

Michael Martin Murphy, 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 howling by my window now
For six nights in a row
She's coming for me I know
And on WildFire were both gonna go
We'll be riding WILDFIRE!
We'll be riding WILDFIRE!
We'll be riding WILDFIRE!

On WILDFIRE, were gonna ride,
Were gonna leave, sod bustin behind
Get these hard times right on out of our minds
Riding Wildfire!