

Cut Bank, Montana

Hank Williams Jr.

It was colder than a well digger's ankles
in Cut Bank, Montana
But my heart was on fire when I saw her step down
from the train
I'd been up there forever, but her arms were finally around me
All my icicles melted away at the sound of her name
I held her to me as tightly as I'd held her letters
That said I don't love him, I'm leavin' this cold, mean man
As the train pulled away from the platform and I put her in the wagon
With her head on my shoulder, God knows I was one happy man
And I went to heaven that night in her arms in my cabin
In the winter of '94 there burned such a powerful flame
They still hear her voice in the cabin in
Cut Bank, Montana
And the icicles all melt away at the sound of her name
Hell rode into town one night on a Wyoming stallion
His heart full of hate, and his eyes full of cold jealousy
One way or another, he said,
"Partner I'm takin' back my woman"
With my hand on my gun I said, "Don't bet your life,
the lady says she's stayin' with me"
His knife was a flash in the light of the kerosene lantern
That fell as we tangled and fought in the fire on the floor
He was a dead man, but I have been too since I lost her
From the fire that burned me so bad as I crawled through the door
But I went to Heaven that night in her arms in
my little cabin
In the winter of '94 there burned one hell of a flame
They still hear her voice from the cabin in
Cut Bank, Montana
And the icicles all melt away at the sound of her name
They still hear her voice from the cabin in
Cut Bank, Montana
And the icicles all just melt away at the sound of her name

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