

# The Horse Nobody Could Ride

Joey + Rory

She was a wild young mustang, no bridle, no reigns,  
Full of fire and spirit inside.  
The last of a rare breed, born to run free,  
The horse nobody could rideA hundred young takers all tried to break her,  
Their stories were told far and wide,  
Sure as the wind blown, each cowboy got thrown by the  
Horse nobody could rideThen down, out of Cheyenne, came a quiet and shy man,  
Dared to try something that no man had tried,  
We sat down in the warm sun, a hundred yards away from,  
The horse nobody could rideFor a while she ignored him,  
Then she moved in toward him,  
And circled and stood by his side,  
Then he whispered I won't hurt you  
Then he reached out his hand to,  
The horse nobody could ride

Songwriters

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