

Ride My Pony

John Hiatt

Gray and chalky like my granddaddy's skin,
The sky was cold and lonely and closin' in
All the trees look like stubble on winter's chin
And I think I'll ride my pony

There's a wreath of bone's and ribbon hangin' on my cabin door
Lusty appetites have ravaged all of summer's stores
And the fear of death don't even come to visit me no more
So I think I'll ride my pony

Ridin' someplace lonesome has no meaning
Ridin' somewhere I ain't stayed to long
Ridin' down a mountain side careening
Ridin' up some open cut with fate my only song
I think I'll ride my pony

Well 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 I'll ride my pony

Had 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 I'll ride my pony

Ridin' where spring comes up like roses
Wraps its thorns and petals