Stallion

Blackrock

Stallion, step away
Saddle up the width of an age
I am good where I am I am good where I am
StallionWrote off "stay gold" from the list I hold, then I
Wrote off "all gold" from the list you hold
I'll be the grave with no name on the stone
StallionFight for your right to hate the night
Children singing like a choir with no taste for the wine
And the time-minding dawn when the chiding eye
Falls upon you
First fall of light on the counterfeit ring
Likens other things
Some unknown glittering
The balancing of riding and steed can??t be upon youStallion, step away
Saddle up the width of an age
I am good where I am I am good where I am
But my God where I am oh my God where I am,
And you,
You had a lot of flexing two muscles on the stage
Now step away, step, step away
Saddle up the width of an age
Rode off, the prospect of gold in my wake
Stallion, step away
The fluttering of wings in the trees can't be upon you

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