

## **Brenn Hill "Bitter Creek"**

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Last night I fell asleep  
And dreamed of Bitter Creek  
The long red road windin' from the sagebrush to the  
peak  
And the cold black timber swayin'  
in the golden sunlight streak  
And the cool clear water rollin' o'er the rocks of Bitter  
Creek

Where I rode for the brand  
And I made one good hand  
I broke wild horses and I took care of the land  
And today my eyes are misty  
And the tears roll off my cheek  
As I sit here in this city and I dream of Bitter Creek

The long red canyon walls  
The lonely coyote calls  
The golden grassy meadow full of cattle in the fall  
I was young and I was restless  
I thought I knew it all  
Now I'm stuck here in this city with my back against the  
wall  
But I rode for the brand  
And I made one good hand  
I washed my reckless soul inside the blood of the land  
And my eyes are ever misty  
The tears roll off my cheek  
When I think of all I left behind up on Bitter Creek

The blue-eyed girl Lucille  
I can see her still  
I loved her then and now I know that I forever will  
But my eyes are growin' tired  
And its hard for me to speak  
Rememberin' the love I lost  
Up on Bitter Creek  
I close my eyes just one last time  
And I'm home on Bitter Creek

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