Bruce Springsteen, Silver Palomino

(A mother dies leaving her young son
to come to terms with the loss.
In remembrance of Fiona Chappel,
for her sons Tyler and Oliver.)

I was barely 13 years old
She came out of the Guadalupe's on a night so cold
Her coat was frosted diamonds in the sallow moon's glow
My silver palomino
Sixteen hands from her withers to the ground
I lie in bed and listen to the sound
Of the west Texas thunder roll
My silver palomino
I track her into the mountains she loved
Watch her from the rocks above
She'd dip her neck and drink from the winter flows
My silver palomino
Our mustaneros were the very best, sir
But they could never lay a rope on her
No corral will ever hold
The silver palomino

In my dreams bareback I ride
Over the pradera low and wide
As the wind sweeps out the draw
'Cross the scrub desert floor

I'd give my riata and spurs
If I could be forever yours
I'd ride into the serrania where no one goes
For my silver palomino
Summer drought come hard that year
Our herd grazed the land so bare
Me and my dad had to blowtorch the thorns off the prickly pear
And mother, your hand slipped from my hair

Tonight I wake early the sky is pearl, the stars aglow
I saddle up my red roan
I ride deep into the mountains along a ridge of pale stone
Where the air is still with the coming snow
As I rise higher I can smell your hair
The scent of your skin, mother, fills the air
'Midst the harsh scrub pine that grows
I watch the silver palomino