

## Pocket Full Of Rocks "Legend"

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Dark as night, cold and lonely, Rides the horse that's known as only Thunder Road.

Icy fingers hold the reins While hoofs come poundin' so insanely on and on

Eyes that dance like burnin' embers All the county still remembers who you are. Did she love you like they say? And did she really run away ond leave you here?

Ride the wind Tonight you'll find her there No more racin' With the damp night air

Down the road to Whitman's Crossing, Underneath the Widow's blossoms soft and green Covered by the crimson shawl, Hidden by the leaves that fall down to the ground Midnight comes and midnight goes, Inbetween the moonlight shadows veiled in tears.

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