

Panhandle Wind

Tom Paxton

It's a panhandle wind
And leaves only trouble behind

There's a panhandle wind
Out of Texas tonight
With the cold taste of snow on her tongue

They'll be bringing in firewood
In Texas tonight
For the winter is wild and young
By morning the fences'll
Surely be buried
The snow will be drifted and blown
There's a panhandle wind
Out of Texas tonight
And the wise folks are staying to home

It's a low wind and a moaner
Like a old drunk in jail
Till it seems to go wild with a half crazy wail
It's a wind without mercy
And it's no friend of mine
It's a panhandle wind
And leaves only trouble behind

God knows where it comes from
I couldn't be sure
But there's one thing that's easy to tell
If it catches you out in the open my friend

You'll be certain to go straight to hell
For the fool who comes out
In a panhandle wind
Is a fool with a lesson to learn
For the devil is riding
That wind out out of hell
And it comes out so cold it can burn

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