

# John Denver, Eagles & Horses

Horses are creatures who worship the earth  
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

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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  
Flying again, I'm flying again

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

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Words and music by John Denver and Joe Henry