

A Horse Called Music

Willie Nelson (1989)

High on a mountain on Western Montana,
Silhouette moves 'cross a cinnamon sky.
Riding along on a horse he called Music
With a song on his lips, and a tear in his eye.

He dreams of a time and a lady who 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 just better that we all let it slide.

And he sings "ooh" to the ladies, and ooh, he makes them sigh.
Then he rides away on a horse he called Music,
With a pain in his heart, and a tear in his eye.

Now he rode the Music from Boston to Bozeman,
For not too much money, but way to 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 an old time-worn cowboy,
with nothing more than the sweet by-and-by.
And trailing behind is a horse with no rider,
A horse he calls Memories, that she used to ride.

And he sang "ooh" to the ladies, and ooh,
he near made some fall right down and die.
Now he rides away on a horse he called Music,
With a pain in his heart, and a tear in his eye.

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