

Wishing Chair, Victoria

Her spurs were Spanish silver
She wore a Crow braid in her hair
I was sent there by my father
To bring their stallion our best mares
She said no use waiting round here
I know a place where we can go
So she saddled up her pony
And we headed for the mountain snow

I'd just seen fifteen summers
She was all of seventeen
But I knew that I would follow
Anyplace that she might lead
We rode up to a warm spring
Swam until the moon was high
When she wrapped her arms around my waist
We melted into sky

Victoria
This cannot be wrong
Victoria
You changed my life

In the morning we rode down
And our lives we put back on
She said nothing really happened
But I knew that she was wrong
Now I'm standing in my window
Streetlights changing in the rain
Though twenty years have run like water
I'll take you in my arms again

Victoria
This cannot be wrong
Victoria
You changed my life