

Albino, Pink Eyed Stallion

Rex Allen Sr.

In Arizona's desert lores a legend goes about a horse the champion of a lawless breed the favored one, the
Devil's steed
who by some strange chance was free.

That albino pink eyed stallion, born to the Devil in a lake of fire
Bred with an introvert desire and
His eyes at night are ablaze
With a burning fire...

At night in the canyon all alone I've heard the Devil call his own, and it made my blood stream freeze. But
pleading for his wayward steed is all in vain, vain indeed, for free he aims to be.

You drunks and gamblers laugh at me
You sweat for gold and spend it free
With eyes too blind to see.

You have no hopes, you have no gold, you have no dreams to ease your soul. And yet you laugh at me.

That albino pink-eyed stallion. Born to the Devil in a lake of fire
Bred with an introvert desire and
His eyes at night are ablaze
With a burning fire...

Without a gold, no man is whole. Without a dream there is no soul and stagnant he will be. I'll sleep by day, I'll
search by night, I'll not renounce my fight 'til he belongs to me.

That albino pink-eyed stallion. Born to the Devil in a lake of fire
Bred with an introvert desire and
His eyes at night are ablaze
With a burning fire...

Lyrics Submitted by Tammy Dishong

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