

Tom T. Hall

"Running Wild"

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In the shadow of the saddle, running wild and running
free
In a herd of running mustangs there's a part of you and
me
Broken spirit broken promises make them fear the
sight of man
In the shadow of the saddle lives the wild horse,
bronco band

Call 'em cayuse, call 'em broncos ,call 'em mustangs,
call 'em free
In the shadow of the saddle, let them run, boys, let
them be

We have changed the land and water just to fit our
selfish needs
Now the shadow of the saddle falls across these
gallant steeds
Oh, the Spanish and the Indians gave them freedom in
the sun
In the name of God and nature, let them run boys, let
them run

Call 'em cayuse, call 'em broncos [unverified]

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