

# Ballad of a Runaway Horse

Emmylou Harris

Say a prayer for the cowgirl her horse ran away  
She'll walk 'til she finds him her darlin' her stray  
But the river's in flood and the roads are awash  
And the bridges break up in the panic of loss

And there's nothin' to follow nowhere to go  
He's gone like the summer gone like the snow  
And the crickets are breaking her heart with their song  
As the day caves in and the night is all wrong

Did she dream it was he who went galloping past  
And bent down the fern broke open the grass  
And printed the mud with the well-hammered shoe  
That she nailed to his speed in the dreams of her youth

And although he goes grazin' a minute away  
She tracks him all night she tracks him all day  
And she's blind to his presence except to compare  
Her injury here with his punishment there

Then at home on a branch on a high stream  
A songbird sings out so suddenly  
And the sun is warm and the soft winds ride  
On a willow tree by the riverside

And the world is sweet and world is wide  
And he's there where the light and the darkness divide  
And the steam's comin' off him he's huge and he's shy  
And he steps on the moon when he paws at the sky

And he comes to her hand but he's nor really tame  
He longs to be lost she longs for the same  
And he'll bolt and he'll plunge thru the first open pass  
To roll and to feed in the sweet mountain grass

Or he'll make a break for the high plateau  
Where there's nothing above and notin' below  
It's time for their burden the whip and the spur  
Will she ride with him or will he ride with her

So she binds herself to her galloping steed  
And he binds himself to the woman in need  
And there is no space just left and right  
And there is no time but there is day and night

Then she learns on his neck and whispers low  
Whither thou goest I will go  
And they turn as one the head for the plain  
No need for the whip oh no need for the rain

Now the clasp of this union who fastens it tight  
Who snaps it asunder the very next night  
Some say it's him some say it's her  
Some say love's like smoke beyond all repair

So my darlin' my darlin' just let go by  
That old silhouette on the great western sky

And I'll pick out a tune and they'll move right along  
And they're gone like smoke and they're gone like this song

Say a prayer for the cowgirl