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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