The Black Winds

Helldorado

The liner is waiting and once again I'm leaving
For a far off land where I'll constantly be grieving
But not for the sake of the absentee mountain
But for the sake of that girl I met by the fountainSo fare thee well, so long my own true loveAs time goes by, the faithless days grow longer
As the nights slowly pass, my ache for thee grows stronger
Stronger than the black winds on the dark and raging main
Stronger than the whiskey I drink for to ease my painSo fare thee well, so long my own true loveI've been wounded and worn out and both my knees have been broken
I've been shot at and beaten but not a word of complaint I have spoken
For there's nothing that hurts like the sufferin' of being away from thee
When thou are on the mountain and I'm on the dark rolling seaSo fare thee well, so long my own true love

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