

The Battlefield Band

"The Last Trip Home"

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A've aye worked on farms an frae the start
The muckle horses won my heart
Wi big broad backs they proudly stand
The uncrowned kings o' a' the land
And yet for a' their power and strength
They're as gentle as a summer's wind

Chorus (after each verse):
So steady, boys, walk on
Oor work is nearly done
Nor more we'll till or plough the fields
The horses' day is gone
An' this will be our last trip home
So steady, boys, walk on

Now you'll hear men sing their songs of praise
Of Arab stallions in a race
Or hunters that fly wi' the hounds
Tae chase the fox and run him down
But none o' them compare, I vow
Tae a workin' pair that pulls a plough

And a' the years I've plied my trade
And a' the fields we've ploughed and laid
I never thought I'd see the time
When a Clydesdale's work wid ever end
But progress runs its driven course
And tractors hae replaced the horse

As we head back, oor friends have lined
The road tae be there one last time
For nane of them would want tae miss
The chance tae see us pass like this
They'll say they saw in years tae come
The muckle horses' last trip home

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