

## Fresh Horses

Somewhere up ahead lies a dream  
Of how things ought to be.  
On open road you can see it from the high spots.  
Somewhere plays a song  
That tells the story of your life,  
And some nights you can hear it barely within earshot.  
You listen so hard at times  
You think you're going crazy,  
And you follow a star that keeps on  
Disappearing every day.

It's a long hard ride from here to where you're going,  
If you don't turn back or pull out of the race.  
The one thing you can count on is the changing.  
Fresh horses are always waiting along the way.

There are tears among the raindrops  
And blue diamonds laid on ice.  
Precious things are hidden in common places.  
But among the treasures dangers lie  
So ride with open eyes  
In the search for common ground and common graces.  
Parts of the journey  
Seem to end in wasted motion.  
Parts of the journey  
Border on insanity.

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If you don't turn back or pull out of the race.  
The one thing you can count on is the changing.  
Fresh horses are always waiting along the way.

Words & Music by Michael Cody  
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