

Flying Red Horse

John Gorka

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#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
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From: Darrel Huish

Flying Red Horse by John Gorka (capo 2nd fret)

C **G**
The flying red horse from the gasoline wars
F **C** **G**
Took off from her station in the sun
C **G**
Turning her back on the pack at the pump
F **G** **C**
She jumped down from the sign to run
Am **G** **F** **G**
Full serve attendants were spilling their hoses
Am **G** **F** (**G**)
Self-serve was doing the same
Am **G** **F** **G**
The manager dialed the emergency numbers
Am **G** **F**
Insurance man won t take the claim

The sight of a horse crossing highways is frightening
But not with the breed that can fly
She s risen up to the level of oak trees
Too low for the radar man s eyes

I am not much of a joiner she says
That s not where I draw my strength
Some of the go for the depth of field
While most of them go for the length

Me I will go for the hard combination
Cause I have some need to belong
But I m leaving this unkind of sign life behind me
I ll take what is mine and be gone

If you see something red flash across the horizon
It s not that your eyes aren t right
She s taking her place with the red-tailed hawks
And the broad winged birds in flight

The flying red horse from the ruby red north
Took off from her station to the south
And I swear to you that this story is true
I heard it right from her mouth

They think they can tame you, name you and frame you
Aim you where you don't belong
They know where you've been but not where you're going
And that is the source of the songs (hum tune and fade)

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