

Truth Comes Out

Corb Lund

The truth comes out
As the fire burns low
It comes to light
As only embers glow
The whiskey talks
The west wind moans in the night

The deadfall's gathered
And the branches are cut
The kindling crackles
And the smoke curls up
The small sticks catch
Then the bigger stuff will burn

Chinook dies down
As the dark descends
And the pine has burned
And the ash has cleansed
The message smolders
Is lost but finally sent

Well, Connie says she's never seen
The cougars so bold
They're comin' in the yard
And they're stealin' young colts
And they drag 'em in the brush
With the claws sunk in their nose

The weather's been funny
Thirty years or so
The winters got warm
And not as much snow
Hear the big cats comin'
'Cause there's nowhere left to go

You gotta look out for bear
When you're fishing on Lee's creek
They'll come 'round the bend
And they'll make your knees weak
There's grizzlies where there was
No grizzly bears before

Well, half-heard voices from the ghosts
From the graves
The grandfathers tell us
At the mouths of the caves
Only old chiefs older than Jesus
Can save us now, if we're lucky

White man light a big fire, stay cold
The red man's warmer
But the old man's old
The antelope seeks the buffalo in the night

Yeah, the antelope mourns the buffalo in the night

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