

The black-haired stranger
With eyes like dark thunder
Rode into town
Today
From the looks of her leathers
And her dark complexion
She rode in from far away.

The black-haired stranger
Her lips tight with anger
Wore a curved sword at her hip
She'd come from a fight
Where she'd lost her lady lover
All in a meaningless trip

Don't boss her
Don't cross her
She's wild in her sorrow
She's riding she's hiding
Her pain
Don't fight her don't spite her
Just wait till tomorrow
Maybe she'll ride on again.

The red-headed hunter
Dismounted his reindeer
Watched as she passed
Him by
He spared but a glance for
The sword at her side
But looked on with lust in his eyes

How could he know
That she was not for him
Her heart was buried and gone
She was not the type
To dally on whim
Nor for her a man's stiff arms

Don't boss her
Don't cross her
She's wild in her sorrow
She's riding she's hiding

Her pain
Don't fight her don't spite her
Just wait till tomorrow
Maybe she'll ride on again.

The red-headed hunter
Came down to the inn
And looked up the stranger there
She told him to leave her
And sent back his mead but
He just didn't seem to care

He followed her out
As she saddled her mare
And put both his hands at her waist
She cut him so quick
There was no time to cry out
He never heard anyone say

Don't boss her
Don't cross her
She's wild in her sorrow
She's riding she's hiding
Her pain
Don't fight her don't spite her
Just wait till tomorrow
Maybe she'll ride on again.

The red-headed hunter
Was laid on a pyre
The stranger was already gone
So don't touch a warrior
Without her permission
If of your own life you're fond.

Don't boss her
Don't cross her
She's wild in her sorrow
She's riding she's hiding
Her pain
Don't fight her don't spite her
Just wait till tomorrow
Maybe she'll ride on again.

The Black-Haired Stranger

By Sarah Rodriguez

Based on The Red Headed Stranger

By Willie Nelson