

# The Browns, Four Strong Winds

Four strong winds that blow lonely  
Seven seas that run high  
All these things that won'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

I might go out to Alberta  
Weather's good there in the fall  
Got some friends that I could go to working for  
Still I wish you'd change your mind  
If I asked you one more time  
But we've been thru that a hundred times or more

Four strong winds that blow lonely  
Seven seas that run high  
All these things that won't change come what may  
If I get there before the snow flies  
Things are going good  
You could join me if I send you down the fare  
But if you wait until it's winter  
It would do no good  
For the wind sure can blow cold way out there

Four strong winds that blow lonely  
Seven seas that runs high  
All these things that won't change come what may  
But our good times are all gone  
And I'm bound for movin' on...