

Michael Martin Murphey**"Runnin' Shadow"**

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Wise men spoke the vision
Of the spirit horses way
Like a saviour he has a mission
From the ashes of the plains
All the souls of mighty warriors
Are carried in his veins
All the hopes of ancient nations
Are flowing through his mane

And the spirit voices say
Never chase a running shadow
Underneath the midnight sky
Never chase a running shadow
You will ride till you die

From the badlands of Dakota
One lone rider came
To catch the restless spirit
They said could not be tamed

And he laughed at all the legends
He called their stories lies
He called it superstition
Foolish dreams of fading tries

And the spirit voices cry
Never chase a running shadow
Underneath the midnight sky
Never chase a running shadow
You will ride till you die

Over hills and through dark canyons
He chased the steel dust grey
But he could not catch the stallion
He could not break his pace
He persued the racing phantom
To the canyons edge

But running shadow jumped the chasm
Left the outlaw on the ledge

And the spirit voices say
Never chase a running shadow
Underneath the midnight sky
Never chase a running shadow
You will ride till you die

Never chase a running shadow
You will ride till you die

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