

# Half-Broke Horse

Eilen Jewell

Stolen from the desert  
In the lost part of the state  
Just a half-broke horse  
He waits by the gate

No bridled horse can stand him  
Or any of his kind  
Their hidden laws condemn him  
They're so rigid and refined

He watches on the edge  
Dirty coat, shaggy mane  
Too wild for this world,  
Too tame for mustangs

Grew up in the desert  
In the lost part of the state  
Cut our teeth on promises  
And empty plates

Single-wides and ranches  
Disappear before our eyes  
These folks here don't come around  
They're so rigid and refined

We stand on the edge  
Dirty coats, ragged hands  
We're strangers to this world  
And this new breed of man

And we just got our notice  
This whole place is going under  
The bank's whip is on us  
We won't last another summer

They'll have to come and take us  
With the force of ten trains  
'Cause it's no life worth living  
If we don't hold the reins

Like half-broke horses  
From the lost part of the state  
We watch in silence  
And wait by the gate

On both sides of these bars  
We're one and the same  
Too wild for this world,  
Too tame for mustangs