Wildfire

Tracy Byrd

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
He busted down his stall
And in a blizzard he was lost
She ran calling wildfire
Calling wildfire
Calling wildfire
By the dark of the moon I planted
But there came an early snow
There's been a hoot-owl howling outside 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
Riding wildfire
Riding wildfire
On wildfire we're gonna ride
We're gonna leave sodbustin' behind
Get these hard times right on out of my mind
Riding wildfire

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