

Browns, The

"Four Strong Winds"

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Four strong winds that blow lonely
Seven seas that run high
All these things that won't change come what may
But our good times are all gone
And I'm bound for moving on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way

I might go out to Alberta
Weather's good there in the fall
Got some friends that I could go to working for
Still I wish you'd change your mind
If I asked you one more time
But we've been thru that a hundred times or more

Four strong winds that blow lonely
Seven seas that run high
All these things that won't change come what may
If I get there before the snow flies
Things are going good
You could join me if I send you down the fare
But if you wait until it's winter
It would do no good
For the wind sure can blow cold way out there

Four strong winds that blow lonely
Seven seas that runs high
All these things that won't change come what may
But our good times are all gone
And I'm bound for movin' on...

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