A Horse with No Name
By Dewey Bunnell (America-1971)

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

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

There were plants and birds and rocks and things, there were sand and hills and rings.
The first thing I met was a fly with a buzz and the sky— with no clouds.
The heat was hot and the ground was dry but the air was full of sound.

Chorus:  I've been through the desert on a horse with no name

It felt good to be out of the rain

In the desert you can re-member your name

'cuz there ain't no one for to give you no pain

After two days— in the desert sun my skin be-gan to turn red.

After three days— in the desert fun I was looking at a river bed.

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

Chorus:  You see, I've been through the desert on a horse with no name

It felt good to be out of the rain

In the desert you can re-member your name

'cuz there ain't no one for to give you no pain
After nine days—, I let the horse run free ‘cuz the desert had turned to sea.

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

The ocean is a desert with its life un-der-ground and the perfect dis–guise a–bove

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

Chorus: You see, I’ve been through the desert on a horse with no name

It felt good to be out of the rain

In the desert you can re-member your name

‘cuz there ain’t no one for to give you no pain

(slower) la La— la— la-la-la la la la-la la— la— la

San Jose Ukulele Club
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