

Jonathan Brandmeier "Horse With No Legs"

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(Jonathon Brandmeier/Dewey Bunnell)
(To the tune of "A Horse with No Name")
On the first part of the journey
I was looking at a bizarre kill
there were hoofs and limbs horse smell everywhere
At Fortyith and Union Hills
The first thing I met was a humane man
Who said he couldn't figure this mess out
Some said it was kids, low-rider ponies, or a strange
religious cult

CHORUS

Somewhere in the desert
There's a horse with no legs
Who is going through a lot of pain
Some crazy loon just sawed off his limbs
And there ain't no way to get them back again
La la la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la la
After three days in the desert sun
The legs began to turn red
A circle was formed
Four legs pointed north
Was it the work of some cult bonehead?
To think of horses with stumps
With bellies dragged on the ground
Made me sad to think they were dead

CHORUS

After nine days we still don't know what to think
And we haven't even got a clue
The horses don't have a leg to stand on
They'll just turn 'em into Elmer's Glue
Now the first thing we met was a humane man
Who said he couldn't figure this mess out
Some said it was kids, low-rider ponies, or a strange
religious cult

CHORUS

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