

Kris Delmhorst, East of the Mountains

East of the mountains and west of the sea
My love lies weeping for me.
Now I'm west of everything, out here on my own,
Weeping for the only love I've known.

Well I started out in greenburg, started out in love.
Started thinking nothing could go wrong.
But every day my sisters turned a deeper green,
And I should have known it couldn't last for long.

They took me to the railroad, put me on a train,
Said don't even bother to complain,
Just say farewell to spring street, girl, say farewell to me
And your lover's face that never more you'll see.

Now out here on the prairies the wind is cold and mean,
And at night it wails and whistles round my place,
And I've tried a lot of company, tried a lot of booze,
But I never ever could forget his face.

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My love lies weeping for me.
Now I'm west of everything, out here on my own,
Weeping for the only love I've known.