

**Flying Red Horse**

**John Gorka**

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
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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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