

Joe Ely "Because Of The Wind"

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Do you know why the trees bend
At the west Texas border?
Do you know why they bend
Sway and twine?
The trees bend because of the wind
Across that lonesome border
The trees bend because of the wind
Almost all the time.
Have you seen my Caroline
Up in Amarillo
Have you seen my Caroline
The one that I call mine
Well, if you see my Caroline
With her hair of yellow
If you see my Caroline
Tell her I'm doin' fine.
She is to me like the breeze
That blows from Corpus Christi
She is to me like the breeze
That blows up from the sea
Now if she is like the breeze
That blows from Corpus Christi
Then I must be like the trees,
Cause Caroline blows through me.
Do you know why the trees bend
At the west Texas border?
Do you know why they bend
Sway and twine?
The trees bend because of the wind
Across that lonesome border
The trees bend because of the wind
Almost all the time.
er hide.
Crowdaddy opened his pintchers wide.
Lord, he opened his pintchers wide.
Whistle Man, Whistle Man, wasn't he brave?
A little crowdaddy tried to whoop this train.
He was brave all right, brave as any man,
But his judgement, Lord, wasn't worth a damn.
Whistle Man, Whistle Man, blow it low,
Crowdaddy ain't in this world no more.
Whistle Man, Whistle Man, Whistle Man,

Blow it for the crowdaddy in the promised land.
Blow it for the crowdaddy in the promised land.
(Train whistle) Blow it for the crowdaddy in the
promised land.

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