

## **Ian Tyson**

### **"Eighteen Inches Of Rain"**

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Not a broke horse on the place  
Pickup truck won't go  
Tractor lost a wheel 'bout a week ago.  
The wind is from the east  
Blowing hard across the plain  
I'm high and lonesome  
Waiting for a change

Just give me one broke horse  
With a good fittin' saddle  
That's easy on your back  
One good woman who makes up the difference  
For everything I lack  
One last chance to sell my calves  
Before the prices go to hell again,  
Clear blue skies and eighteen inches of rain.

Coffee's kinda bitter  
Is it the water or the pot?  
Until I get to town  
I'll make do with what I got  
The Copenhagen's running low  
I should quit it anyways  
Me and this ol' outfit  
We've both seen better days

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