

When a Horse Hoof Hits the Ground

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I hear something special when a horse hoof hits the ground
Nothing else as magic as the rhythm of that sound

Whether just a gentle clip clop ambling down the street
Or thunder at the gallop all a blur of legs and feet

Don't matter if it's barefoot or shod with nails and steel
There's nothing else I've heard that gives me quite the feel

I've heard the greatest orchestras and a diva's glorious song
And choirs harmonizing like a grand angelic throng

I've heard a child's first words and the whinny of a new born foal
And beautiful songs of yesteryear and classic poems of ol'

The echo through the canyon of coyotes checking in
And the gentle sound of evening breeze at daylight's peaceful end

Yes those sounds are wonderful and each speaks to my soul
But so does the sound of hoof beats when horses are on the roll

'Cause I hear something special when a horse hoof hits the ground
Nothing else as magic as the rhythm of that sound

When I hear a horse's hoof beats no telling what I'll find
With imagination running free painting pictures in my mind

A Finals barrel racer turning on a dime
The old country doctor's buggy arriving just in time

A future derby winner leading on the rail
A Pony Express rider rushing someone's mail

A bred to buck saddle bronc flanked and just set loose
A wild running mustang or a herd of swift Cayuse

A desperado's getaway following a spree
The posse hot behind aiming to hang him in a tree

A bulldogger and hazer chasin' down a steer
The revolution warning ride of patriot Paul Revere

Or the horses I grew up with when I was just a pup
Flicka, Silver, Trigger, and my stick horse Giddyup

No telling where they'll take me when I hear a horse's feet
My imagination up in the saddle riding with the beat

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