

Ride My Pony

[John Hiatt](#)

Gray and chalky like my granddaddys skin
Sky was cold and lonely and closin in
All the trees look like stubble on winters chin
And I think Ill ride my ponyTheres a wreath of bones and ribbon hangin on my cabin door
Lusty appetites have ravaged all of summers stores
And the fear of death dont even come to visit me no more
So I think Ill ride my ponyRidin someplace lonesome has no meaning
Ridin somewhere I aint stayed to long
Ridin down a mountain side careening
Ridin up some open cut with fate my only song
I think Ill ride my ponyWell, the horseman you might say he is a slave to the Brute
But he loves that beast of burden and there is no substitute
For the pleasure of his saddle or the leather of his boot
So I think Ill ride my ponyHad a girl in Dickson County and we rode the Highland Rim
She kept my cabin warm in winter and mended every hem
And I would have took her with me but that trail never ends
So I think Ill ride my ponyRidin where spring comes up like roses
Wraps its thorns and petals round my mind
Ridin somewhere only God supposes
I could ever dream of gettin to, from sneakin up behind
I think Ill ride my ponyI think Ill ride my pony
I think Ill ride my pony

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