

## Roan Pony

Paul Williams

When my world becomes too much for me  
And I've had my fill of its schemes  
I reach back into its history  
And I recall my childhood dreams

With my love for how things used to be  
And a once imagined friend  
I will find a time that's right for me  
Try to find a better end by dreaming

I'll ride away on my roan pony  
Shoshone Indian guide by my side  
We'll chart the course of a new river  
Give her a name then we're gone  
We've got to move on

Down from the hills  
Across the plains to a golden shore  
Down, down from the hills  
To stand where no man has stood before

Then my world comes screaming back to me  
And it's more than I can take  
I escape before it gets to me  
I must bend before I break

So I run from what I've come to be  
To a time before my own  
'Til my friend is standing next to me  
And I know I'm not alone, I'm dreaming

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