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 nightthe deadfall's gathered and the branches are cut
kindling crackles and the smoke curls up
the small sticks catch then the bigger stuff will burnchinook dies down as the dark descends
pine has burned, the ash has cleansed
the message smolders, is lost, but finally sentconnie 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 nosethe 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 goyou gotta look out for bear when youre fishing on lees creek
theyll come round the bend and theyll make your knees weak
theres grizzlies where there was no grizzly bears beforehalf 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 luckywhite 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 nightthe antelope mourns the buffalo in the night

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