

Cut Bank, Montana

Hank Williams Jr.

It was colder than a well digger's ankles in Cutbank, Montana.
But my heart was on fire as I saw her step down from the train.
I'd been up there forever, but her arms were finally around me.
All my icicles melted away at the sound of her name.

I held her to me as tightly as I held her letter,
That said "I don't love him. I'm leaving this cold mean man."
As the train pulled away from the platform
And I put her in the wagon,
With her head on my shoulder, God knows I was one happy man.

And I went to heaven that night in her arms in my cabin.
In the winter of '94 there burned such a powerful flame.
They still hear her voice in the cabin in Cutbank, Montana.
And the icicles all melt away at the sound of her name.

Hell rode into town one night on a Wyoming stallion.
His heart full of hate and his eyes full of cold jealousy.
"One way or another," he said,
"partner, I'm taking back my woman."
With my hand on my gun, I said, "Don't bet your life.
The lady says she's staying with me."
His knife was a flash in the light of the kerosene lantern
That fell as we tangled and fought in the fire on the floor.
He was a dead man, but I have been too since I lost her.
From the fire that burned me so bad as I crawled through the door.

But I went to heaven that night in her arms in my little cabin.
In the winter of '94, there burned one hell of a flame.
They still hear her voice in the cabin in Cutbank, Montana.
And the icicles all melt away at the sound of her name.
They still hear her voice from the cabin in Cutbank, Montana,
And the icicles all just melt away at the sound of her name.