Horse Called Music

Randy Travis

High on a mountain in western Montana
A silouette moves cross a cinammon sky
Ridin' along on a horse he called Music
With a song on his lips, and a tear in his eyeHe dreams of a time, and a lady that loved him
and how he would sing her sweet lullabye's
but we dont ever ask him, and he never talks about her
I guess its just better that we just let it slideAnd 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 eyeHe rode the Music from Boston to Bozeman
For not too much money, ha, but way too much ride
But those were the days when a horse he called Music
Could jump through the moon and scale across the skyNow all thats left is a time old worn cowboy
With nothing more than the sweet by and by
And trailin behind is a horse with no rider
A horse he calls Memories that she used to rideAnd 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 eyeHigh on a mountain in western Montana
Two crosses cut through a cinammon sky
Marking a place where a horse he called Music
Lays with a cowboy in the sweet by and by

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