

John Hiatt "Ride My Pony"

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Gray and chalky
Like my granddaddy's skin,
The sky was cold and lonely
And closin' in
All the trees look
Like stubble
On winter's chin
And I think
I'll ride my pony

There's a wreath of bone's
And ribbon hangin' on
My cabin door
Lusty appetites have ravaged
All of summer's stores
And the fear of death
Don't even come
To visit me no more
So I think I'll ride my pony

Ridin' someplace lonesome
Has no meaning
Ridin' somewhere
I ain't stayed to long
Ridin' down
A mountain side careening
Ridin' up some open cut
With fate my only song
I think I'll ride my pony

Well the horseman you might say
He is a slave to the Brute
But he loves that beast of burden
And there is no substitute
For the pleasure of his saddle
Or the leather of his boot
So I think I'll ride my pony

Had a girl in Dickson County
And we rode the Highland Rim
She kept my cabin warm in winter
And mended every hem

And I would have took her with me
But that trail never ends
So I think I'll ride my pony

Ridin' where spring
Comes up like roses
Wraps it's thorns
And petals 'round my mind
Ridin' somewhere
Only God supposes
I could ever dream
Of gettin' to,
From sneakin' up behind
I think I'll ride my pony

I think I'll ride my pony
I think I'll ride my pony

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