

Tracy Byrd

"Wild Fire"

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Wildfire

(Michael Martin Murphy/Larry Cansler)

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
And there came a killing frost
And the pony she named wildfire
Busted down his stall
And in a blizzard he was lost

She ran calling wildfire
Calling wildfire
Calling 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 with wildfire
Riding with wildfire
Riding with wildfire

On a wildfire we're gonna ride
We're gonna leave sod bustin' behind
Let these hard times right out if my mind
Riding wildfire
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