

# Â Wildfire

## Michael Martin Murphey

She comes down from Yellow Mountain  
On a dark, flat land she rides  
On a pony she named Wildfire  
With a whirlwind by her side  
On a cold Nebraska night  
Oh, they say she died one winter  
When there came a killing frost  
And the pony she named Wildfire  
Busted down its stall  
In a blizzard he was lost  
She ran calling Wildfire [x3]  
By the dark of the moon I planted  
But there came an early snow  
There's been a hoot-owl howling by my window now  
For six nights in a row  
She's coming for me, I know  
And on Wildfire we're both gonna go  
We'll be riding Wildfire [x3]

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