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

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