

# Silver Palomino

Bruce Springsteen

(A mother dies leaving her young son  
to come to terms with the loss.  
In remembrance of Fiona Chappel,  
for her sons Tyler and Oliver.)

I was barely 13 years old  
She came out of the Guadalupe's on a night so cold  
Her coat was frosted diamonds in the sallow moon's glow  
My silver palomino  
Sixteen hands from her withers to the ground  
I lie in bed and listen to the sound  
Of the west Texas thunder roll  
My silver palomino  
I track her into the mountains she loved  
Watch her from the rocks above  
She'd dip her neck and drink from the winter flows  
My silver palomino  
Our mustaneros were the very best, sir  
But they could never lay a rope on her  
No corral will ever hold  
The silver palomino

In my dreams bareback I ride  
Over the pradera low and wide  
As the wind sweeps out the draw  
'Cross the scrub desert floor

I'd give my riata and spurs  
If I could be forever yours  
I'd ride into the serrania where no one goes  
For my silver palomino  
Summer drought come hard that year  
Our herd grazed the land so bare  
Me and my dad had to blowtorch the thorns off the prickly pear  
And mother, your hand slipped from my hair

Tonight I wake early the sky is pearl, the stars aglow  
I saddle up my red roan  
I ride deep into the mountains along a ridge of pale stone  
Where the air is still with the coming snow  
As I rise higher I can smell your hair  
The scent of your skin, mother, fills the air  
'Midst the harsh scrub pine that grows  
I watch the silver palomino