

Eagles and Horses

John Denver

Horses are creatures who worship the earth as 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.

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 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.