

# The Bad Wind

Tony Joe White

He drink his last cup of coffee from the morning pot  
Sun was going down  
He loaded some shells in a twelve gauge shotgun  
Got in his truck headed into town  
He rode eleven miles stopped at a neighbor's house  
Said I might be gone for a while  
If it's not too much trouble and you get the time  
Would you take care of cows

He drove into town with a bad wind blowing  
Stopped at a bar he had frequented  
He looked over the room with his pale green eyes  
Had some shots off to kill  
He walked out of the bar with a band wind blowing  
One thing on his mind  
He looked into the window of a small cafe  
And already knew what he would find  
His woman of twenty years was laughing and holding hands  
With a man he'd never seen before  
He went inside sat down at the table  
Laid his shotgun on the floor

He never said a word and they both started crying  
He could feel the heat in his chest  
He could hear the bad wind howling  
And he was ready to kill em all  
And let God take care of the rest  
No one will ever know why  
He picked up the shotgun quietly left the room  
The wind had settled down and was quiet as ashes  
Took a deep breath and just stared at the moon  
He felt peaceful inside headed back to his place  
Sometimes it's just best to ride away