

## Coach And Horses

The Fall

I looked through the 1860's window pane  
I see coaches and horses moving around in the slashing rain  
No fun

Coaches and horses movin' around  
Coaches and horses movin' around

I go down and swear in every inn  
I need the enter no service for you  
I swear

The coaches and horses move around  
I followed it into the late for delivery  
Coaches and horses had their plumes on again  
They say you can't come in, your coat infused  
I swear to you everything I enter refused  
They say no chemicals have been invented yet  
In the 1860's again