

The Truth Comes Out

Corb Lund

the truth comes out as the fire burns low
it comes to light as only embers glow
the whiskey talks, the west wind moans in the night
the deadfall's gathered and the branches are cut
kindling crackles and the smoke curls up
the small sticks catch then the bigger stuff will burn
chinook dies down as the dark descends
pine has burned, the ash has cleansed
the message smolders, is lost, but finally sent
connie says she's never seen the cougars so bold
they're comin in the yard and they're stealin young colts
they drag em in the brush with the claws sunk in their nose
the weather's been funny thirty years or so
the winters got warm, not as much snow
hear the big cats comin cuz there's nowhere left to go
you gotta look out for bear when you're fishing on lee's creek
they'll come round the bend and they'll make your knees weak
there's grizzlies where there was no grizzly bears before
half heard voices from the ghosts, from the graves
the grandfathers tell us at the mouths of the caves
only old chiefs older than jesus can save us now, if we're lucky
white man light a big fire, stay cold
the red man's warmer, but the old man's old
the antelope seeks the buffalo in the night
the antelope mourns the buffalo in the night

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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