, faster, faster, faster we must fly

In the crying wind I hear you calling me from way up high
Magic horse fly to the sunshine, take me there before I die
Higher, higher, higher in the sky, faster, faster, faster we must fly

Down below the dark is creeping, on the wings of night I ride
While the sun is softly sleeping, magic horse take me on high
Higher, higher, higher in the sky, faster, faster, faster we must fly

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Higher, higher, higher in the sky, faster, faster, faster we must fly