

# A Horse Called Music

[Randy Travis](#)

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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