A Horse Called Music   Willie Nelson (1989)

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D                        G         D
High on a mountain on Western Montana,
Bm                                  A7
silhouette moves 'cross a cinnamon sky.
D      Bm     G              D
Riding along on a horse he called Music
Bm                    A7                    D
With a song on his lips,     and a tear in his eye.


            Bm        G         D
He dreams of a time and a lady who loved him,
Bm                                  A7
And how he would sing her sweet lullabies.
D               Bm              G           D
But we don't ever ask him, and he never talks about her.
Bm                          A7          D
I guess it's just better that we all let it slide.



            G            D        G                  D
And he sings "ooh" to the ladies, and ooh, he makes them sigh.
               Bm        G            G
Then he rides away on a horse he called Music,
D              Bm          A7        D
With a pain in his heart, and a tear in his eye.



               G           D
Now he rode the Music from Boston to Bozeman,
Bm                                  A7
For not too much money, but way to much ride.
D               Bm            G             D
But those were the days when a horse he called Music
                      Bm        A7             D
Could jump through the moon and sail across the sky.
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                 G           D
Now all that's left is an old time-worn cowboy,
Bm                        A7          D
with nothing more than the sweet by-and-by.
            Bm      G           D
And trailing behind is a horse with no rider,
               Bm          A7         D
A horse he calls Memories, that she used to ride.


            G           D       G
And he sang "ooh" to the ladies, and ooh,
                                 D
he near made some fall right down and die.
              Bm      G           G
Now he rides away on a horse he called Music,
D               Bm          A7        D
With a pain in his heart, and a tear in his eye.


D                     G           D
High on a mountain on Western Montana,
Bm                             A7
Two crosses cut through a cinnamon sky.
D        Bm         G            D
Marking the place where a horse he called Music
Bm               A7                    D
Lay with a cowboy,    in the sweet by-and-by.
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