

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