

Nanci Griffith, Canadian Whiskey

(Tom Russell)

In the hills of Montana
There's a timber wolf howlin'
The rangers are prowlin'
For a woman alone
She'd run away from an Indian lover
He'll never recover
She turned him to stone

Chorus
She drank Canadian whiskey
Pure blended whiskey
She drank it like wine
Her eyes were the color of Canadian whiskey
Pure blended whiskey
So light brown and fine

Twenty years later
I heard of a woman
She's living alone
Up by Yellowstone Creek
And old Trapper John
Brings her cases of whiskey
Canadian whiskey
He says she never will speak

Chorus (Twice)