

## Horse Head Fiddle

16 Horsepower

I look for him in everywhere  
In everywhere I found him not  
Exhausted I sleep in steppe

In the dream my gray horse spoke to me  
Find me neath the killing cliff  
Find me neath the killing cliff

Hang my skull on the old larch tree  
Carve from its wood a two string fiddle  
Cover over with the skin of my face  
String my hair down the neck in place

Weave together anger and grief  
Bow down bow down and sing  
I will return through you

Strong and gray on mountain high  
His black and white faces go running by

Strong and gray on mountain high  
He come with herd black faces wild