Pale Rider

Field Report

there's a pale horse outside my door
in my dream, where my Dream Horse usually goes
it told me its name; it's the same as yours
I've been so worried about you
because there's something inside you been clouding your head
like a mother, and expecting to be soon again,
but the thing inside you is not your kin;
it's a ghost you let keep hauntingI don't know that I can be your place to go, or what you neednow the next thing I know, I'm on your back
with a suitcase full of the wrong things packed
we're out looking for your family but doubling back
to every bar we chose to pass on
now you're cantering crooked and screaming at the wind
and shooting off flare guns in memory of the kid
his birthday was yesterday; he would have been six
oh my god, I am so sorry
I don't know that I can be your place to go, or what you need
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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