

Wild Horses (*and a raging moon*)

The first time that I saw her
She was painting up the town;
Painting it all shades of red,
Yellow, blue and brown;
Seemed that ev'ry guy back then
— and so many others too —
All dreamt of romancing her,
There was nothing else to do.

I went to the dance that night,
There was nothing on my mind,
Save to have a drink or two,
Then see what I could find.
Suddenly, before my eyes,
She was walking 'cross the floor,
Brushed her fingers on my lips,
— I was hooked for evermore.

She danced ev'ry dance with me
Until that long night was gone;
Kissed her hard upon the lips,
Then took her home at dawn.
Sitting on the old porch step
With his shotgun in his hand,
Her daddy then suggested
I buy a wedding band.

*Her Daddy had a shotgun,
her Mama had a smile,
her brother had that crazy look
that makes you run a mile.
But I said that wild horses,
underneath a raging moon,
could never carry me to her;
I guess I spoke too soon!*

When I saw her in daylight,
With her war-paint worn away,
I knew then that I'd been caught,
— with nothing left to say.
The wildest of wild horses,
And the raging of the moon,
Could never beat that shotgun,
So I married her that June.

We've been wed for thirty years,
Now our kids have grown and gone;
I've tamed those wild, wild horses,
That raced the raging moon.
Often thought about that night,