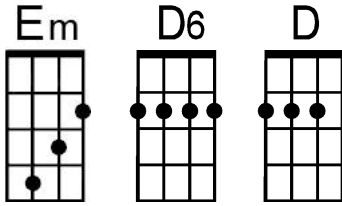


# A Horse with No Name

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 was 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—

**Chorus:** . | Em . . . | D . . .  
 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 . .  
 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