

Tom T. Hall, Running Wild

In the shadow of the saddle running wild and running free
In a herd of running mustangs there's a part of you and me
Broken spirit broken promises make them fear the sight of man
In the shadow of the saddle lives the wild horse bronco band
Call 'em cayuse call 'em broncos call 'em mustangs call 'em free
In the shadow of the saddle let them run boys let them be
(harmonica)

We have changed the land and water just to fit our selfish needs
Now the shadow of the saddle falls across these galant steeds
Oh the Spanish and the Indians gave them freedom in the sun
In the name of God and Nature let them run boys let them run
Call 'em cayuse call 'em broncos...