

# John Hiatt, Ride My Pony

"Ride My Pony"

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 Round My Mind  
Ridin' Somewhere Only God Supposes  
I Could Ever Dream Of Gettin' To, From Sneakin' Up Behind  
I Think I'll Ride My Pony

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I Think I'll Ride My Pony