

# Wildfire

Doris Day

She comes down from Yellow Mountain  
On a dark, flat land she rides  
On a pony she named Wildfire  
With a whirlwind by her side  
On a cold Nebraska night

Oh, they say she died one winter  
When there came a killing frost  
And the pony she named Wildfire  
Busted down his stall  
In a blizzard, she was lost

She ran calling Wildfire  
Calling Wildfire  
Calling Wildfire

So by the dark of the moon, I planted  
But there came an early snow  
Been a hoot-owl howling outside my window now  
'Bout six nights in a row  
She's coming for me, I know  
And on Wildfire we're both gonna go

We'll be ridin' Wildfire  
Ridin' Wildfire  
Ridin' Wildfire

On Wildfire we're gonna ride  
Gonna leave sodbustin' behind  
Get the hard times right on out of our minds  
Riding Wildfire