

Corb Lund Band

"The Truth Comes Out"

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The truth comes out as the fire burns low,
It comes to light as only embers glow,
The whiskey talks, the west wind moans in the night.

The deadfall's gathered and the branches are cut,
Kindling crackles and the smoke curls up,
The small sticks catch then the bigger stuff will burn.

Chinook dies down as the dark descends,
Pine has burned, the ash has cleansed,
The message smolders, is lost, but finally sent.

Connie says she's never seen the cougars so bold,
They're comin in the yard and they're stealin young colts,
They drag em' in the brush with the claws sunk in their nose.

The weather's been funny thirty years or so,
The winters got warm, not as much snow,
Hear the big cats comin' cause there's nowhere left to go.

You gotta look out for bear when you're fishing on Lee's creek,
They'll come round the bend and they'll make your knees weak,
There's grizzlies where there was no grizzly bears before.

Half heard voices from the ghosts, from the graves,
The grandfathers tell us at the mouths of the caves,
Only old chiefs older than Jesus can save us now, if we're lucky.

White man light a big fire, stay cold,
The red man's warmer, but the old man's old,
The antelope seeks the buffalo in the night,
The antelope mourns the buffalo in the night.

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