

A Horse Called Music

High on a mountain in western Montana
A silhouette moves 'cross a cinnamon sky
Riding alone on a horse he called Music
With a song on his lips, and a tear in his eye

And he dreams of a time, and a lady that loved him
And how he would sing her sweet lullabies
But we don't ever ask him
And he never talks about her
I guess it's better to just let it slide

But he sang "ooh" to the ladies
And ooh, he made some sigh
Now he rides away on a horse he called Music
With a pain in his heart and a tear in his eye

He rode the Music from Boston to Bozeman
For not too much money, but way too much ride
But those were the days when a horse he called Music
Could jump through the moon and sail across the sky

Now all that's left is a time worn old cowboy
With nothin' more than the sweet by-and-by
And trailing along, is a horse with no rider
A horse he called memories, that she used to ride

And he sang "ooh" to the ladies
And ooh, he made 'em damn near lay down and die
Now he rides away on a horse he called Music
With a pain in his heart and a tear in his eyes

High on a mountain in western Montana
Two crosses cut, through a cinnamon sky
Marking the place where a horse he called Music
Lays with a cowboy in the sweet by-and-by...