

Written by Ian Tyson

# Four Strong Winds

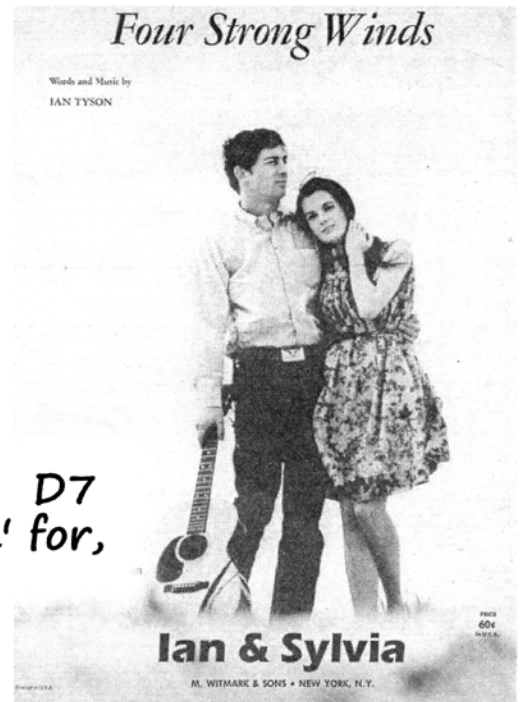
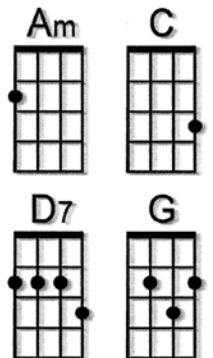
INTRO: Am //// C //// D7 //// //

CHORUS:

Four strong winds that blow lonely,  
 Seven seas that run high,  
 All those things that don't change come what may,  
 But our good times are all gone,  
 And I'm bound for movin' on,  
 I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.

Think I'll go down to Alberta,  
 Weather's good there in the fall,  
 I've got some friends that I can go to workin' for,  
 Still I wish you'd change your mind,  
 If I asked you one more time,  
 But we've been through that a hundred times or more.

If I get there before the snow flies,  
 And if things are goin' good,  
 You could meet me if I sent you down the fare,  
 But by then it would be winter,  
 There ain't too much for you to do,  
 And those winds sure can blow cold way out there.

CHORUSCHORUS