

Riding the Danville Pike

Blue Highway

Ridin' through the night, on the Danville pike,
I gotta be there by the break of daylight.
Twenty five miles is all I like.
I'm ridin' the Danville pike.

He was the fastest horse anyone had seen,
he was a sorrel pony he was tall and lean.
He'd meet every challenge if they think they must,
he'd leave 'em breathin' heavy in a cloud of dust.

It was just about dark on a Friday night,
not a cloud in the sky and the moon was bright.
We were bound to do somethin' that had never been done,
Make it all the way to Danville on an overnight run.

Big Jim Grayson was a man of means,
he had more money than a poor boy's dreams.
He said here's five hundred dollars cause I know I'm right.
You'll never make Danville by the mornin' light.

Well the watch from my pocket say's it's half past four .
I give up the rein and he begs for more.
With a whole lot of heart and a little luck,
We'll be drinking from the Dan when the sun comes up.

Lyrics submitted by Samdaman.

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