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.
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Words & Music by Michael Cody
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