

# Horse Called Music

Randy Travis

High on a mountain in western Montana  
A silhouette moves cross a cinammon sky  
Ridin' along 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 lullabye's  
but we dont ever ask him, and he never talks about her  
I guess its just better that we just let it slide

And 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 eye

He 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 sky

Now 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 ride

And 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 eye

High 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