The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, High Horse

Get up on your high horse, woman
Get up on your high horse now
And get up on your high horse, woman
I'll make it up to you somehow

Moonlit shadow, she starts a trippin' firelight
Jumpin' the trees lyin' across the right of way
Silvery mornin' it glistens down the valley
But she don't stop 'til we ride the night away

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Blonde braids tangle at the misty break of mornin'
Catchin' light through a dusty window pane
Lost in lust, in denial of the warnin'
She digs her heels in this stallion's flank again

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Get up on your high horse, woman
You paid the price, you get to play
Get up on your high horse, woman
You're gonna ride to the break of day

To the break of day
To the break of day
To the break of day

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