

## Randy Travis

### "A Horse Called Music"

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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

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  
Guess it is better to just let it slide

But 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 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 a time-old worn cowboy  
With nothin' 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 damn 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 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...

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