

# Bill Miller, Westwind

In the Beartooth Mountains where the twin peaks touch the sky  
There's a homemade cabin out of sight from tourists' eyes  
And inside lightin' up a fire to fight the cold  
Lives a miner's daughter with a heart as pure as gold  
She's as gentle flowin' as the sweet grass on the plains  
And I need her lovin' like the forest needs the rain  
Like a rollin' river she just swept my heart away  
Now I'm out here driftin' when I know I should've stayed

Oh, that west wind is callin' in skies of turquoise blue  
And the creek is still runnin' like quicksilver dew  
She was all that I needed, why did I ever leave?  
Oh, her voice voice on the westwind is still callin' me

There's a cold wind blowin' through this mountain pass tonight  
As I hold her memory to my heart it don't seem right  
Just an empty cabin with a lock left on the door  
Now I realize that I've lost the girl for sure  
So I went up to Red Lodge to see if they might know  
All the townfolk said that she left sometime ago  
She just up and married with a nice young city man  
I was a fool to let her slip right through my hands