

# 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 haunting I don't know that I can be your place to go, or what you need now 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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