

A Song Of The Western Wind

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A Song Of The Western Wind

A song is like a story
Or like a picture
Or like a moment in time
With a beginning and an end
And with a place all its own
And with a reason to be
And with a purpose that cannot change

Sometimes in winter a Chinook western wind blows
And it warms everything in just a few moments time
It brings with it great hope
But then just as quickly it is gone

It finally occurs to me that my life has been a song
A song of my hopes and my dreams and my fears
And a song of my heart
And a song of the western wind

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An Ordinary Man

Try as I might I just can't get this right
This need to understand what can be planned
And what plans can be based upon
I think everything through but I seldom know what to do
I cannot seize opportunities while these thoughts race on and on

But an ordinary man just does the best he can
To find out what he's on about
Before his chance is gone

I've always believed that the truth must be conceived
And that the power of mind will allow you to find
The meaning of suffering
The further I go the less I seem to know
No path is straight under the weight of so much wondering

But to an ordinary man who's grounded to the land
Trouble and pain are like the rain
Just a part of everything

There is a cost to always being lost among ideas
And embracing the fears to which we all are heir
The burden of doubt can leave you with no way out
And with so much to lose if the path you choose
Turns out to lead nowhere

An ordinary man would never understand
But he would know which way to go
And which road will take him there

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Get Out Of Town

Most bargains are catch-as-catch-can
And what you pay is sometimes more than what you owe
You need to keep track of what you're doing
And what course you're pursuing
And I would know
I was just looking to have some fun
Laughing and joking with everyone
Just hangin' around
It just never occurred to me
That the one thing that I needed to be
Was out of town

One thing can lead to another
And one way or the other things can go wrong
Always you do what you must do
But there are times when what you should do is move along
Sometimes whatever you do or say
It seems like trouble will come your way
And try to bring you down
Just make sure it occurs to you
When the one thing that you need to do
Is get out of town

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Down This Crooked Trail

You can ride the range for a solid week
And never see a soul
The horizon appears to open to you only
It's just the place for taking stock
Of what you can control
It's just the place to remind you that you're lonely
If I continue down this crooked trail
Lord knows where I'll be tomorrow
Either way I am driven today
Riding herd on the heartache and the sorrow

Once I was a gambling man of fairly wide renown
I tempted fate and I rarely came out losing
Then Lady Luck just looked away as everything came down
A gambler's fate is seldom of his choosing
If I continue down this crooked trail
Lord knows where I'll be tomorrow
Either way I am driven today
Riding herd on the heartache and the sorrow

The wind and rain can wear you down
The sleet can lay you low
The weather just don't care much if you're grieving
I guess I'll ride 'til it comes clear which way I should go
But the way is dark and the signs can be deceiving
If I continue down this crooked trail
Lord knows where I'll be tomorrow
Either way I am driven today
Riding herd on the heartache and the sorrow

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Miller, Dan

Miller, Dan is a gentle man
With a heart that's bigger than the sky
As people go he is true but slow
He's bound to grow on you by and by
And his intentions are always golden
No need to wonder when Miller, Dan would lie
About as often as a blizzard in the middle of July

Miller, Dan and his old dog Fran
Take life easy one day at a time
They make their way enjoying every day
Especially in the summertime
In the winter when it's colder
You can see them sitting by the fire
And for each of them the other is all that they require

Miller, Dan is doing all he can
To deny that Fran can't go on for long
He looks away from that unwelcome day
He insists that Fran just needs to get strong
But in his heart of hearts he knows what's coming
He asked me when would all that start
I guess I should have told him
But I didn't have the heart

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Even Though

I woke before the black sun and read the message clear
I felt you all around me even though you weren't here

You'd had your fill of my cup and yours had just run dry
You'd never been so thirsty even though you should know why

All the love really comes to nothing
When no one's giving you take what you can
I never knew any more than a stranger
I never noticed the end

Sprung upon a new day I felt the autumn fall
The colors all around me even though I missed them all

All the anger has passed into sorrow
All the sorrow will pass into song
We never own what we only borrow
I should have known all along

So spare me your concern now
I really did all right
I never felt so wrong then even though I was so right

You've had your fill of my cup and yours has just run dry
You've never been so thirsty even though you should know why

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One Hand Clapping

Love is for strangers
You knew me too well to decide if the shadow was me
You couldn't hear silence
It never can tell of the sounds which its hollows should be
While I'm listening to the sound of one hand clapping
Listening to the sound of one hand clapping

I'm looking for signs
They're the easy way out of a memory that's heavy with pain
You're off somewhere searching
Don't worry about all the pleasures from which you abstain
As I'm listening to the sound of one hand clapping
Just listening to the sound of one hand clapping

Pity the blissful
They never will know about joys which the mind must feel
Scatter your heart
Only then will it show all its colors, thus making it real
While I'm listening to the sound of one hand clapping
I'll be listening to the sound of one hand clapping

Don't even look for me
I'm quite hard to find in the kingdom where sadness is king
Listen for clapping
And if looking behind, you should hear, it's the very same thing
You'll be listening to the sound of one hand clapping
Sadly listening to the sound of one hand clapping

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Morning Train

Morning train

I want to ride the morning train

Right outside is all I want to see

All I want to know

Looking out from the morning train

I left the station long ago

Where I'm bound I don't know

Can't look too far ahead

Can't look too far behind

Just looking out from the morning train

This train can take you through to tomorrow

But where can you go to escape your sorrow?

If you think of anywhere

Then it's somewhere you can go

So you go

If I should come this way again

I expect I'll ride the morning train

All I'll want to see

All I'll want to know

Will be looking out from the morning train

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Poor Jamie

“When the fever lit into Sarah she caught on fire
Billy’s down now achin’ all over
His fever’s runnin’ higher
That damned doctor is sure movin’ slow
We sent word six hours ago
When it’s the poor who’s sick he’d rather not know
He’d just better be comin’ along”

Through the evening things were just worsened by a cold driving rain
Then an ice wind came out of the mountains howling pain
By morning the children had died
When his wife went Jamie just cried
He got his gun down
He was determined to ride
I could not prevent him

Through the snowfall riding in anger
The seed had been sown
But the doctor had never been summoned and so he never had known
He explained that to the shotgun spray
Poor Jamie had nothing to say when he got hung yesterday
He’s prob’ly better off anyway

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So Long Colorado

So long Colorado

I'd best be movin' on

I'd wait for my shadow but now the sun is gone

I heard the weather was awfully fine and I missed another fall

I used to so much love to see all the leaves blow

It's a bad time to travel

I'm travellin' just the same

My thoughts will unravel and bear another flame

Just a picture of life I saw

Now I don't really guess it was true

It's all I can do to be holding on to my feelings

Look into your eyes, girl

You're gonna need to see

That you've been so afraid, girl, to really look at me

But now I've shown you all my soul

And I'd really rather lose

Than to second-guess the lonely years I'd be waiting

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