Chinook Wind

Corb Lund

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 againThere'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 migraineLet 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' snowThere 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 snowIf 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/