

Kate Rusby

"Poor Old Horse"

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We've got a poor old horse,
He's standing at your door,
And if you'll only let him in,
He'll greet you all I'm sure,
He'll greet you all I'm sure.

He'll greet you all I'm sure,
He'll greet you all I'm sure.

Now that He's grown old
And nature doth decay,
My master frowns upon him now,
These words I've heard him say,
These words I've heard him say.

These words I've heard him say,
These words I've heard him say.

Now that he's grown old
And scarcely can he crawl,
He's forced to eat the coarsest grass,
That grows against the wall,
That grows against the wall.

That grows against the wall,
It grows against the wall.

This poor horse was once young,
And in his youthful prime,
My master used to ride on him,
He thought him very fine,
He thought him very fine.

He thought him very fine,
He thought him very fine.

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