

Poco, Legend

Dark as night, cold and lonely,
Rides the horse that's known as only Thunder Road.

Icy fingers hold the reins
While hoofs come poundin' so insanely on and on

Eyes that dance like burnin' embers
All the county still remembers who you are.
Did she love you like they say?
And did she really run away and leave you here?

Ride the wind

Tonight you'll find her there
No more racin'
With the damp night air

Down the road to Whitman's Crossing,
Underneath the Widow's blossoms soft and green
Covered by the crimson shawl,
Hidden by the leaves that fall down to the ground
Midnight comes and midnight goes,
Inbetween the moonlight shadows veiled in tears.