

Willie Nelson

"Horse Called Music"

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Revolutions Of Time- The Journey 1975-1993
Disc 3

High on a mountain in western Montana
A silhouette moves cross a cinnamon sky
Ridin' 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 that loved him
and how he would sing her sweet lullaby's
but we don't ever ask him, and he never talks about her
I guess its just better that we all let it slide

And he sings Oooh to the ladies
and Oooh he makes 'em sigh
Now he rides away on a horse he calls 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, and way too much ride

But those were the days when a horse he called Music
Could jump through the moon and fly across the sky

Now all that's left is a old time worn cowboy
With only his dreams of the days long gone bye
And trailin behind is a horse with no rider
A horse he calls Memories that she used to ride

But he sang Oooh to the ladies
and Oooh 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 a place where a horse he called Music
Lays with a cowboy there bye his side

