

Eagles And Horses

John Denver

Horses are creatures who worship the earth
They gallop on feet of ivory
Constrained by the wonder of dying and birth
The horses still run they are free
My body is merely the shell of my soul
But the flesh must be given its due
Like a pony that carries its rider back home
Like an old friend that's tried and been true

I had a vision of eagles and horses
High on a ridge in a race with the wind
Going higher and higher and faster and faster
On eagles and horses I'm flying again,

Eagles inhabit the heavenly heights
They know neither limit nor bound
They're the guardian angels of darkness and light
They see all and hear every sound
My spirit will never be broken or caught
For the soul is a free-flying thing
Like an eagle that needs neither comfort nor thought
To rise up on glorious wings

I had a vision of eagles and horses
High on a ridge in a race with the wind
Going higher and higher and faster and faster
On eagles and horses I'm flying again,
I'm flying again, I'm flying again

My body is merely the shell of my soul
But the flesh must be given its due
Like a pony that carries its master back home
Like an old friend that's tried and been true
My spirit will never be broken or caught
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written by DENVER, JOHN / HENRY, JOE

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