

Chris LeDoux, Colorado

I look out to the east of the Colorado sky
The canyons are throwin' dust in the storms eye
And the storms gettin' angry I know that its so
It's fixin' to blow a little more of Colorado

It seems to be a twister as the clouds begin to cry
And there goes momma clothesline leavin' on the fly
Here come the rain drops ten thousand four
It's gonna wash away our little part of Colorado

The mules are gettin' restless its hard to keep 'em shy
Don't they know they've got to get us to the other side
The fence is fallin' down and the barns about to go
As I watch the storm take away my part of Colorado

Most of all we won our lives and that's a fact
And what little were taking the wind wants it back
Run momma run and try to get the mules to go
And God help us get the hell away from Colorado