

Hurtin' Albertan

Corb Lund

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

a dually diesel pullin hard with a horse trailer in tow
montana side of sweet grass and i'm headed home
trophy buckles and whiskey bottles and a worn out saddle horn
bareback riders and teamropers, huskin taber corn
the roads get better every time i cross north of forty nine
well i tip my hat and it's good to be back across the medicine line hurtin albertan with nothing more to lose
too much oil money, not enough booze
east of the rockies and west of the rest
do my best to do my damndest and thats just about all I guessthem windy b.c. mountain passes finally flatten
out
hairpin turns and pst got my heart up in my throat
its hairy haulin horses up across the great divide
and them wild chilcotin buckaroos, they sure know how to ride
the roads get better every time i cross that british columbia line
i tip my hat and it's good to back across the kickin horse line well saskabush is pretty, yup she's pretty flat
and lord knows i'm a prairie boy so Im pretty used to that
but farmers facin off with gophers, man it aint the same
as bein home at the saddledome for the oilers at the flames
the roads get better every time i cross that saskatchewan line
i tip my hat and it's good to be back on mountain standard time

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>