

Especially A Paint

Corb Lund

There's something about horses, especially a paint
Whenever I see horses, it reminds me of what I ain't

'Cause I am not your lover now, and I may never be
But with a couple of pinto ponies how things go we'll have to see
'Cause they're hitched outside to the rail right now, and the silver chain goes free
And the saddlebags are snug right down, sugar, ride away with me

There's something about horses, especially a paint
Whenever I see horses, I see a sadness in their face

Well, I was raised in the West around, enough to hum the tune
But I never knew the place like the old boys did, chinook to mountain-view
'Cause this was all a cathedral then, and the cowboys, they all knew
That you can't keep a loop on paradise, but she disappeared so soon
She disappeared so soon

There's something about horses, especially a paint
Whenever I see horses, I see a path I didn't take