# Neil Young, Four Strong Winds

(Ian Tyson)

Four strong winds that blow lonely, Seven seas that run high,
All these things that don't change, Come what may.
But our good times are all gone,
And I'm bound for moving on.
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.
Think I'll go out to Alberta,
Weather's good there in the fall.
Got some friends that I can go to working for,
Still I wish you'd change your mind
If I asked you one more time,
But we've been through that a hundred times or more.

If I get there before the snow flies,
And if things are going good,
You could meet me if I send you down the fare.
But if you wait until it's winter,
It will be no good
'Cause that wind sure can blow way out there.