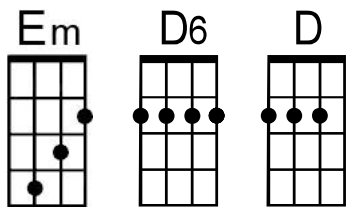


# A Horse with No Name

By Dewey Bunnell (America-1971)



**Intro:** Em . . . | D6 . . . | Em . . . | D6 . . . | . . .

. | Em . . . | D6 . . . | Em . . . | D6 . . .  
On the first part of the journey, I was lookin' at all the life

. | Em . . . | D6 . . . | Em . . . | D6 . . . |  
There were plants and birds and rocks and things, there were sand and hills and rings.

. | Em . . . | D6 . . . | Em . . . | D6 . . .  
The first thing I met was a fly with a buzz and the sky— with no clouds.

. | Em . . . | D6 . . . | Em . . . | D6 . . .  
The heat was hot and the ground was dry but the air was full of sound.

. | Em . . . | D . . .  
**Chorus:** I've been through the desert on a horse with no name

. | Em . . . | D . . .  
It felt good to be out of the rain

. | Em . . . | D . . .  
In the desert you can re-member your name

. | Em . . . | D . . .  
'cuz there ain't no one for to give you no pain

. | Em . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | D . . .  
la La— la— la-la-la la la la-la la— la— la

. | Em . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | D . . .  
la La— la— la-la-la la la la-la la— la— la

. | Em . . . | D6 . . . | Em . . . | D6 . . .  
After two days— in the des-ert sun my skin be—gan to turn red.

. | Em . . . | D6 . . . | Em . . . | D6 . . .  
After three days— in the des-ert fun I was looking at a riv—er bed.

. | Em . . . | D6 . . . | Em . . . | D6 . . .  
And the story it told a-bout a river that flowed made me sad to think it was dead

. | Em . . . | D . . .  
**Chorus:** You see, I've been through the desert on a horse with no name

. | Em . . . | D . . .  
It felt good to be out of the rain

. | Em . . . | D . . .  
In the desert you can re-member your name

. | Em . . . | D . . . |  
'cuz there ain't no one for to give you no pain

. |Em . . . |D . . . |Em . . . |D . . .  
la La— la— la-la-la la la la-la la— la— la

. |Em . . . |D . . . |Em . . . |D . . .  
la La— la— la-la-la la la la-la la— la— la

**Instrumental:** Em . . . |D6 . . . |Em . . . |D6 . . . |  
Em . . . |D6 . . . |Em . . . |D6 . . .

. |Em . . . |D6 . . . |Em . . . |D6 . . .  
After nine days—, I let the horse run free 'cuz the desert had turned to sea.

. |Em . . . |D6 . . . |Em . . . |D6 . . .  
There were plants and birds and rocks and things, there were sand and hills and rings.

. |Em . . . |D6 . . . |Em . . . |D6 . . .  
The ocean is a desert with its life un-der-ground and the perfect dis-guise a-bove

. |Em . . . |D6 . . . |Em . . . |D6 . . .  
Un-der the cities, lies a heart made of ground but the humans will give no love.

. |Em . . . |D . . .  
**Chorus:** You see, I've been through the desert on a horse with no name

. |Em . . . |D . . .  
It felt good to be out of the rain

. |Em . . . |D . . .  
In the desert you can re-member your name

. |Em . . . |D . . . |  
'cuz there ain't no one for to give you no pain

. |Em . . . |D . . . |Em . . . |D . . .  
la La— la— la-la-la la la la-la la— la— la

. |Em . . . |D . . . |Em . . . |D . . .  
la La— la— la-la-la la la la-la la— la— la

. |Em . . . |D . . . |Em . . . |D\  
(slower) la La— la— la-la-la la la la-la la— la— laaaa