

Tracy Byrd, Wildfire

(Michael M. Murphey - Larry Cansler)

She comes down from Yellow Mountain
On the 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
When there came a killing frost
And the pony she named Wildfire he busted down his stall
And in a blizzard he was lost.

She went callin' Wildfire, callin' Wildfire, callin' Wildfire.

By the dark of the moon I planted
But there came an early snow
There's been a hoot owl howlin' 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 Wildfire, riding Wildfire, riding Wildfire/

On Wildfire we'll ride
we're gonna leave sodbustin' behind
Get these hard times right on out
Of our minds riding Wildfire...