

The Columbia to the Puget Sound,  
From the peak of Hood right to the ground,  
Not an inch was dry, and every month's the same,  
Winter rains are coming to drown the coastal range,  
From Manzanita on towards Young's Bay,  
The clouds are rolling in heavier each day.

Here it's hard to be better company,  
Where the hope or the sign of summer clouds your mind,  
From October through July it's the way it is.

Stretching county wide and clear up I-5,  
All the towns are empty, everyone's inside,  
Not an inch was dry, and every month's the same,  
Winter rains are coming to drown the coastal range,

Here it's hard to be better company,  
Where the hope or the sign of summer clouds your mind.

It's known to the born and raised,  
Up the Gorge away,  
There's a shadow, that hides the sane,  
In that shadow due east,  
It's sparer on the plain,  
Where the hope or the sign of summer clouds your mind.

You see here it's hard to be better company,  
From October through July it's the way it is.