

## Corb Lund "Hurтин' Albertan"

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a dually diesel pullin hard with a horse trailer in tow  
montana side of sweet grass and i'm headed home  
trophy buckles and whiskey bottles and a worn out  
saddle horn

bareback riders and teamropers, huskin taber corn  
the roads get better every time i cross north of forty  
nine

well i tip my hat and it's good to be back across the  
medicine line

hurтин albertan with nothing more to lose  
too much oil money, not enough booze  
east of the rockies and west of the rest  
do my best to do my damndest and that's just about  
all I guess

them windy b.c. mountain passes finally flatten out  
hairpin turns and pst got my heart up in my throat  
it's hairy haulin horses up across the great divide  
and them wild chilcotin buckaroos, they sure know how  
to ride

the roads get better every time i cross that british  
columbia line

i tip my hat and it's good to back across the kickin  
horse line

well saskabush is pretty, yup she's pretty flat  
and lord knows i'm a prairie boy so i'm pretty used to  
that

but farmers facin off with gophers, man it ain't the  
same

as bein home at the saddledome for the oilers at the  
flames

the roads get better every time i cross that  
saskatchewan line

i tip my hat and it's good to be back on mountain  
standard time

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