

## Wind on Tin

Jess Williamson

Southbound 90, past the locked-up luxury store  
Tourists take photographs  
You're not a tourist here no more  
They're taxing the adobe now  
That the money moved into town  
Chasing a legend  
But one less legend is raking the grounds

Helpless, helpless, helpless  
We all sang along  
There is a braid that binds us  
And his thread ain't gone  
Heard a sound so heavenly  
Were the angels singing just for us?  
Or is that what the wind out here does on tin?

I heard God  
I heard God  
I heard God  
I heard God

Nothin'll get you like seein' a cowboy cry  
Nothin'll get you like seein' a cowboy cry

I heard God  
I heard God  
I heard God  
I heard God