

The Horse Nobody Could Ride

Joey + Rory

She was a wild young mustang, no bridle, no reigns,
Full of fire and spirit inside.
The last of a rare breed, born to run free,
The horse nobody could ride.

A hundred young takers all tried to break her,
Their stories were told far and wide,
Sure as the wind blown, each cowboy got thrown by the
Horse nobody could ride

Then down, out of Cheyenne, came a quiet and shy man,
Dared to try something that no man had tried,
We sat down in the warm sun, a hundred yards away from,
The horse nobody could ride

For a while she ignored him,
Then she moved in toward him,
And circled and stood by his side,
Then he whispered I won't hurt you
Then he reached out his hand to,
The Horse nobody could ride

As he stood up and walked round,
She lowered her head down,
Then softly upon her bare back he did slide
And with all of her fear gone,
The cowboy rode off on,
The horse nobody could ride
The horse nobody could ride