

# Chris LeDoux, Caballo Diablo

Wild as a coastal barranca swift as the wind blowing free  
With two eyes like fire brands that glow in the night  
Somewhere up there he's waiting for me  
And he knows that I'm coming' for him and I just can't rest till I find  
That raven black stallion that wears no man's brand with a wild restless spirit like mine  
They call him Caballo Diablo half-horse half-devil they say  
Caballo Diablo the outlaw up a top the Sierra Madre

Two men before tried to take him they had their chance one by one  
But each met his fate when those flashing' black hooves  
Brought death 'neath the Mexican sun  
Still I can't leave I must find him you fool of a horse can't you see  
Well I may be half man but the other half's devil and you're just exactly like me  
They call him Caballo Diablo...

Even the breezes stopped moving hush now be still  
Don't make a sound stay close to the ground cause he's waitin' just over that hill  
Downwind behind him move quickly do it fast now he's starting to stir  
Grab a handful of mane and up on to his back  
And start raking him down with your spurs  
But try as he will he can't shake me as over the precipice we go  
To shed the life blood of a horse and a man on the rocky sierra below  
They call him Caballo Diablo...