

## Palomino Days

Michael Martin Murphey

Now the fire is burning low  
And glowing red and gold  
September images remembered  
Keep out rain and cold

We rode across the Rainbow Range  
Through fallow fields of hay  
Your hair was gold  
The leaves were gold in  
Palomino days

And everything was golden then  
There was gold dust in the streams  
Golden horses, river courses were swift  
Like fading dreams  
And we were running down the sun  
Through yellow Aspen glades  
We rode our golden ponies through those  
Palomino days

Amber skies, topaz eyes  
And eagles' on the wing

Reflected in your eyes when I  
Gave you a shining ring  
The sun flashed on my golden spurs  
Through autumn's tawny rays  
Oh, what I'd give once more to live those  
Palomino days

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