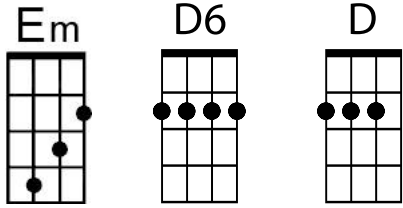# A Horse with No Name
By Dewey Bunnell (America-1971)

Em    D6    D

*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.

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                      .   |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
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San Jose Ukulele Club
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