

# Brandmeier Jonathon, Horse With No Legs

(Jonathon Brandmeier/Dewey Bunnell)

(To the tune of "A Horse with No Name")

On the first part of the journey

I was looking at a bizarre kill

there were hoofs and limbs horse smell everywhere

At Fortyith and Union Hills

The first thing I met was a humane man

Who said he couldn't figure this mess out

Some said it was kids, low-rider ponies, or a strange religious cult

CHORUS

Somewhere in the desert

There's a horse with no legs

Who is going through a lot of pain

Some crazy loon just sawed off his limbs

And there ain't no way to get them back again

La la la la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la la la la

After three days in the desert sun

The legs began to turn red

A circle was formed

Four legs pointed north

Was it the work of some cult bonehead?

To think of horses with stumps

With bellies dragged on the ground

Made me sad to thiink they were dead

CHORUS

After nine days we still don't know what to think

And we haven't even got a clue

The horses don't have a leg to stand on

They'll just turn 'em into Elmer's Glue

Now the first thing we met was a humane man

Who said he couldn't figure this mess out

Some said it was kids, low-rider ponies, or a strange religious cult

CHORUS

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