

Gaither Drake "White Palomino"

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He rode into town on a bright painted pony, tied up at
the only saloon
Put a buck on the bar for a beer and a whiskey
When a girl caught his eye from the back of the room
'Twas a lovely young thing with dark hair curled in rings
And a song she was singing so sweet
From the depths of her soul, but no one was listening
So she hung down her head and went back on the
street
And she mounted the saddle of a white palomino
And slowly did ride her away
As he watched her ride into a golden dusk sunset
He swore to himself that he'd find her some day

In the blink of an eye ten years had gone by
But he'd never forgotten her face
He rode all around to every small town
Day after day, searching place after place
On a cold winter's night in north Arizona
He rode past another saloon
Tied up at the post was a white palomino
And through a crack in the window he heard the same
tune
Got off of his pony and he went through the doorway
And gazed at her face in the light
And he knew in that moment his journey had ended
And he'd never again let her out of his sight

The years had been cruel to that lovely young lady
Her eyes had lost some of their shine
Her hair had gone silver, her waist had got thicker
But the cowboy still loved her and he didn't mind
Her song was still sweet and his life was complete
When he heard that girl sing it once more
He offered his hand and just like he'd planned
Picked up and carried her out of the door
On a bright painted pony and a white palomino
Two lovers rode into the night
And if you listen real careful as you pass the Grand
Canyon
You can still hear her singing through the warm
evening light

On a bright painted pony and a white palomino
Two lovers rode into the night

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