

# Chinook Wind

Corb Lund

I was born with the Chinook wind howlin in my ears  
That Rocky Mountain gusty shit, it dried me out for years  
Way back I think my grandpa had a rope horse by that name  
All I know is, God, here comes that old west wind again  
There's lotsa kinds of problems and  
there's lotsa kinds of pain  
Some will sweat the blazing sun and some rot in the rain  
Here we got the Chinook wind a blowin' every day  
It's gonna send the good dirt east and leave a terrible migraine  
Let her blow, let her blow  
Whisper me things that I don't know  
Let her blow, let her blow  
Let her blow away illusions like she melts the driftin' snow  
There comes a time I stood my ground and said I've had my fill  
Of that moisture sucking west wind roarin' in off them hills  
Before it flew me crazy I let it carry me away  
They told me, "Son you ain't the first, that breeze will  
drive a man insane"  
Let her blow, let her blow  
Whisper me things that I don't know  
Let her blow, let her blow  
Let her blow away illusions like she melts the winter snow  
If you need me you can find me here waitin' on a change  
Staring at the distance and askin' what it takes  
To make that old Chinook turn back and blow the other way  
And maybe if I'm lucky have it blow me home again  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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