

# Helldorado, The Black Winds

The liner is waiting and once again I'm leaving  
For a far off land where I'll constantly be grieving  
But not for the sake of the absentee mountain  
But for the sake of that girl I met by the fountain

So fare thee well, so long my own true love

As time goes by, the faithless days grow longer  
As the nights slowly pass, my ache for thee grows stronger  
Stronger than the black winds on the dark and raging main  
Stronger than the whiskey I drink for to ease my pain

So fare thee well, so long my own true love

I've been wounded and worn out and both my knees have been broken  
I've been shot at and beaten but not a word of complaint I have spoken  
For there's nothing that hurts like the sufferin' of being away from thee  
When thou are on the mountain and I'm on the dark rolling sea

So fare thee well, so long my own true love