

Westwind

Bill Miller

In the Beartooth Mountains where the twin peaks touch the sky
There's a homemade cabin out of sight from tourists' eyes
And inside lightin' up a fire to fight the cold
Lives a miner's daughter with a heart as pure as gold
She's as gentle flowin' as the sweet grass on the plains
And I need her lovin' like the forest needs the rain
Like a rollin' river she just swept my heart away
Now I'm out here driftin' when I know I should've stayed

Oh, that west wind is callin' in skies of turquoise blue
And the creek is still runnin' like quicksilver dew
She was all that I needed, why did I ever leave?
Oh, her voice voice on the westwind is still callin' me

There's a cold wind blowin' through this mountain pass tonight
As I hold her memory to my heart it don't seem right
Just an empty cabin with a lock left on the door
Now I realize that I've lost the girl for sure
So I went up to Red Lodge to see if they might know
All the townfolk said that she left sometime ago
She just up and married with a nice young city man
I was a fool to let her slip right through my hands