

# Horses

Rob Baird

All of the horses  
Know any better  
They take to running  
They always come home  
All of the horses  
They stick together  
They take a liking  
Won't leave you away long  
Smile when they're crying  
Don't think before loving  
Stand when they're sleeping  
And trust they won't fall

Oh when will I go flying?  
Oh when will I let go?

All of the horses  
Blind to the troubles  
There in the saddles

All of the horses  
Graceful comes easy  
Come out to thunder  
Grateful for sun  
Bask in the freedom  
With nothing to stop them  
Aching and wisdom  
They always come home

Oh when will I go flying?  
Oh when will I let go?

Oh when will I go flying?  
Oh when will I let go?

Oh when will I ride?

Oh when will I go flying?  
Oh when will I let go?

Oh when will I go flying?  
Oh when will I let go?

Oh when will I ride?

Oh when will I go flying?  
Oh when will I ride?