

# Randy Travis, Horse Called Music

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

chorus:

And he sings Oooh to the ladies  
and Oooh he makes 'em sigh  
Then he rides away on a horse he calls Music  
With a pain in his heart, and a tear in his eye  
Now he rode the Music from Boston to Bozman  
For not too much money, and way too much ride  
But those were the days when a horse he called Music  
Could jump through the moon and fly across the sky  
Now all thats left is an old time worn cowboy  
With only his dreams of the days long gone by  
And trailin behind is a horse with no rider  
A horse he calls Memories that she used to ride

Chorus

High on a mountain in western Montana  
Two crossed cut through a cinammon sky  
Marking the place where a horse he called Music  
Lays with a cowboy there by his side