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 turqoise 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