

Ridin' Down The Trail (To Find A King)

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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!