

Brenn Hill "Nighthorse"

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Well it's hard to find a night horse
That one sure-footed right horse
To ride a cowboy safely through the dark
The finest one I ever rode
Was a short-leg bay named Little Joe
When I signed on with this outfit in South Park
Well the night was still and the moon went down
Through the herd there was not a sound
That's the time an old hand knows a cow might run
Sure enough they jumped and ran
Went crashin' through the smooth strand
And twenty buckaroos knew what was to come

CHORUS:

They're runnin' boys, they're runnin'
You all go run along
Don't try to turn 'em back 'til they tire
Just let 'em run their course
Turn it over to your night horse
Let him bring you back on home to the fire

Well a lot of things that night happened
That later got us laughin'
'Though in the moment we were all strung out pretty
tight
Joe Petty thought a clump of chimeeza
Was a bedded down herd of cows
So he circled around 'em singin' 'til daylight
Then his night horse stolen by the cook
Old Bill Jim got set afoot
Cussin' out that cook as they rode away
But they didn't go far and they had a bad wreck
Bill's horse died of a broken neck
And the cook stumbled through the night in a daze

CHORUS

Well it's gopher holes and steep ravines
That in the night cannot be seen
So he must use somethin' other than his eyes
Whatever birds fly south on
I guess that's what he counts on

Little Joe could carry me through to sunrise

CHORUS

Just let 'em run their course
Turn it over to your night horse
Let him bring you back on home to the fire

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