

Which Way The Wind Blows

Peter Frampton

Something roaming around my head
But I don't know who I'm gonna write to
You know, I looked inside my book of dreams
But I don't know which one I'm gonna sleep to, yet
Oh no, I don't know which one I'm gonna sleep to

Found me, you loved me then you turned me on
But I don't know why, maybe you do
You know, I love my house and yet I cannot stay
Because I can't see which way the wind blows
'Cause I can't see which way the wind blows

Do what you want 'cause the summer is here
Do what you want, think I'm makin' that clear
Do what you want, don't have a care
I think that's fair, ooh, ooh

Words don't come so easy now
'Cause there's a hole where my heart used to be
Now she's gone, I have got to choose
But I don't know now, what's the use?
And I don't know now, what's the use?
'Cause I can't see which way the wind blows