

Cherokee

by Janie Meneely (ca. 2015)

He's the last of the mustangs, coming straight in off the range
Shaggy with the winter, tangles in his mane
His tail a flag a flying when he races past the fence
And all he asks of anyone is just give him a chance

CHORUS:

Let him show you what it's like to ride out with the wind
Through the mountain valleys where the sunlight dapples in
Where the creeks run sweet as honey and the air is fresh and still
Where there's life and love and wild things running free across the hill

His eyes are dark as tree bark and they shine a glassy bright
His ears twitch out their signals in the early morning light
His mouth a velvet muzzle nuzzles up against your hands
Steady in the sunlight, regal as a prince he stands

CHORUS

Cherokee so wild and free

Named for native warriors, he speeds across the fields
The heart of a mustang with thunder in his heels
The world blooms all around him as the seasons make their turn
Take a taste of freedom—there's oh so much to learn

CHORUS

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