Cold Evening Wind

Cowboy Junkies

There's a cold evening wind coming down from the north
Bringing with it cruel words of hard days ahead
Of thieving gray skies and lost desperate mornings
Of days when my voice will not turn you around

And I've been watching the waves entranced by the sound
By the gathering green turmoil, by the evil intent
It's time I take all I know and run it aground

There's a cold evening wind coming down from the north
Bringing with it cruel words of hard days ahead
Of thieving gray skies and lost desperate mornings
Of days when your voice will not turn me around

And I need you right now, I need you to bend
Into the teeth of that cold evening wind
I need you to bend into that cold evening wind
I need you to bend into that cold evening wind

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