

## Virginian's Lament

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When the wind blows over the mountain forest,  
Down to the valley  
And out to the plains,  
And it swirls, and spins, and twists into devils,  
Startles the cattle,  
And forecasts the rain.  
Then its summer in Virginia,  
Hot hazy days, and cool summer rains,  
We're leaving in the morning,  
And her heart will always remain.

Now when the cool crisp air turns its head toward winter,  
Fog settles in the valley,  
And the sky is crystal blue.  
And the mountains are ablaze,  
In a rage of color,  
And the smell of hearth fires fills the air.  
Then its autumn in Virginia,  
But we're four months away out on the plains,  
Where the wind never rests,  
And the snow is already blowing.  
She is staring out my window,  
And wishing she were home.

In the stillness of the evening,  
A storm clouds comes stealing,  
Opens up its heart blood,  
And snow settles on the land.  
And there's a quiet in the countryside,  
And laughter by the fireside,  
As the earth is put to sleep,  
Beneath a blanket of snow.  
It's winter in Virginia,  
Our lights are turned down low,  
And we're sittin' 'round the stove.  
We've been talking to some friends,  
About the big sky country,  
The high plains of Wyoming,  
And how good it is to be back home.