

Corb Lund "Chinook Wind"

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I was born with the Chinook wind howlin in my ears
That Rocky Mountain gusty shit, it dried me out for
years
Way back I think my grandpa had a rope horse by that
name
All I know is, God, here comes that old west wind again

There's lotsa kinds of problems and there's lotsa kinds
of pain
Some will sweat the blazing sun and some rot in the
rain
Here we got the Chinook wind a blowin' every day
It's gonna send the good dirt east and leave a terrible
migraine

Let her blow, let her blow
Whisper me things that I don't know
Let her blow, let her blow
Let her blow away illusions like she melts the driftin'
snow

There comes a time I stood my ground and said I've
had my fill
Of that moisture sucking west wind roarin' in off them
hills
Before it flew me crazy I let it carry me away
They told me, "Son you ain't the first, that breeze will
drive a man insane"

Let her blow, let her blow
Whisper me things that I don't know
Let her blow, let her blow
Let her blow away illusions like she melts the winter
snow

If you need me you can find me here waitin' on a
change
Staring at the distance and askin' what it takes
To make that old Chinook turn back and blow the other
way
And maybe if I'm lucky have it blow me home again

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