

Saalo's Song

Dry Branch Fire Squad

He packed up his guitar
And drove Wednesday through Sunday
And sometimes played three shows a day
The modern lone rider, he dreamed of Ohio
And his doe-eyed Arabian bay
And how they'd go racing out on the hillside
In the cool closing twilight of day
Old friends together in thunderous freedom
Just the man and the wind and the bay.
Well, sometimes they'd ride down by the river
And the bay always stopped there to drink
In the still of the evening
The horse seemed contented
And the man used the time just to think. And in the cold winds of winter
He's drawn to the barn
By some irresistable force
With carrots and a blanket
There's nothing more binding
Than the love of a man for his horse. The call of the highway, how it would beckon
He kept going back out of course
And in the deep of the night
When the miles were the hardest
He just figured he drove for the horse. And in all life's relations one thing stays the same
Never take more than you will repay
So we count the score even
'cause the miles he had driven
Were for miles that he rode on the bay. They grew old together, got too old to ride
But just look at the seeds that they'd sowed
They'd walk out in the pasture, stand side by side
And stare off at the hills where they'd grewed. And of all God's creations here under heaven
There's many I can't understand
One beautiful mystery that I at least witnessed
Was the love of a horse for a man.

Songwriters

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