

# Ridin' Down The Trail (To Find A King)

Michael Martin Murphey

We three kings of orient are  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar

We mounted up and headed toward the west  
We rode throughout the night with little rest  
Our destination was unknown  
The three of us rode on alone  
We put our tracking skills up to the test

We rode across the hills and canyons deep  
Through burning desert sands and mountains steep  
Our destination was unclear  
We pushed ahead ignoring fear  
Excitement making up for lack of sleep

Ride, ride, keep on ridin'  
Ridin' down the trail to find a king  
Ride, ride, keep on ridin'  
Ridin' down the trail to find a king

Folks tell us 'bout a village up ahead  
Where a baby boy was born inside a shed  
A humble birth for any king  
No royal robes or diamond rings  
No jeweled crown upon his tiny head

We leave our gifts and bid the family well  
And promise them that we will never tell  
About the child's whereabouts  
We go back home by different routes  
With joy and peace within our hearts as well

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Ridin' down the trail... to find a king!