

Medicine Bow

Peter Ostroushko

There's a black wind blowing
A typhoon on the rise
Pummelin' rain
Murderous skies!
I'm gonna take my books
I'm gonna wear my coat
I'm gonna find my scarf
And wrap it around my throat
And you can
Come with me
Through the drivin' snow
We're gonna ride on up to
Medicine Bow
Well I spent too long
Just stuck on the shore
There's a man in my head
But he isn't me any more
I'm gonna find me a ship
Stowaway on a boat
I'm gonna burn all the words
And letters and cards that I ever wrote
And you can
Sail with me
Where the current flows
We're gonna move on up to
Medicine Bow
I'm gonna change my colors
Cancel my things
Stop my squawkin'
Grow some wings!
Well I will not sleep
And I will not rest
I will put my soul
And my will to the test
I'm gonna tug at my tether
I'm gonna tear on my lead
I'm gonna test my knowledge
In the field of deeds
And you can

Run with me
Fast as we can go
Over the hills to
Medicine Bow

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