

## Chris Cummings

### "Eastern Wind"

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Well my furrows are filled with corn,  
I have my woman to keep me warm,  
But there's one thing that I do fear,  
That eastern wind is getting near;

There's a shotgun beside my bed,  
This is my country, where I was born and bred,  
But I am sure, as the willow will grow,  
That eastern wind is going to blow,

Blowing a hole in my life, eastern wind,  
Running away with my life, eastern wind;

There's a woman who reads the stars,  
She sees warlords on the planet Mars,  
And she said, "Boy, you'd better beware,  
That restless wind is getting near,

Blowing a hole in your life, eastern wind,  
Running away with your life, eastern wind..."  
They are coming, they are coming, they are coming,  
look out!

In my dream, I saw a crowd,  
They were burning the palace down,  
I saw a mad old man, and I ran to the door,  
And then that wind began to roar,

And when they come, they'll find me here,  
I will not run, they will not see my fear,  
And I will fight to the very end,  
Before that wind I will never bend,

If they're blowing a hole in my life, eastern wind,  
Oh running away with my life, eastern wind,  
Taking the plough from my hands, eastern wind,  
Taking every bit of my land, eastern wind...

