

Michael Murphey **"Wildfire"**

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She comes down from Yellow Mountain
On a dark, flat land she rides
On a pony she named, Wildfire
With a whirlwind by her side
On a cold Nebraska night

Oh, they say, she died one winter
When there came a killing frost
And the pony she named, Wildfire
Busted down it's stall
In a blizzard he was lost

She ran callin', Wildfire
She ran callin', Wildfire
She ran callin', Wildfire

By the dark of the moon, I planted
But there came an early snow
There's been a hoot-owl howling by my window now
For six nights in a row
She's coming for me, I know
And on Wildfire, we're both gonna go

We'll be riding, Wildfire
We'll be riding, Wildfire
We'll be riding, Wildfire

On Wildfire, we're gonna ride
We're gonna leave, sodbustin' behind
Get these hard times right on out of our minds
Riding Wildfire

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