

## **Corb Lund**

# **"She Won't Come To Me"**

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She rears her head as I approach  
Her nostrils flared with fear  
Her eyes are wide, her mane is flying  
She's pinning back her ears

CHORUS:

And she won't come to me  
She won't come to me  
She won't come to anyone  
Who's frightened to be free

She stiffens and she shivers and  
She wheels and lopes away  
Across the unfenced sections  
I won't catch that mare today

So as I roam the prairies for  
A chance to try again  
Behind me through the grasses drag  
The braided leather reins

CHORUS

She's broken well, her gait is sound  
She'll pack a man all day  
She's cowy and her mouth is good  
She'll pen your restless strays

CHORUS

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