

A PLACE WHERE HE BELONGS

In the mist of the early morning he rides before the rising sun.
He's alone but not lonesome where land and soul are one.
His mount blows gently as he starts to hit his stride
Feels so fortunate and there's ponies here to ride.
He'll understand their language and what is their subtle sign.
He'll know the grizzly's in your path long before it's time.

Face stretched to a smile as the packhorse shies across the stream.
This pony used to give him grief now is slowly becoming one of the team.
The old sorrel pays little attention to the antics of the young stiff.
His ears are pointed forward; his attention is on the trip.
Treaded this trail so many times before.
And each time he passes this way he sees so much more.

Let your imagine run with the spirit of this land.
Where time is not a measure; where your fate could be in your hands.
This place does not tolerate those who made foolish mistakes.
It quickly separates the ones who know from the ones who take the bait.
Stops by a mirrored lake to back where no one ever goes.
Then by a blue glacier where the cool winds always blow.
A memory back to another time cuts hard like a knife.
In a secluded spot many years ago a young warden lost his life.

Most trails will take them over that wild and windy pass.
Once again he feels so small along this rocky mass.
His eyes search out a raptor riding high up on the breeze.
Like that solitary Eagle he too understands the need to be free.
In the night he should reach the cabin beneath a mighty waterfall.
And as his horses graze nearby he'll hear the wild elk's call.
The crowded town he left no longer seems to exist.
He'd far sooner be here where he understands the risks.

In a few more days he'll swing his mount towards that bustlin' town.
Where most everything is plastic and everybody always wears a frown.
The place where the mighty dollar relentlessly drives the scene.
None of them says what they really mean.

He'll do what he has to do to earn is monthly pay.
Til the day comes once again when he no longer has to stay.
Then his heart will gladden as he prepares to leave the rift.
To start out once again on his backcountry, backcountry shift.
He'll understand their language and what is their subtle sign.
He'll know the grizzly's in your path long before it's time.

Written by Perry Jacobson and J. Peace about Don Mickle