
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.
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.

|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 . . . . |D6 . . . . |Em . . . . |D6 . . .
la La— la— la-la la la la-la la la—
la La— la— la-la la la la-la la la—

After two days—in the desert sun my skin began to turn red.
After three days—in the desert fun I was looking at a river bed.
And the story it told about 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 . . . . . . D6 . . . . . Em . . . . . D6 . .
la La— la— la-la la la la-la la— la— la—

Em . . . . . . D6 . . . . . Em . . . . . D6 . .
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-guis-e a-bove

Em . . . . . . D6 . . . . . Em . . . . . D6 . .
Under 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 . . . . . . D6 . . . . . Em . . . . . D6 . .
la La— la— la-la la la la-la la— la— la—

Em . . . . . . D6 . . . . . Em . . . . . D6 . .
la La— la— la-la la la la-la la— la— la—

Em . . . . . . D6 . . . . . Em . . . . . D6 . .
la La— la— la-la la la la-la la— la— la—

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