

My Picasso

V1

They say he got his power from the Colorado Sky
Struck by a lightening bolt on the 4th day of July
Sand Wash River Basin was where he made his home
Wildest horse those parts had ever known

V2

Specimen so elegant, so sleek and so lean
Stood out from the herd with his coat of brown and cream
Bait traps couldn't catch him, he knew how to survive
Became a celebrity, the fastest horse alive

Chorus

Picasso mighty mustang
Running wild and running free
Shining knight with your black mane
One day they would crown you king
You would never feel the weight of a saddle, or the tug of a lasso, my Picasso

V3

When stallions charged in battle they'd slash at his throat
Hoof prints striking hard tearing at his coat
Picasso was so valiant always stood his ground
Although he was fearless, knew when back down

V4

Horses still run wild in the deserts way out west
There's only one who gained the most respect
When Picasso passed through galloping in stride
To honor him all the other stallions stepped aside