

# Michael Martin Murphey, Wildfire

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  
When there came a killing frost  
And the pony she named Wildfire  
Busted down his stall  
In a blizzard he was lost

She ran calling Wildfire  
She ran calling Wildfire  
She ran calling 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  
She ran calling Wildfire  
She ran calling Wildfire

On Wildfire we're going to ride her  
We're gonna leave sod bustin' behind  
Get these hard times right on out of our minds  
Riding Wildfire