

Kasabian

"Saddle Boy"

Visit "[Saddle Boy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

TROUGH THE GREY FROSTY DAWN, EVERY COLD
WINTER'S MORN,
ROLLED THIS LAD FULL OF LIFE AND JOY.
EVERYDAY JUST THE SAME, DOWN THE ROAD WHERE
HE CAME,
HE WAS KNOWN AS THEIR OWN SADDLE BOY.
IN HIS YOUTH FREE FROM STRIFE, HE WAS CALLED
FROM THIS LIFE,
FROM THE SORROWS OF LIFE'S HIGHWAY.
HE WAS NEEDED ABOVE AT THE HOMESTEAD OF LOVE,
FOR THE LAST FINAL ROUND OF SOME DAY.
NOW THE SAD WILLOWS WAVE ON A COLD SILENT
GRAVE,
WHERE THE TALL GRASSES BEND AND BOW.
AND THE JACKASS'S LAUGH IS THE ONLY EPITAPH,
ON THE GRAVE OF THIS BRAVE SADDLE BOY.

AT THE SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE RISE, TEACHER
ALWAYS WATCHED THE SKIES,
FOR THE STORM CLOUD THAT GROWS LIKE THORN,
YOU'VE A LONG WAY HE SAID, SO YOU'D BETTER GO
AHEAD,
SADDLE UP SADDLE BOY RIDE FOR HOME.
HE HAD TEN MILES TO RIDE, THROUGH THE DARK
COUNTRYSIDE,
AS THE STORM ALL AROUND RAGED ON.
JUST ONE CREEK LEFT TO CROSS, STRUCK BY
DRIFTWOOD BOY & HORSE,
SWEEPED AWAY BY THAT MAD RAGING STORM.

AND THE LIGHTNING OVERHEAD, SHOWED THE LAST
SANDY BED,
WHERE THE BOY AND THE PONY LAY.
AN OLD BOUNDARY RIDER TROY, WAS THE ONE WHO
FOUND THE BOY,
AND WHO TOOK SADLY MESSAGE THE NEXT DAY.
AND THE OLD PEOPLE SAY, OF THE LONG NIGHTS IN
MAY,
WHEN THE WIND IN THE VALLEY ROAMS,
POUNING HOOF BEATS THAT SOUND, THROUGH THE
TALL TIMBER LAND, IS THEIR OWN

SADDLE BOY RIDING HOME.

Visit [Kasabian](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.