Willie Nelson, Horse Called Music

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 lullables 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...